$1000.00 FOR A TITLE TO THIS COVER

–SEE INSIDE

WEEK ENDING JULY 31, 1926

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

In this Issue

The GREEN JEWEL *of* DEATH

by

The Princess Radziwill

Some WOMEN seem to have better Fords

... this page tells the reason

NOTE TO READERS

A Women's Department has been established by the Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation for information and advice on the solution of your automobile problems. Write—
Miss M. E. Brown at our 11 Broadway, New York Offices.

ONE woman drives a Ford and gets results from it—no chatter, dependable braking, smooth shifting from low to high. And it is as economical to run as a Ford should be.

Another woman gets just the opposite results. Her Ford is the same age, yet it chatters violently, its braking is uncertain and shifting from low to high is jerky. And it is nowhere near as cheap to run as it might be.

The second woman doesn't know that Fords need *a special kind of oil.* The first woman does know it, and always sees that her Ford gets it. This is the woman who seems to have a better Ford. What she really has is a better Ford *oil.*

Why your Ford needs this *oil*

When a Ford runs perfectly, with smoothness of control at all times, you can start, stop, and reverse without causing the transmission bands to chatter. Chatter not only makes your Ford uncomfortable to drive in—it actually destroys ease of operation.

Chatter sets up vibration throughout the car. Vibration is destructive. First here, then there, it creates undue strain and causes premature wear. Eventually you limp into a repair shop for overhauling and new parts.

Engineers say that in practically every case, chatter and its resultant evils are caused by improper lubrication of the transmission bands. These bands must be lubricated by *the same oil* that lubricates the Ford motor. Yet each of these units requires different characteristics in the lubricant.

Ordinary *motor oils* such as are used to lubricate other makes of cars, do not and cannot lubricate the Ford transmission bands properly. They are not designed for the *double duty* required of oil in a Ford.

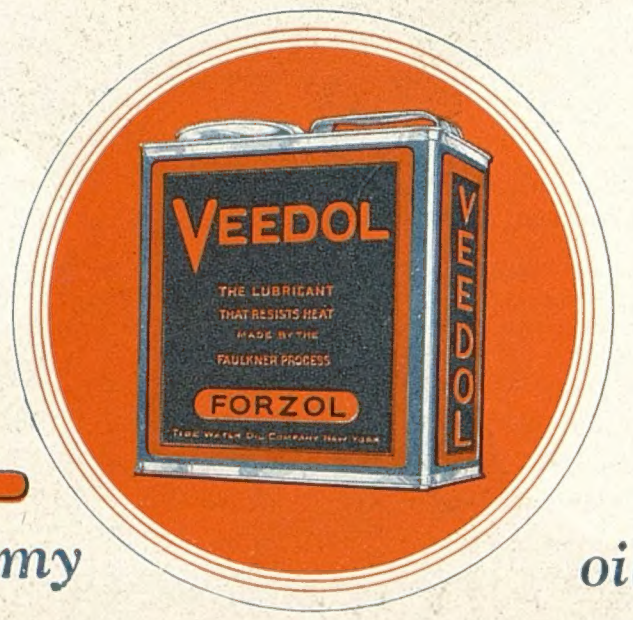
But there is one oil, Veedol Forzol, that is not simply a different grade of oil, it is a *different kind* of oil designed solely to solve the dual-problem of Ford lubrication.

Economy of operation, too

More than a million Ford owners have already used and approved Veedol Forzol. That they have found it the ideal oil for Fords is proved by the definite results it gives them. These results are known as the "8 Economies of Veedol Forzol"—10 to 25% gasoline saving; eliminates costly chatter; 10 to 25% saving in oil; 10 to 25% saving in carbon; resists heat and friction; resists fuel dilution; gives increased ability to coast; reduces repair bills.

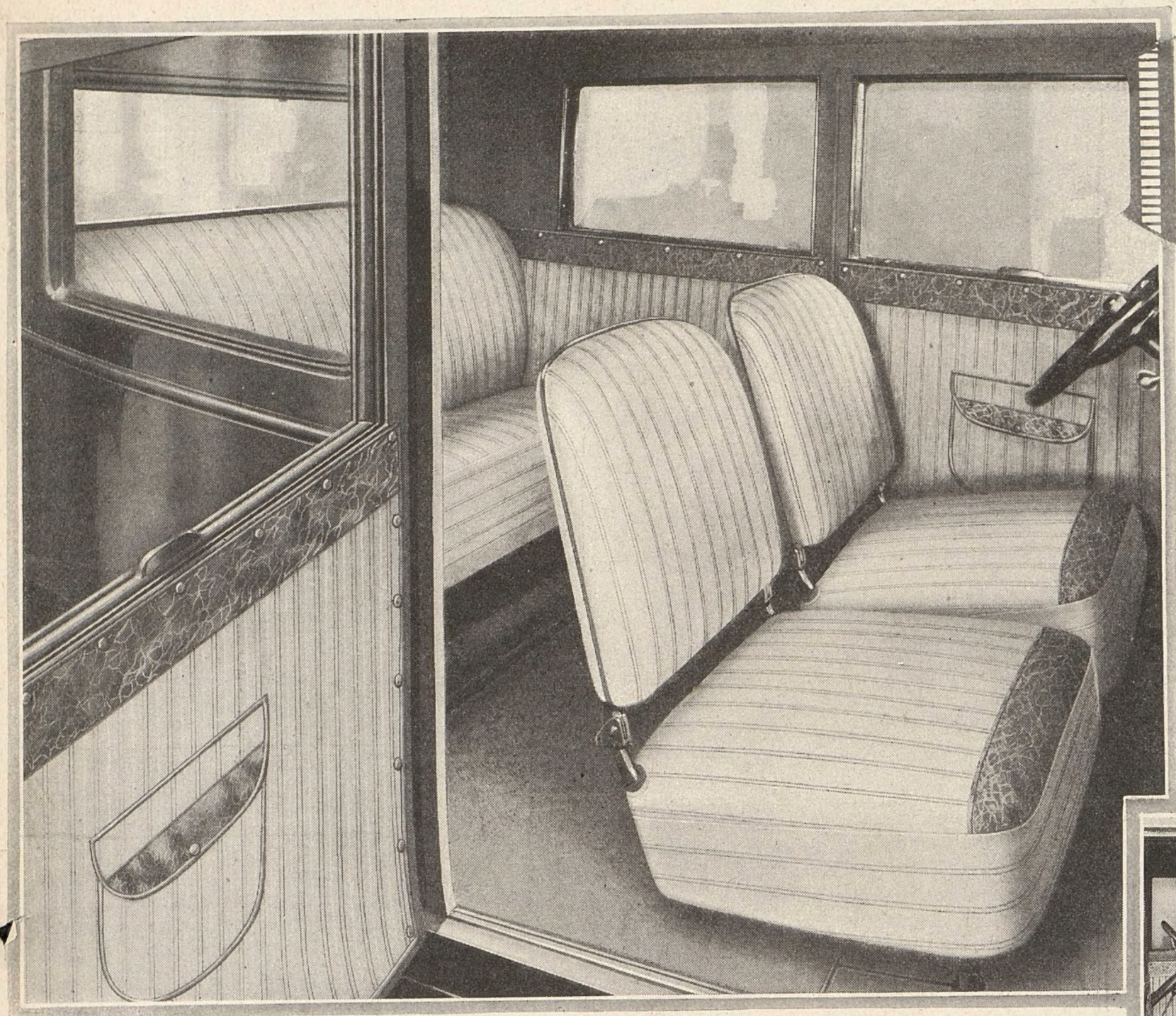
Test these 8 Economies in your own Ford. Drive up to the next dealer displaying the orange and black Veedol Forzol sign, and have him drain the old oil out and fill your crankcase with one gallon of Veedol Forzol.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, Eleven Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.



VEEDOL *The economy* **FORZOL** *oil for Fords*

Famous FANDANGO Auto SEAT COVERS



Now $14.50 COMPLETE

Made for

COACHES SEDANS
COUPES BROUGHAMS

4 or 5 Passenger Cars $14.50 complete
7 Passenger Cars 18.50 complete
1924, 1925, 1926 models—

BUICK
CHANDLER
CHEVROLET
CLEVELAND
CHRYSLER
DODGE
ESSEX
FLINT
JEWETT
HUDSON
PACKARD (1926)
MOON and
DIANA (1926)
HUPMOBILE
CADILLAC (1926) Brougham

NASH
AJAX (Light Six Nash)
MAXWELL
OAKLAND
OLDSMOBILE
OVERLAND
PONTIAC Coach
PEERLESS 6-80
PAIGE (1926) Sedan
REO
STAR
STUDEBAKER
WILLYS-KNIGHT
JORDAN 8-1926-Sedan

[FORDS]

All models Coupes *and* Roadsters $6.75
Tudors, Sedans, Touring Cars 9.95

Pat. Applied For

Protect *and* Beautify Your Car
With These Cool and Perfect Fitting Seat Covers

HERE is the end of soiled, spotted, worn, germ-laden car upholstery—here is beauty and cleanliness for new cars and old ones—here is a far greater resale value to any car because of a clean, fresh interior. Here are auto seat covers beautiful beyond your hopes—perfect in every way.

Add Beauty to Your Car

Famous Fandango Seat Covers are made of beautifully striped seat cover materials in various color tones. Each set is carefully designed and cut to fit your particular car perfectly. The wearing edges are beautified and reinforced with blue, gray, brown or red Spanish art leather harmonizing with the cover material. These colors go harmoniously with the interior of your car.

Easy to Attach

It is easy to attach Famous Fandango Seat Covers. Snap fasteners are provided so that they can be quickly put on and taken off. No sewing necessary. Special fasteners provided for steel bodies.

Why pay $50 to $75 for seat covers when you can buy these beautiful covers for $14.50? We are the largest manufacturers of seat covers in the world. In 1925 over 75,000 car owners adopted Famous Fandango Seat Covers. And because we manufacture in such great quantities we can make this extraordinary low price.

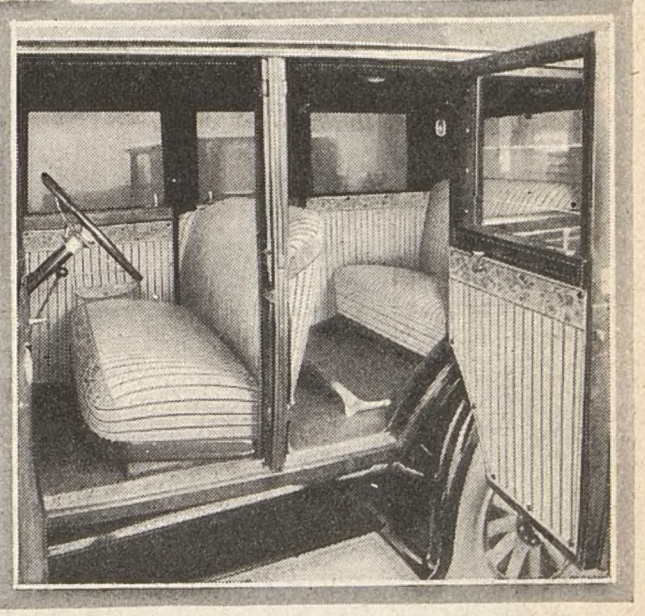
Guaranteed Fit, Material and Workmanship

Only carefully selected materials and the most careful workmanship go into Famous Fandango Auto Seat Covers. Each set consists of covers for seats, backs, side panels, arm rests and door covers with large pockets. Back of front seat is covered right down to the floor of car, protecting against the feet of occupants in back of car. Famous Fandango Seat Covers fit perfectly and are easy to attach and easy to detach. Complete instructions come in each box.

Ask your dealer or department store to show you these beautiful covers. Order direct from us. Read coupon carefully then fill it out. We will ship your order promptly. Send no money.

DEALERS WANTED

Certain territories are still open for dealers and department stores. Write at once for information about these nationally advertised Auto Seat Covers.



Important Reasons Why You Should Buy Famous Fandango Seat Covers

1. *Beauty*—The handsome striped seat cover materials and harmonizing art leather trim add beauty to the interior of any car.
2. *Protection*—Greasy hands, muddy feet, road dirt have no terrors for a car protected with these seat covers.
3. *Higher Resale Value*—Usually the condition of the interior of cars determine their resale value. Famous Fandango Seat Covers keep upholstery new and clean.
4. *Sanitary*—Your health and your children's health is endangered by germ-laden upholstery. Fandango Covers can easily be cleaned and snapped on again.

SEND NO MONEY—MAIL COUPON NOW

Durant Motocover Co., Inc., 200 6th Ave., Dept, J, New York. Please send me one set of Famous Fandango Auto Seat Covers express prepaid, subject to examination. If satisfied I will pay expressman price of covers *only*.

NOTE: Check full information. Print name and address plainly.

Your name .....
Street .....
City ..... *State* .....
Name of car ..... Year of car .....

☐ Master ☐ Standard ☐ Special ☐ Light ☐ Advanced ☐ 4 Cylinders
☐ 6 Cylinders ☐ 8 Cylinders ☐ 2 door ☐ 4 door ☐ 4 Passenger ☐ 5 Passenger ☐ 7 Passenger
☐ Blue leatherette trim ☐ Brown leatherette trim ☐ Coupe ☐ Coach ☐ Brougham ☐ Sedan

DURANT MOTOCOVER COMPANY, INC., 200 SIXTH AVE., DEPT. J, NEW YORK CITY

Announcing the New

KISSEL

CUSTOM BUILT

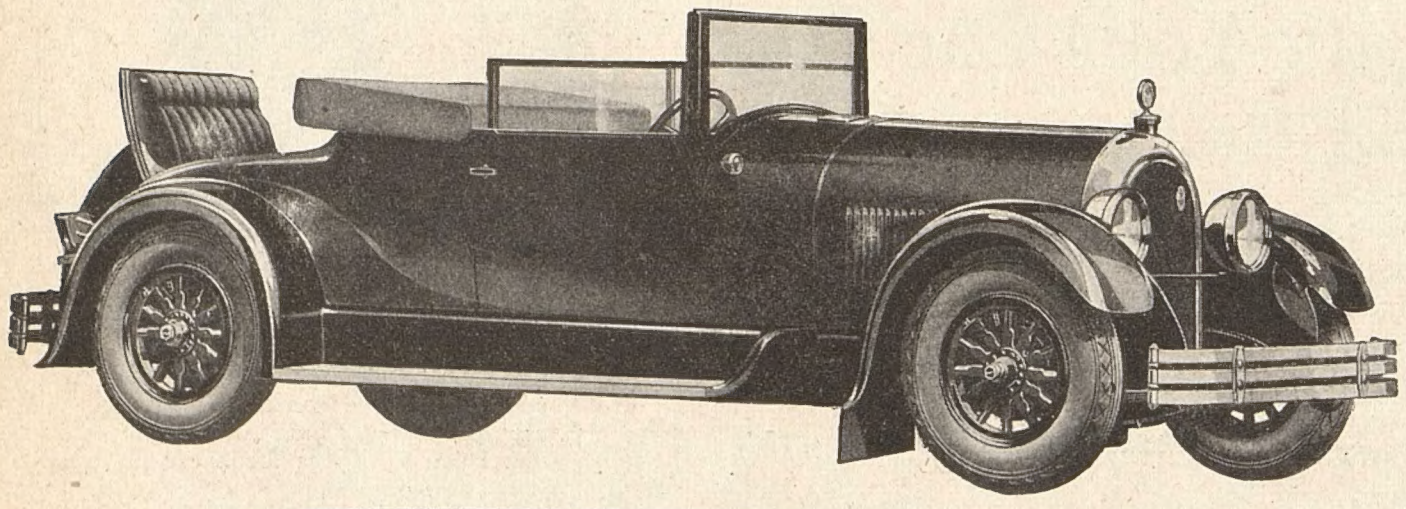
A new line of Kissels—all cushioned-in-rubber—and so far in advance of anything heretofore introduced that they are bound to be hailed as an epochal achievement in automotive history. Never before, in a single line of automobiles, has there been such an amazing array of major mechanical, engineering, style and comfort improvements.

All Units Cushioned-in-Rubber

Resilient cushions of rubber are interposed between connecting points so that motor, springs and other important units are actually *sunk* in rubber. These live cushions will stand the roughest service for 100,000 miles and more. They do away entirely with *shackles, spring bolts* and *working joints,* eliminating oiling of these and other places that formerly had a tendency to develop rattles and squeaks. Being *cushioned-in-rubber,* these new Kissels give a more delightful quality of riding comfort than you have ever before experienced. Ripples and bumps in the road are noiselessly absorbed. Vibration is further minimized. Performance of rare quietness and buoyant smoothness is the net result.

New Lower Chassis

These new models are mounted on a still lower Kissel chassis—in fact the height from the ground to the top of the closed cars is now only 68 inches in the Coupe-Roadster and 70 inches in the Sedan—a lower center of gravity. The result—greater safety is assured in fast driving over uneven roads and in making sharp turns. Expert designing has provided abundant road clearance. There is generous head-room. The chassis is equipped with new *flat cushioned-in-rubber springs.* The motor is now tilted so that crankshaft and drive are all in a straight line. This new Straight Line Drive provides smoothness of operation and eliminates loss of power.



The All-Year Coupe-Roadster as an open car

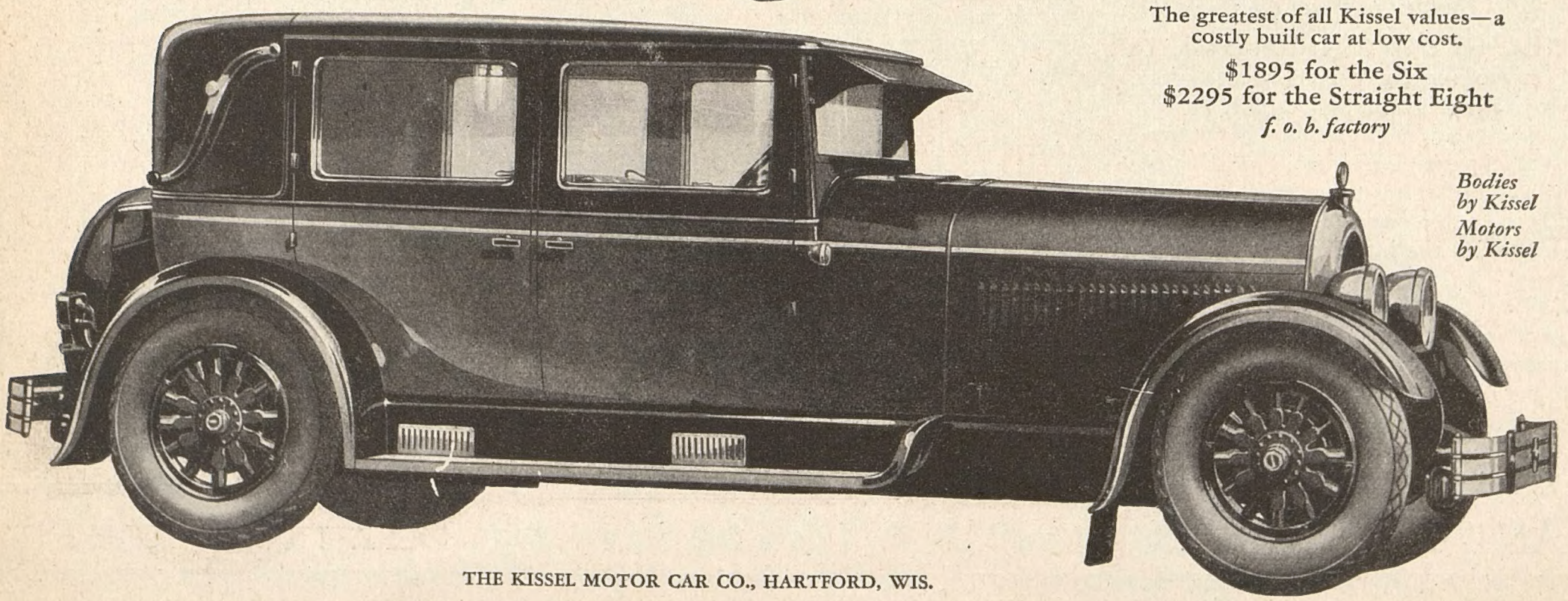
Change from Coupe to Roadster in 7 seconds . . . just the car for doctors, salesmen, business men or young people who desire a car of their own.

$1795 for the Six (2-Pass.)
$2195 for the Straight Eight
f. o. b. factory

The New 4-Door Sedan

The greatest of all Kissel values—a costly built car at low cost.

$1895 for the Six
$2295 for the Straight Eight
f. o. b. factory



Bodies by Kissel
Motors by Kissel

THE KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO., HARTFORD, WIS.

CUSHIONED-IN-RUBBER

New Models of Artistic Beauty

Longer, lower, roomier and fashioned with a pleasing European touch, these striking models set a new standard of perfection in body craftsmanship and admirably represent the traditions of Kissel in creating distinctive motor car styles. The long, straight body lines, the tasteful color harmony presented, the exquisite fittings, the appropriate luxury of the interiors—all contribute to their incomparable beauty. There are *new wide flat fenders* that add to their sturdy appearance. From the driver's seat there is "clear vision" made possible by newly designed front corner posts.

New Wheelbase

With infinite care Kissel engineers have worked out the proper wheelbase in ratio to the weight of the cars. You will notice when you first ride in these new Kissels that they hold the road with exceptional evenness, and steadiness—no matter what the speed. There is an absence of the "galloping," "bouncing," "quivering" action that you sometimes experience in cars of improper wheelbase. Kissel, with 20 years' knowledge of motor car construction, realizes that proper wheelbase is everything in riding comfort.

Chase Velour Upholstery Form-Fitting Seats

The interiors are richly upholstered in genuine Chase Velmo. Seats are form-fitting—a special Kissel design that is common to no other car. Only the finest Marshall springs are used and guaranteed for life of car. You can tour for miles and miles, day after day, over all kinds of roads and never know the meaning of fatigue. The lazy luxury of these deep, comfortable seats will give you a new and keener enjoyment of motoring pleasure than you have ever had before. These are the first automobiles to give you real Pullman car comfort.

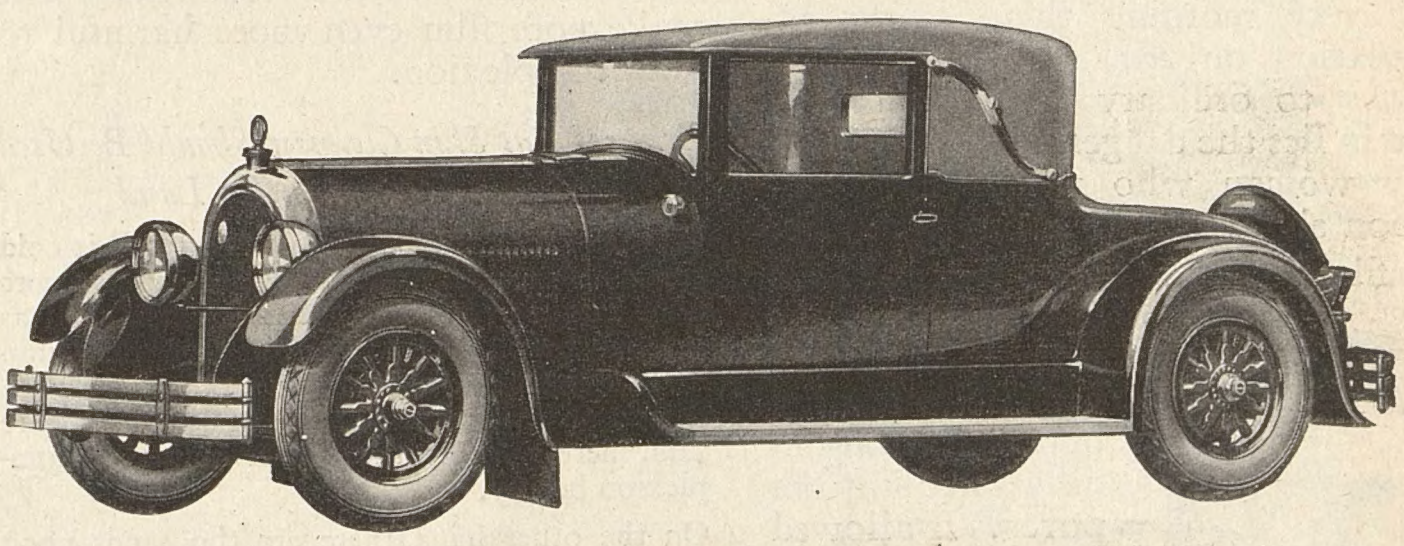
New Finish

The new Kissels present an original combination of attractive soft colors which emphasize their long, rakish lines. Body chassis and fenders are of the same tone, while the wheels are of a harmonious contrasting color. These new cars are finished in a highly hand-polished Duco which, with ordinary care, will last the life of a car. Occasional polishing will restore the same satin lustre as it had the day it was purchased.

Two Cars in One—as a closed car

With the top up, this smart car becomes a snug, tight-fitting Coupe, closed to rain and cold. With the top down it is a fashionable Roadster open to smiling skies and gentle breezes.

$1795 for the Six (2-Pass.)
$2195 for the Straight Eight
f. o. b. factory

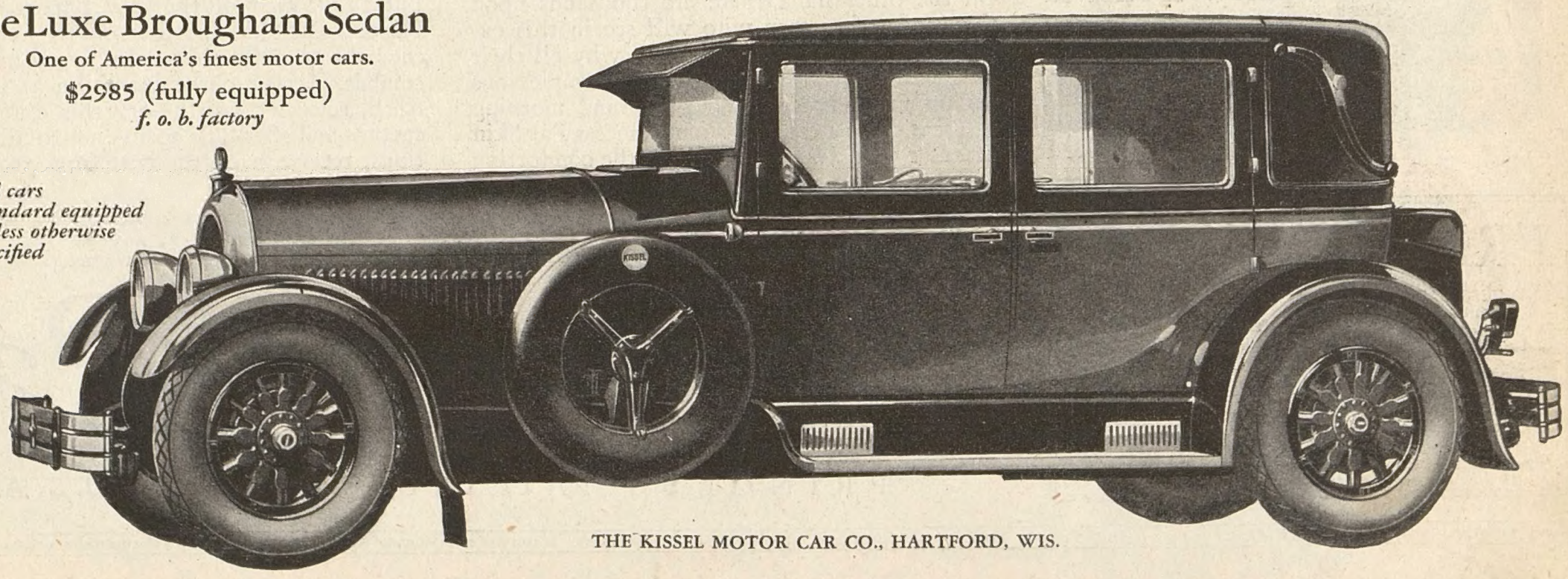


The Great Straight Eight DeLuxe Brougham Sedan

One of America's finest motor cars.

$2985 (fully equipped)
f. o. b. factory

All cars standard equipped unless otherwise specified



THE KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO., HARTFORD, WIS.

What is pore film *and* why must you *remove it?*

This is the second of a series of Princess Pat informative talks giving new facts about complexion care. Here we tell about the requirements of cleansing cream—a most important subject.

DO you fancy that we are merely creating a *talking point* when we refer to pore film? If so, visit some scientific library and consult the works of the most eminent authorities on the skin.

Pore film is invisible. Yet every night and every morning there is an accumulation on *every* skin. And it is *resistant* to ordinary cleansing cream. Therein lies the danger—and the reason every woman who values her complexion should know about pore film.

Pore film is acid. It glazes over and seals the pores of the skin. It is formed by the mingling of perspiration and oil given off by the pores. If allowed to remain pore film is injurious to the skin. It can be a first cause of roughened skin texture, blackheads, excessively oily skin, shiny nose and eruptions.

And remember, ordinary cleansing cream will *not* remove pore film. Any prominent skin specialist will confirm this statement, in fact he is likely to say that unscientifically formulated creams will make pore film even more harmful to your complexion.

Princess Pat Skin Cleanser Should Be Used By Every Woman In the Land

Princess Pat Skin Cleanser (you may call it cold cream) is definitely formulated to remove pore film. You may say you get along very well as it is, that you see no ill results from pore film. The explanation is that some skin has a high degree of resistance. But not to deal with pore film, merely *invites* the earlier fading of complexion beauty.

On the other hand there are thousands upon thousands of women who will see in this explanation of pore film the reason why all their beauty effort avails little, why their complexions remain unlovely despite nightly and morning applications of cream. With Princess Pat Skin Cleanser you *know* — you have the comforting assurance that in regard to pore film *no chances are being taken*. It is precisely one of those situations when it is better to be safe than sorry!

How Princess Pat Skin Cleanser Came to Be Different

Princess Pat Skin Cleanser is a product of the modern laboratory. It is quite different from the inadequate creams of yesteryear. It was formulated in the full light of scientific knowledge of the actual *needs* of the skin. It was known that pore film had to be considered—and the need was met.

Further, the "stickiness" of old fashioned cold creams was avoided. Princess Pat is a light cream, delightful to use. It is a particularly *gentle* cream, agreeing with *every skin*. By no possibility can it encourage or promote hair growth. It does not necessitate vigorous rubbing. On the contrary, it seems literally to *melt* all the day's grime and dust from the pores. It is quite *impossible* for a woman not to like Princess Pat Cleansing Cream for the immediate effects she can see and feel.

But think *most* of the *most* important result. Princess Pat Skin Cleanser *removes pore film* and ends the troubles that ordinary creams do not combat. Accept our explanation at its gospel truth, scientific worth—try this different cold cream—and if it fails to live up to all expectations, receive back the cost from your dealer.

FREE So that you may know for yourself the remarkable effect of Princess Pat Skin Cleanser, we will take pleasure in sending you a trial tube free. Mail coupon.

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Dept. 193B
2709 South Wells St., Chicago
Without cost or obligation please send me a free trial tube of Princess Pat Skin Cleanser (Cold Cream).

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____
(Print name and address plainly)

Princess Pat perfect beauty aids include: PRINCESS PAT CREAM SKINFOOD AND ICE ASTRINGENT (THE FAMOUS TWIN CREAM TREATMENT), PRINCESS PAT SKIN CLEANSER, ALMOND BASE FACE POWDER, ROUGE, LIPSTICK, TWO-PURPOSE TALC, PERFUME, TOILET WATER

Princess Pat

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, U.S.A.

Every preparation made by Princess Pat is made for a definite purpose. Each is guaranteed to achieve that end most effectively. If you are not delighted with results, your dealer will cheerfully refund your money

JULY 31, 1926

Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

VOL. 3 No. 13

EDITORIAL OFFICES
New York: 247 Park Ave. Ashland 4160
Chicago: Tribune Square. Superior 0100

ADVERTISING OFFICES
New York: 247 Park Ave. Ashland 4160
Chicago: Tribune Square. Superior 0100

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

WHAT MAKES A LION ROAR?—*An Editorial*

Male lions have a trait that no other animal of the cat tribe possesses: They stalk game patiently, slowly, with great stealth—and then, just as they spring upon their kill, emit a menacing, coughing roar. Naturalists are at a loss to explain why lions roar at that time and seemingly take a chance of scaring away the animal they have stalked so silently. It may be with some idea of paralyzing the victim with fear; it may be to notify other lions that the kill is his; or it may be a huge bluff.

The writer has a theory, based on his own emotions. He thinks he knows how the lion feels when it leaps, and is certain he knows just how the victim feels. One morning recently he was awakened by the noise of motors of a squadron of airplanes flying low.

He had heard the same sound many times during the war—and, instead of becoming accustomed to it, found it always affected him vividly, bringing on an acute sense of helpless impotence, half fear, half rage. The same feeling possessed him when the jarring tumult of the flying squadron reached him in bed—a feeling of utter helplessness. If it had been nearer, and had come more suddenly, it would have rendered him incapable of moving.

Possibly the roar of the lion, the sight of a tawny giant leaping, affects a deer or a goat that way. If so, the lion's roar serves its purpose of paralyzing the prey with fear.

Human beings sometimes utilize the roar in that manner. Just what would happen should the goat some day roar back at the lion is problematical; but in politics and in business the loudest roarer usually wins.

In business, roaring for purposes of intimidation and goat-getting is common. We all know persons who can overawe and terrorize us and "get our goat"—there are some who can get the same effect even without a roar. Its commonest usage, perhaps, is seen when the boss begins to fear he is about to lose a valuable man or be compelled to pay him more money. He begins to pace up and down behind the man's desk, roaring: "Terrible! Terrible!"; to criticize his work and to hint that he can get a better man for less money. The employee begins to roar that a rival firm wants him and will pay him twice what he is getting. Eventually one gets the goat of the other, they compromise, and are happy until the roaring match over the next contract comes due.

In contest sports the value of the preliminary roar before the leap has been demonstrated many times. In the prize ring the boxers roar about what they will do to the opponent. In football the players, even while shaking hands, indulge in a polite version of the lion's roar, and even in match play at golf it is indulged in frequently, with the result that many championships have been won by it.

The Hill Billy of the Southern mountains, walking alone at night, lets out a loud cry every few hundred yards. The boy passing a graveyard whistles or yells to keep up his courage. The man with the bad end of an argument always roars loudest. These facts indicate that possibly the lion may roar to reassure itself that it is not afraid, as well as to scare others.

Possibly, too, the same instinct that causes the lion to roar prompts the husband, during a breakfast-table argument, to roar: "If you do I won't come home tonight!"—and makes the wife yap back: "I don't care if you never come!" Neither means it. Each is trying to get the other's goat.

If this is the true theory, it indicates that some day the lion may roar, and the goat may call its roar and raise it two roars and a bite. For, in former days, when the lion in the shape of a husband roared, its natural prey cowered and trembled; whereas nowadays the yowl of the female is more deadly than that of the male.

The moral (if there is a moral) is: Don't roar until certain the roaree won't outroar you.

IN THIS ISSUE

PAGE

The Big Fellow.....By ROBERT EDGREN 9
Starting the chronicle of Jim Jeffries, mighty champion

A Runaway Enchantress.....By MARY HEATON VORSE 13
A story of brotherly love and the wiles of a girl

Flying for Life.....By WALTER HINTON 21
A famous airman tells his most thrilling adventures

The Green Jewel of Death.....By THE PRINCESS RADZIWILL 29
The amazing history of Russia's great emerald

The Corbin Necklace.....By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER 33
Continuing a serial of a girl's fight for freedom

The Empty Cradle of Harvard.....By BRENDA UELAND 43
Telling how—and why—Culture dreads the stork

The Adventures of Benny, Nicky, and Greg..By ALINE KILMER 48
Beginning a LIBERTY serial for children

The Twelfth Green.....By GEORGE B. FRANCIS 52
The tale of a coal king dethroned by a golf ball

The Machine-Gunning of McSwiggin....By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND 59
Continuing the story of America's greatest crime rings

Own Your Home.....By CHARLES G. FRAZER 63
Part Eight—Cutting costs while building goes on

For the Love o' Lil—LIBERTY'S great Cover Contest, No. 7 (p. 41); Fashions (46); Movie Review (47); News of the World (51); Food (57); LIBERTY'S Cross-Word Puzzle No. 78 (58); Eileen Bourne's Question Box (58); Vox Pop (62); Facts for Home-Builders (66).

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Will Negro Actors Take the Lead?

JUST watch what Negroes will do in the theater during the next decade! That's what DAVID BELASCO says—and backs his contention with a startling array of facts. All through TOMORROW'S STAGE AND THE NEGRO looms the question of whether we must revise our whole attitude toward the black man's abilities. Mr. Belasco reports that Negroes show an instinctive dramatic talent that surpasses that of most trained and experienced white actors and actresses. You won't want to miss this remarkable article.

You'll find THE STUNT GIRL, by J. ALLAN DUNN, a humdinger. It's the story of a young woman who risks her life, that a star may rise to fame.

Does your face sometimes worry you? If so, you'll find comfort in YOU'RE LUCKY IF YOU'RE HOMELY. It tells why homely girls so often capture young Apollos, and homely men melt the hearts of Venuses. MARY CLARE DAVRON is the author.

The one and only P. G. WODEHOUSE tells an uproarious tale of love and trouble in A SLICE OF LIFE.

July 31, 1926 LIBERTY Vol. 3, No. 13

Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in U. S., Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year. Address subscriptions, Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York. Allow four weeks for change of address. Special articles, short and long fiction stories desired. Address Editor, Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No manuscripts received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; William H. Field, Secretary; Harvey Deuell, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1926, by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

You should be willing to pay YOUR DRUGGIST the full price of this wonderful CRUDE-OIL SHAMPOO

IF you have ever had a crude-oil treatment at your hairdresser's or barber shop—then you know how wonderfully crude-oil benefits hair. It is a well-known fact that hair-treatment experts prescribe crude-oil to make scalps healthy, and hair beautiful.

And *now*—you can obtain this special benefit of crude-oil in the handy, easy-to-use form of a shampoo—called Taroleum!

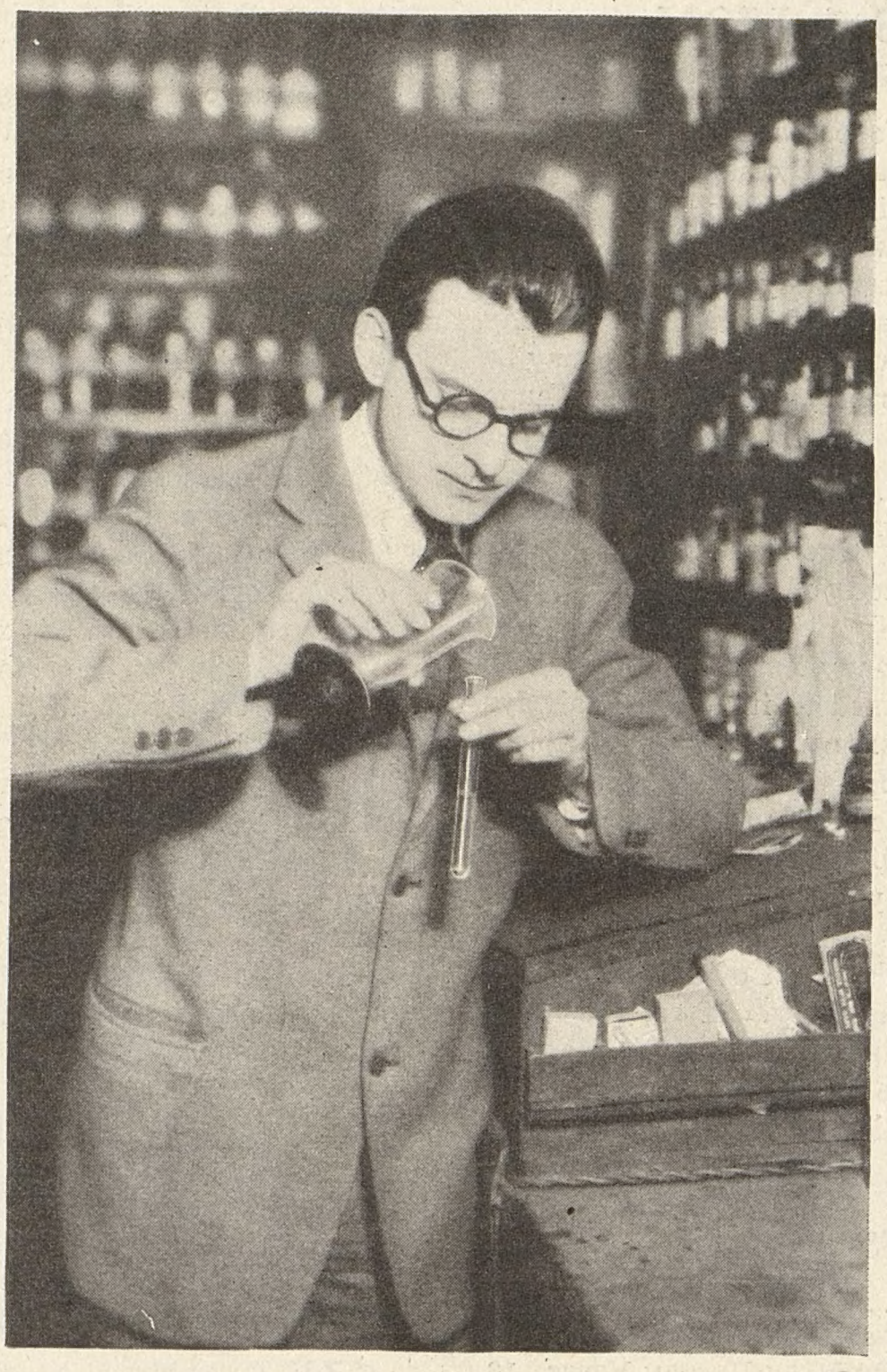
Creamy lather cleans like magic

Indeed this isn't an ordinary shampoo. It's a creamy-white, bubbling, quick-lathering shampoo that cleans your hair in a way most marvelous. You'll be surprised to see how thoroughly Taroleum gathers up all the dust, and grease, and soot that is bound to accumulate in one's hair in these modern times. Golden hair, white hair, or any light-colored hair needs Taroleum's delicate cleansing—because it absolutely cannot affect the natural color, in any way.

Leaves hair easy to dress

Best of all is the feeling you'll have when the shampoo is over. Taroleum leaves your hair light and silky—easy to dress. That feature alone has endeared Taroleum to thousands of fastidious women. Users write in to tell us how *much less trouble* it is to do up the hair, to make the coiffure charmingly perfect, after using Taroleum.

The difference lies in the fact that Taroleum does not rob the hair of its natural life. Ordinary soap shampoos leave the hair dry and brittle—standing on end, flying hither and thither. Taroleum gives hair a mild, gentle cleansing—and actually feeds the hair roots. The result, at the end of a Taroleum shampoo, is the soft, neat smoothness of hair, that you have always wished to achieve.



A "triple benefit"

Taroleum is often called by scalp treatment experts—"the shampoo of three benefits." First—it feeds the scalp. Second—it cleans the hair. Third—it leaves the hair easy to comb and dress. After all, doesn't this sum up the three most vital benefits that anyone could expect from a shampoo?

Antiseptic, too

But Taroleum has even *more* to offer your hair. Besides cleaning so efficiently, Taroleum's bubbling suds are *mildly antiseptic*. This is an extra protection, something that makes you feel safe when you use Taroleum. You are doubtless aware of the fact that the street dust that blows into your hair and clings to it, is full of bacteria, many of them dangerous to your health. Certainly dangerous to your scalp! Taroleum kills these germs, and removes the dust, *antiseptically*.

Then, too, Taroleum tones the scalp. The pure pine tar, so carefully blended in Taroleum, is Nature's best scalp-toner, and is a splendid aid in removing dandruff. And this benefit, like all the others, comes in the simple operation of a Taroleum shampoo.

Simple to use

Many people prefer to massage the scalp with Taroleum *before applying water*. This allows the hair roots to soak up the healthful ingredients. Then, a little more Taroleum is used with warm water for the bubbling, creamy shampoo. Of course, Taroleum can be used like an ordinary shampoo if you prefer. Such a very small amount is needed for one shampoo, that Taroleum is an *economy*—despite the *luxurious feeling* it lends to your scalp. Taroleum is a Wildroot product, scientifically compounded in the same laboratories that make Wildroot Hair Tonic.

In matters of life or death you trust YOUR DRUGGIST . . . . . Don't deny him a DECENT LIVING!

TAROLEUM

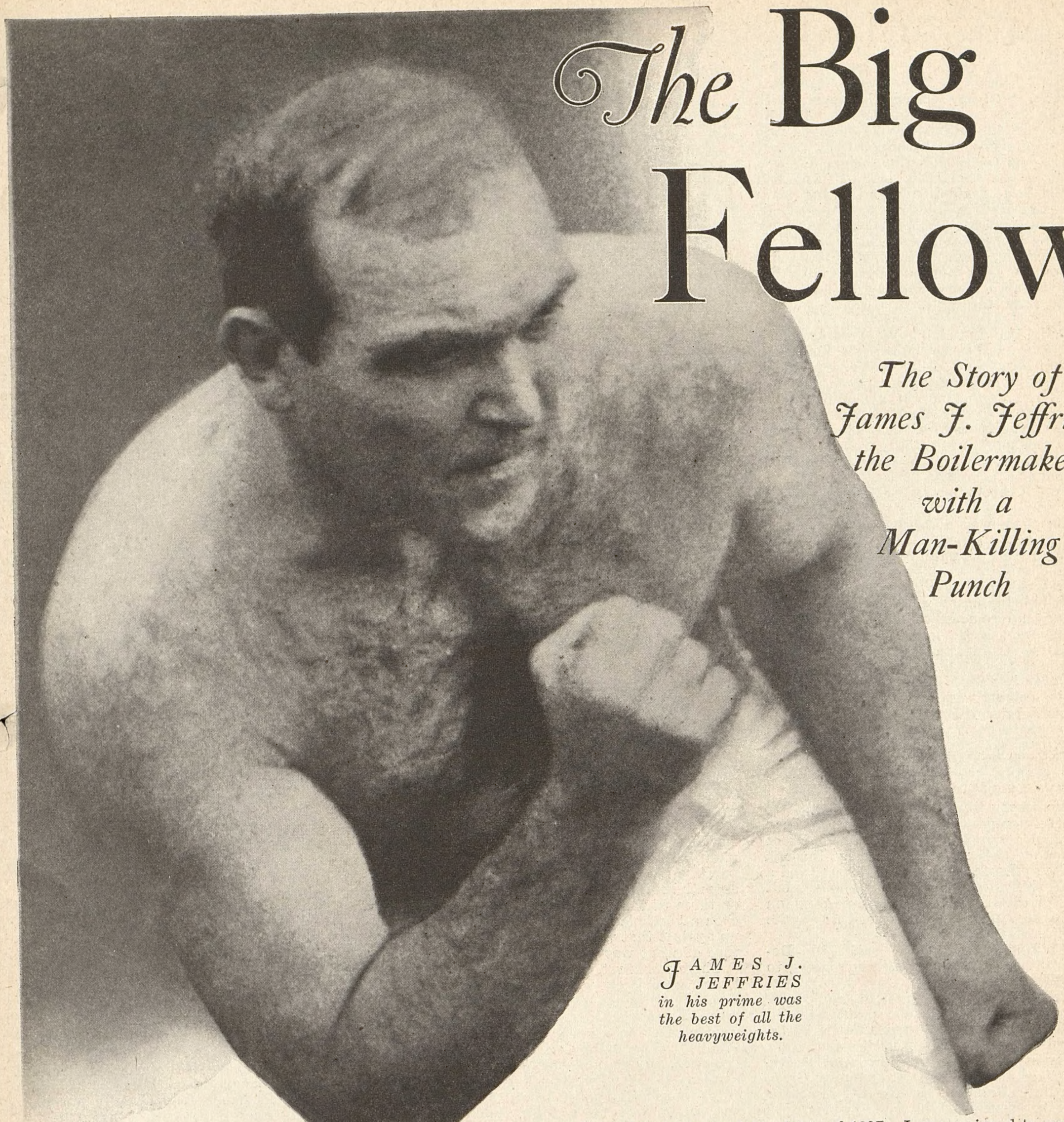
WILDROOT'S NEW CRUDE-OIL SHAMPOO

at 50¢

a fair price for you . . and a fair profit for your druggist

The Big Fellow

The Story of James J. Jeffries, the Boilermaker with a Man-Killing Punch



JAMES J. JEFFRIES *in his prime was the best of all the heavyweights.*

By ROBERT EDGREN

PART ONE

JEFFRIES GETS HIS START AS CORBETT'S SPARRING PARTNER

THIS will be a story about Jim Jeffries, the finest figure of a man that ever graced a world's championship.

I might begin by saying that James J. Jeffries was born in a log cabin on a farm near Carroll, Ohio, of a famous family of pioneers and Indian-fighters—but I'm not going to. I'll start about two weeks before I ever heard of Jim Jeffries and when few others had. Then I'm going to paint you a picture of Jeffries as I've known him.

It was snowing hard when I dropped from the train in Carson City, Nevada, in the late winter of 1897. I was assigned to cover the Corbett-Fitzsimmons go for the San Francisco *Examiner*.

I found Jim Corbett, stormbound and none too sweet-tempered over the delay in starting training, playing pool with Connie McVey back of Livingston's saloon. Every second building in Carson was a saloon in those frontier days. Corbett shook hands, said I was expected, and suggested that, as I looked a husky lad, I might join his training staff and spar with him daily.

That was a great training camp. Perhaps there never has been another like it. We quartered at Shaw's Springs, a few miles from Carson, and rode out there on cow ponies because the drifted snow made carriage travel difficult.

At Shaw's, the big barroom, kept warm by a roaring fire in a huge sheet-iron stove, was our lounging-place when not at work. Every day it was crowded with men from all parts of the world, come to see the champion. There were Stetson-hatted, high-booted miners and cattlemen; frock-coated gamblers such as Bret Harte saw and wrote

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE BIG FELLOW Continued from Page Nine]

about; sports from Eastern cities, dressed in skin-tight trousers and coats with shoulders padded out to make them look like prize-fighters. There was Billy Brady, nervously energetic, intensely scowling, dapper, with polished shoes and a big diamond stickpin in his Ascot tie—Billy Brady running a faro bank to entertain the training staff.

There was the old frontier bartender, who limped on one shortened leg, and who had achieved local fame in Virginia City years before by shooting the casekeeper, lookout, and three cappers who had robbed him of a gold mine in a crooked faro game.

There was Charlie White, with the wise smile of the New Yorker; Eddie Cook, theatrical advance agent, waiting to tour with Corbett after the fight.

AND the training staff! We were not much to look at, except Corbett's handsome young brother, Joe. Billy Woods was short, thick, stumpy, and much pounding on the chin had given him the gait of a man with two wooden legs. Myself, 225 pounds and awkward. Connie McVey, ex-wrestler, full of funny stories, valuable for his ability to keep Corbett in good humor. Lastly, there was Al Hampton, Coast handball champion, whose task was to soothe Corbett by losing games to him.

Things had been going on excitingly for a week or so when, one morning after breakfast, Charlie White took me aside and said:

"You won't need to work today. Billy Delaney is bringing a young boilermaker he picked up somewhere down around Los Angeles. We're going to try him out and see if Jim can use him. You'd better meet them when they come and tell Delaney to rush his men out to work. Corbett's getting restless."

An hour later there was a knock on the door of the handball court. I opened it and came face to face with Delaney. But I didn't see Delaney at all! My eyes were filled with a vision of the biggest, finest-looking young fellow I'd ever seen in my life—a man who would be a prize on any college football line—a man whose shoulders would rub on both sides of the doorway Corbett slipped lithely through every day. His face was desert brown, and a mass of shiny, curly black hair bulged out under the edge of a derby hat perched on top of his massive head. Rows of china-white teeth showed through his grin.

"Meet Jim Jeffries, Bob," said Billy Delaney. "Jim's a young fellow who's going to train with us."

Jeffries reached up a huge fist, and shook hands without a word. We went inside to the stuffy dressing-room where Charlie White was trying out sweaty woolens and Billy Woods was getting the rubbing stuff ready. White looked Jeffries over with narrowed eyes and a quizzical smile. He directed Jim to a chair in the corner back of the stove, and told him to dress, because Corbett was waiting.

In a moment the newcomer was stripped, stretching his muscles to limber them for action. I noticed that White's eyes had changed shape and were popping out like a lobster's. The sight of Jim Jeffries at twenty-one, as he was that day, would make anyone's eyes pop out.

I've seen the ancient Farnese Hercules in Greek marble in the museum at Naples. Except for the whiskers, Jeff might have posed for it. He was thirty-one inches around the waist, and fifty around the chest. His arms were like legs, and his legs like pillars. His long, loose muscles bulged and shifted under a skin that was nearly black from exposure to the sun except on snow-white areas his trunks had covered.

His eyes were large, wide set, and black as an Indian's, and heavy black eyebrows formed a line across from side to side. His neck was short and thick, his cheekbones high, his jaws wide, the chin strong and well rounded.

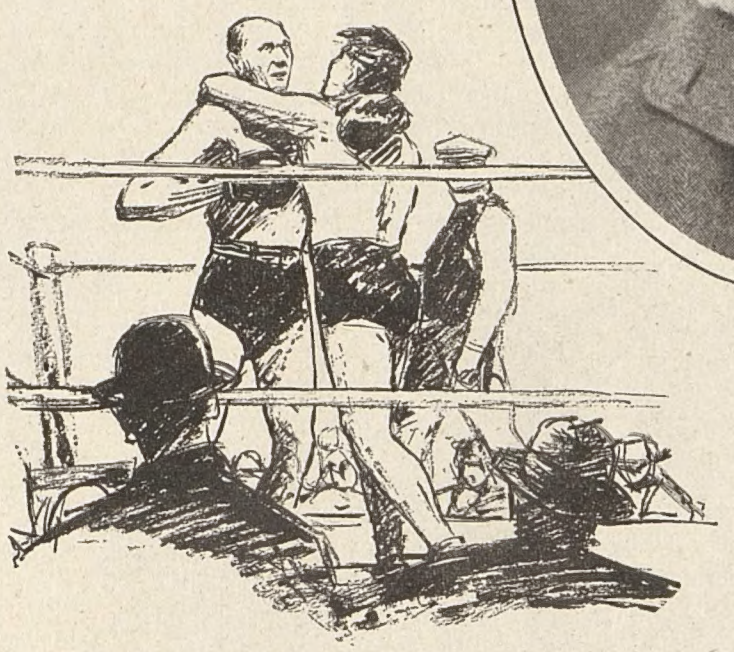
Corbett came in to lace his boxing-shoes while Jeffries was dressing, looked the newcomer over without change of expression, and said: "You're Delaney's new giant, are you? You look big enough. Get ready and we'll try you out."

Jeffries hurried into his boxing-togs and followed Corbett to the boxing-room. Delaney waited to explain that Corbett was going to try Jeffries out privately, as he didn't want to embarrass the young fellow.

"Big Bill" Naughton, best fight writer of his day, Charlie White, Billy Delaney, Corbett, and Jeffries gathered in the handball court and locked the door.

What happened in that handball court at Corbett's quarters that day has been a matter of dispute for more than a quarter of a century. Of the men inside only Jeffries and Corbett are still living, and both of their accounts disagree.

JIM CORBETT, as he looked when he took the championship away from John L. Sullivan.



As for myself, being young, curious, and full of wonder about what a sleek, slim champion like Corbett could do with a man incomparably his superior in physique, I walked around behind the handball court with two or three of the boys, and found there wasn't even a knothole in the back wall. So I leaned up against that wall to listen and form a picture of what was going on inside.

There was, first, a long silence, broken only by occasional low voices, apparently of Corbett and Delaney and White. Jeffries was receiving instructions. Then began a scuffling of feet on a resined floor, and the dull thud of blows. More scuffling, more blows, and then, sudden and startling, a solid crash against the pine-board wall of the handball court that fairly bulged it out. Another crash and two or three more blows. Followed whispering voices inside, the sound of men moving hastily around. Then a blank silence for several minutes.

WE hustled around to the front door of the handball court, but it didn't open for nearly half an hour. When it did open, Delaney and White and Naughton filed out, poker-faced. Corbett and Jeffries were in the small dressing-room, where Corbett was having his rubdown.

Corbett finished, dressed, and left. Jeffries, hanging his woolens on the line over the stove, kept silence until Billy Woods asked him what had happened in the tryout.

"Nothing," said Jeffries; "just boxed."

That evening a story was circulated around Carson, and found its way out over many telegraph wires, that Corbett had knocked out his big new sparring partner. That story was believed for many years, and Corbett at least didn't contradict it. But I never was able to reconcile the tale with what I knew of Jeffries and what I had felt of Corbett's punches. A few days ago I visited Jim Jeffries on his ranch at Burbank, and asked him about it.

"Hell, no!" exclaimed Jeffries. "Corbett didn't knock me out. I knocked him out! The story that he knocked me out was just ballyhoo for the fight—to worry Fitzsimmons and boost Corbett's stock by crediting him with a knockout punch. Delaney told me to say nothing and to be sure not to contradict it if anyone asked me, and I never did. But there's no reason why the truth shouldn't be told now."

"Exactly what did happen?" I asked.

"THEY played a trick on me," said Jim. "When we went into the boxing-room and locked the door, Charlie White told me to lead at Corbett's body with my right as soon as we began boxing, because Fitz did that and Corbett wanted to see how to guard himself.

"I knew enough not to lead at any fast boxer with my right. Why, that was the first thing De Witt Van Court taught me at the Reliance Athletic Club when I began boxing. I refused to lead my right. White insisted. I didn't want to, but I led a right for Corbett's body, leaving myself wide open, of course. He was waiting for it, and he cracked me with everything he had right on the chin. Then he stepped back and looked around at White with a funny expression, and I knew the trick they'd pulled on me.

"They wanted to see if Corbett had a punch, and they got me to step in and leave my chin uncovered while he took a punch at me. It made me mad to know I'd been tricked. My lip was cut against my teeth, but Corbett never knew it. I sucked my lip in and rushed him, and mixed with him for a minute, and then I got a punch over."

"What was that bang against the wall?"

"That was Corbett," said Jeffries, grinning. "I hit him and knocked him against the wall so hard he nearly went through. Then I pasted him a couple of good ones to keep him there, and his hands dropped. He was done for and another punch would have finished him. They rushed in and pulled me away and gave me time to cool off. There wasn't any more boxing that day. We waited until Corbett was all right and went out.

"They told me to keep my mouth shut and I did. Those are the facts. Corbett never saw the day he could knock me down, even if I stood with my hands in my pockets. I always had thought a champion must be something wonderful; but after that day I knew that if Corbett was champion I was the real champion, because he couldn't hurt me and I could beat him any time I got a chance."

Day after day for a month I watched Jeffries boxing with Corbett, and it seemed to me that Corbett, for a champion, was extremely careful to keep out of big Jeff's range. Jeffries boxed with his left well extended, and, being naturally left-handed, he had a great punch in that hand. Corbett jabbed Jeffries often—

jabbed, then leaped away. He took no chances, but that was his way of boxing. It accounted for his light hitting.

I remember going out one day to take my turn with the gloves, and passing Jeffries, who was walking back to the dressing-room after his three minutes with the champion. Jim was rubbing his jaw with a gloved hand, and he turned to grin at me as he went by.

"Look out for him," said Jeff. "He's hitting harder today. I can feel my jaw crack."

But in all the weeks of boxing I never saw Jeffries even shake his head after taking one of Corbett's blows, and, though he stood still now and then to time a counter punch, he never stepped back. He was learning, too, and was very fast for a 230-pound man. He found that he didn't need to step back, even when Corbett was trying out the blows with which he hoped to stop Fitzsimmons.

On Jeffries' second day in camp, White and Delaney gave him instructions in the dressing-room. They told Jim they wanted him to fight as much like Fitzsimmons as he could: he must shift his feet around while boxing, pull his left hand far back, and drive it at Corbett's ribs.

Fitzsimmons had knocked out several men by stepping in with his right foot and driving home a tremendous body blow with his left fist. But when Fitzsimmons shifted he did it with an oily and deceptive smoothness that covered the real speed of the maneuver. Corbett trained for weeks to prevent his using this blow—yet it was the one with which he knocked Corbett out.

Jeffries, coached in the shift, went out into the boxing-room to take his turn. As he and Corbett stepped together, Jeffries shifted and pulled his left back, as he'd been told to do. Instantly Corbett stepped lightly in and shot his right fist to Jeffries' chin, with all his force behind it. Jeff's head went back a couple of inches, but he stepped forward, shifted again, and again pulled his left hand back to hit. Again Corbett cracked big Jeff on the chin.

Half a dozen times the thing was repeated, Jeffries patiently following instructions and taking the blows. He wasn't even annoyed.

But Corbett was annoyed—very much annoyed! He had a world's championship fight only a few weeks away, and must win with a knockout, for it was a fight to a finish. And here was a twenty-one-year-old boy, a novice, calmly taking Corbett's best punches without blinking an eye.

I'VE often thought that part of Corbett's fight was lost that day in the boxing-room; for that day some of his supreme confidence in his own fighting power must have oozed away. He was a marvelous boxer, the most skillful, among big men, I've ever seen. But he lacked the thing Fitzsimmons always had—a clean knockout blow.

After taking Corbett's right-hand punches through a three-minute round, Jeffries walked back to the dressing-room while the next man went on. Billy Delaney hustled him in beside the sheet-iron stove and closed the door. Then, turning around with a queer expression on his face, he said:

"Jim, I didn't think you'd try that punch again after the way he landed on you the first time. You must have a great jaw."

Jeffries grunted.

"I thought that was what you wanted. You let me use my left hand my own way and he won't step in on me more than once."

"Time enough," said Delaney. "You're here to help Corbett. Box the way you're told to now. After a while you can cut loose."

From that time on, it seemed to me, Delaney was just about as much interested in big Jeffries as in the champion. And Jim was learning.

When the time came to cut loose and fight Corbett without instructions, he found Corbett a fleeting shadow, darting in with swift jabs and slipping out of range almost in the same instant. After a while Jeffries found a way to beat that game. He paid no attention to Corbett's feints and shoved his left foot out to try to step on Corbett's toes. The moment he found Corbett's foot, he punched. In this way he landed several times.

Charlie White laughingly asked Jeffries if he was trying to step on Corbett to try to hold him there, but Jeff said nothing at all. Corbett knew exactly what Jeffries was doing—that big Jeff had worked out an effective trick of his own, and began leaping from side to side to confuse him, feinting rapidly and staying just out of range.

Then Jeffries applied another trick he had been thinking off. Careless of being hit, whenever Corbett feinted, Jeffries stepped straight ahead without covering or dodging, and lashed out with either hand. Nothing annoys a clever boxer more than meeting a man who won't respond to a feint. The basic idea of boxing is to trick an opponent into leaving a clear opening for a blow, and then shoot the blow through. Corbett became shiftier than ever and did less hitting.

As the big fight day came on, Corbett boxed less and walked and ran more. He was always on the road, in spite of Billy Delaney's anxious protests.

Charlie White, smiling his wise New York smile, told Corbett to run if he wanted to. There was a keen rivalry between White and Delaney, each considering himself the champion's chief trainer. In the tense nerve strain of those last few days, Corbett, irritable, suspicious, worried, often took Jeffries and went out into the desert for hours.

A night or two before the fight, I walked down the road with Corbett in the darkness, urged by Billy Delaney to take the champion away from camp and talk to him about any-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"WHAT was the bang against the wall?" I asked. "That was Corbett," said Jeff.

(Drawing by Edgren)

[THE BIG FELLOW
Continued from Page Eleven]

thing but Fitzsimmons and the fight. The topic easiest to talk about, I found, was young Jim Jeffries.

That afternoon I'd tried to induce Jeff to go out into a field with me and throw a sixteen-pound hammer—that being my own athletic specialty. Jim went along, watched while I took a couple of turns, and tossed the weight 150 feet or so, and laughed when I retrieved it and asked him to try a throw.

"Everybody to his own game," said Jeff. "This is all right for you, but I'm going to be a fighter."

So I told Corbett that in all my college athletic days, even while touring the country on the California track team two years before and competing against the weight-tossing giants of Princeton, Yale, Pennsylvania, Harvard, and many other colleges, I'd never seen a man who might even be compared with Jeffries in physique. Corbett listened and agreed that Jeffries could be a wonderful hammer-thrower.

"I should think that as a fighter he could beat any man in the world easily—except, of course, a man who can outbox him, the way you do," I went on diplomatically. "I don't see where Fitzsimmons or any of the others could ever do anything against him. It seems to me, when you're ready to retire, Jeffries can go right after the title and get it."

Corbett laughed so hard he had to stop walking. We stood there in the dark until he had his laugh out, and then he said:

"OH, this is funny! Jeff a champion! Why, he's too big, too strong, too slow. He can't think quickly. Jeff's a nice fellow and I like him, but he'll never be a fighter. Wait, I'll tell you what Jeff could be better than anything else in the world. He'd make a good horse—a wonderful horse—the finest truck horse in the world."

I thought of that years later, while a referee was counting "ten" over clever Jim, and Jeffries was walking away with hardly a glance over his shoulder to see the effect of his knockout blow. But if nothing else, I had given Corbett a good laugh. I told Delaney that, when he questioned me anxiously an hour later. But I never told him what Corbett thought of Jeff.

The 17th of March! Snow in the morning, drifting over the yellow pine-board arena, swept from the seats by a crew of section hands borrowed from the railroad. Cold, clear sky, a straggling crowd that only half filled Dan Stuart's open-air amphitheater.

My work at the Corbett camp was over. I had nothing to do now but sit in a forty-dollar seat (world's record price in those days) and see the fight, and write a story about it and draw a picture of the knockout blow. Aside from that, I had only to take Champion James J. Corbett back to San Francisco after the fight—our business manager having decided, after many interviews with everybody, that Corbett would knock Fitzsimmons out.

Jeffries (seated) in training camp. Standing, left to right: Jack Jeffries, John Pollock, and Tommy Ryan.

So I sat there, just back of Fitzsimmons' corner, seeing my first world's championship fight. My knees knocked together with excitement, and I know my hands were shaking as I reached over and pulled Mrs. Fitzsimmons down into her chair. She sat just in front of me, and kept jumping up and nearly shutting off my view in her frenzied anxiety to tell Bob how to fight, while Corbett smiled and danced around Red Robert and punched him on the nose until the claret ran.

But I saw every moment of that fight—and something more. I can close my eyes, even today, and see a clear mental picture of Corbett slipping about and Fitzsimmons doggedly driving him. Across the ring beside the canvas-padded post I see two heads. One is that of Billy Delaney, bobbing up and down, with a grim, dyspeptic look on his drawn face. The other, the black curly head of young Jim Jeffries; heavy black eyebrows lifted; eyes, just visible above the white ring edge, rolling around to follow the flitting figures of the fighting men.

In the fourteenth round Fitzsimmons worked his fast-weakening rival around squarely in front of the moving-picture camera—a novelty then—left a wide opening, and, as Corbett jabbed, let the blow glance from his polished dome, shifted his feet, and hooked a tremendous left into Corbett's middle.

Corbett bent double, as if cut in two, and fell in a crumpled heap. The crowd leaped up with a roar for the new world's champion. I leaped with it. And as my eyes swept past Corbett wallowing on the floor, and Fitzsimmons grinning down at him, I saw a bulky figure rise and tower above the ring platform across the way. Big Jeff.

He looked at Corbett on the floor, then raised his eyes and took a long look at Fitzsimmons from heel to head.

An hour later I was on the special train—engine, tender, and one Pullman car. Corbett was in bed in the stateroom, a doctor in attendance. As we rocked and swayed around Cape Horn, with wheels almost lifting from the tracks, the doctor came out and closed the door.

"Gave him a shot to put him to sleep," he said. "He's in a good deal of pain. That punch—hit him right on the solar plexus — you know, chief nerve center."

So that was that! The romance of the frontier camp, the swift slip and tap of Corbett's dancing feet on the handball-court floor, the glimpses of John L. Sullivan and all the other sport celebrities in the crowded barroom at Shaw's Springs—the fight itself—all over and gone into the past. I got out my ink-bottle and my sheet of bristolboard and began to draw the knockout blow. Jeffries, Delaney, White, Billy Woods, and the rest were back in Carson.

ONE night, months later, I heard what happened there when I had gone. I met Delaney in a waiting-room in the station at Stockton, and we had to wait an hour for our train.

"After we left Corbett with you on the train," Billy said, "Jeffries and I walked down the street in the dark. I didn't want to go back to camp. Although all the time I'd been afraid Fitz would knock Jim out, I could hardly realize that it had happened. Corbett defeated—no longer champion! I had no champion to look out for any more! I said that to big Jeff. He stopped dead, turned to face me, and put his hand on my shoulder.

"'Well, what of it?' asked Jeff. 'I'm going to tell you something, Billy. After seeing those two fight, I know something I've suspected ever since the first day you brought me to Corbett's camp: If those two are champions, I'm champion of the world, for I can lick either of them or both of them in the same ring. You get Fitzsimmons for me, and you'll have a world's champion when I walk out of the ring. I absolutely know it.'

"I looked at the big fellow," Delaney went on, "and for a moment I was going to laugh at him. Then I stopped. Why not? I remembered how he roughed Corbett the first day, and how after that he followed instructions and held his jaw out for Corbett to hit, and took everything and said nothing, and I woke up.

"'You're on, Big Fellow,' I said.

"'You'll never be sorry,' says Jeff."

There was justification for this confidence on Jeff's part, for he already had rocked some good men to sleep with his lethal left. Be ready, next week, to climb through the ropes with him for a trio of thrilling knockouts and his first championship.

A Runaway Enchantress

Pictures by Frank B. Hoffman

A Story of Brotherly Love and the Wiles of a Girl

By Mary Heaton Vorse

MRS. ENOS, who keeps house for the Ramos boys, will not let the name of Manuela Cortissoz be mentioned in her presence; for she cannot hear her spoken of without the feeling of sickness sweeping over her as it did when she saw murder peering out of Justin's eyes; as she did the day of the storm when the very air smelled of sudden death. No; Mrs. Enos was too anguished a spectator to do anything but blame Manuela for what happened.

As for Justin and Charles, they were as bitter against her as if she had wielded an evil and potent magic that set them fighting. It was natural they should blame her; for how should they know that the trouble had been brewing between them ever since they had been old enough to give each other the extraordinary admiration which had made their name a byword up and down the water fronts of New England? The dark shadow of this admiration was an extravagant jealous envy which no one knew about, since not even the Ramos boys had admitted it in their secret hearts.

The Ramos boys! When they walked down the street together people would turn their heads to stare after them, saying, "There go the Ramos boys."

It wasn't either Charles or Justin that made people slue their heads around to comment on them, but the quality of their devotion to each other. People boasted about them to strangers. The phrase, "I'll do it when the Ramos boys fight," was in the local vocabulary equivalent to "never."

SHE had great masses of dark hair looped up loosely. Her eyes were too large for her face — enormous eyes.

Their fame had begun years before, when they had been left motherless and their father had married again and had moved away. Justin, a lad of fifteen, had refused to go. He had managed to make out for his brother Charles, a lad of twelve.

It had fired the imagination of the town, the spirit of this dark, thickset, angry boy taking on himself the care of his brother.

As if this weren't enough, there occurred the events that gave the brothers a special place in their world—that bound them together and set them apart from other boys.

When Charles was fifteen he had mastoiditis. "Don't let him fight," the doctor warned Justin. "It may mean his life."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A RUNAWAY ENCHANTRESS Continued from Page Thirteen]

But one day Justin's furious temper got the better of him and he struck Charles senseless.

They say he stood for a moment over his brother's prostrate body, and then, white-lipped, thrust his hand into the fire as if to burn anger from him forever. Always afterward a scar wrapped around his wrist where the band of seared flesh had been.

But if Justin could not fight Charles no one else could. Justin took Charles' battles on himself. There was a superstition along the water front that if Charles Ramos fought, the scars behind his ears would open and he would die. He believed it himself, and, to his secret shame, sheltered himself behind the mighty Justin.

A LESSER man than Charles would have been snuffed out; but it seemed that he must make atonement to himself by taking every other chance that life afforded. He had a small sailboat with which he seemed to love to defy death, and when no other sail was visible on the harbor Charles was out. What boy in all the town danced as well as Charles? What boy was as much liked by the girls? Justin thought him irresistible.

So underneath their affection there grew up, unknown to themselves, a fierce rivalry. Each seemed to have what the other lacked. Charles would have given his right hand to have dared to fight. He envied his brother's unmeasured strength. Justin envied his brother's recklessness and his popularity.

No two people could be more unlike than the Ramos boys. Justin was as dark as the night, with a glowering black temper. His fury was as sudden and devastating as a thunderstorm. Girls liked him on sight, but those who made up to him he ignored sullenly. His girl's name was Amy Lewis, and he had been "going with her" since he was a boy. He had never asked Amy to marry him.

The truth of it was Justin was jealous of Charles. He didn't want Charles in his house, sitting there looking sidewise at his wife. He wanted Charles to get married first.

Charles, on his part, didn't want to marry.

In this fashion their intimacy became a chafing bond, and still the extravagant public opinion bound them together and still they dramatized their affection. The Ramos boys!

It was time they parted — Mrs. Enos knew this.

"It's time you got settled, whatever Charles does. How long you think Amy Lewis is goin' to wait for you? I ain't goin' to be here forever. I told you my daughter Ella wants me with her this winter."

Mrs. Enos was finishing the dishes. Justin was shaving, getting ready to go out.

Every night the Ramos boys went down to the Costas'. All the evening long the door of the Costas' opened and shut, letting people in and out. Half the neighborhood went there to dance and play cards.

Amy was a tall girl with red hair and dark eyebrows, and warm brown eyes, and she held herself proudly.

That night Justin tried to ask Amy to marry him. He almost said the words and then they choked him. There welled up deep within him the desire for Amy to tell him she loved him. Then he would know she chose him above Charles. Then his latent jealousy would be quenched with certainty.

He exerted the dark pressure of his will on Amy. Was it possible she loved him? If Charles beckoned, what then? Charles was irresistible—why wouldn't he get married?

Justin exerted the dark pressure of his will on both of them. Almost Amy yielded; but Charles resisted him gayly.

Justin could think of nothing but how to make Amy or Charles submit to his will. He thought of it when they rose before daylight and joined the invisible crowds of fishermen. After they brought in their fish he rowed Charles ashore and went back to their boat, rowing among the tall forests of piles of Railroad Wharf.

At 1 o'clock a big excursion boat from Boston spilled hundreds of excursionists over the town. They walked in groups down the long pier. From the water they looked no bigger than crawling ants.

At 3 o'clock the excursion boat gave a few melancholy blasts and the people were all sucked up again. Justin stood with another fisherman watching the excursionists. They dribbled off in little knots, and no one was left except a little girl.

This girl was of vaguely foreign aspect. She stood by herself, irresolute, looking helplessly around, raising heavy eyelids to glance shyly at the men who stared back at her. There was something in her aspect that said she was lost and was waiting for someone to find her. Mr. Sears, one of the older fishermen, went up to her.

"Was you looking for someone?"

At this she cast down her eyes and said something in so low a voice that Mr. Sears had to bend over to hear her.

Then he called, "Hey, Justin! This young lady says she's looking for her cousin, Mis' Anna Enos. Don't Anna Enos keep house for you?"

JUSTIN walked across to the girl, who said to him:

"I telegraphed her this morning when I took the boat. I'm Mis' Enos' cousin from New Bedford."

"She's our cousin too, and keeps house for us," said Justin gruffly.

At this the young girl's face broke into little dimples.

"You're, then, my cousin, too."

After her troubled gravity this sudden sparkling smile was captivating. This embarrassed Justin and made him gruffer than ever. He said, "Uh-huh." And then, "Come along."

He took the girl's bag, which she had set down at her feet, and she had to take long steps to keep up with him.

"I ran away," she confided to him.

"What?" said Justin.

"I ran away," she said. "I was living with a cousin. She tried to marry me to an old man. What could I do?" She looked with troubled eyes at Justin. "I'm so young. This was a rich old man. My cousin said, 'You got to do something, Manuela. When your mother sent you from the islands she expected you to get married right away.' So I came away."

At the end of the Railroad Wharf they ran into Charles.

"Hey," said Charles. "What you got there?" He smiled at Manuela.

"Mis' Enos' cousin from New Bedford," said Justin solemnly. "She's coming to our house. You'd better run on ahead and tell Mis' Enos."

"I'll walk along with you," said Charles.

Their glances crossed like glittering swords. Manuela between them, the Ramos boys walked down the street. They met Evie Souza and Amy Lewis, and both girls stared at them. Manuela put her arm through Justin's.

"Those girls—they stared at me so," she said. "They scare me."

And all at once Justin felt angry at the girls.

IF the girls stared at Manuela, Mrs. Enos did more. She didn't want Manuela, and told her so frankly. She told her shrilly she never heard of such a thing as to run away and to come plumping herself down like this in a house that didn't belong to her; and as for the Ramos boys being her cousins, they were no more her cousins than the Pope of Rome, since they were only cousins to Mrs. Enos through her husband.

"I thought," she said, "your father had come on from the islands?"

"He did, but he's gone away again," the girl said. "Oh, if my father was here!"

"Where is he gone to?" asked Mrs. Enos.

"He sails to Cape De Verde in a packet. He's gone a long time."

"Thought he was flounder-dragging in Hyannis? Well, I'm going to sit down and write my sister Elimena."

At this Manuela burst into tears.

"Oh, don't do that," she begged. "Don't! She'll come and get me. She'll make me marry that awful man. Oh, don't let her! Oh, Justin! Oh, Charles! Don't let her!"

In her anguish she put her arms around first one and then the other of them. They looked at Mrs. Enos with hostile eyes.

"Why shouldn't she stay? Of course she shall stay," said Justin.

"Why shouldn't she stay?" demanded Charles.

"Well, don't blame me," said Mrs. Enos, shutting her mouth into a tight line. "For I say this is no place for a young girl."

She went around muttering, "This is what comes of putting off getting married like I told him. What's Amy Lewis going to think of this?"

Manuela sat drooped over, looking out the window. The line of her profile was beautiful and pure. She had great masses of dark hair looped up loosely. Her eyes were too large for her face—enormous eyes; and she had a trick of moving them sidewise without moving her head when someone spoke to her.

That night at supper Manuela sat drooping over her plate, every now and then lifting sudden startled eyes first at Charles, then at Justin. When she looked at Mrs. Enos her eyes were dark with terror. Then her eyes would fill with tears and she would look down at her plate. Every gesture was timid as if she expected someone to send her out into the night.

After a while no one talked. The boys were weighed down with the pathos of little Manuela.

"You mustn't be gloomy," said Charles at last. "Come with me to the Costas'. There's music and lots of young people."

"People?" she said. "People like those girls this afternoon—oh, I'm afraid!"

"Of course she don't want to meet people," said Justin. "Come with me to the pictures."

She studied his face. Then she looked at Charles. A dimple flickered for a moment in her cheek and disappeared.

"I like people. Have they a radio—at the Costas'?" she asked.

"Sure," said Charles.

"What's at the pictures?" she inquired. She turned helplessly to Mrs. Enos. "Shall I go with Charles or shall I go with Justin?" she asked, a finger contemplatively in the corner of her mouth.

The boys stared at each other. Charles' gray eyes gleamed.

Black rage mounted higher and higher in Justin.

"She's coming with me to Costas'," he said.

He looked very handsome. His head was cocked a little on one side and it was covered with curls as with a cap.

"She's going with me to the movies," said Justin. He was as lowering as a thunderstorm and there was a red gleam in his eyes and his black hair was brushed back like a wing from his forehead. Manuela sat very still, for the room was charged with something that had never been there before. Into the stillness came Mrs. Enos' voice, incredulous:

"You boys quarreling?" And just what happened Manuela didn't understand.

"Quarreling?" said Justin and he smiled in a twisted fashion at Charles. "No, I guess not." But his hand clasped his scar.

"No, we don't quarrel," said Charles stiffly.

"Well," said Justin, "what do you want to do, Manuela?"

"Coming to the Costas' or going to the movies?" asked Charles.

"I'm too tired to go anywhere," said Manuela sadly. "I'm going to bed."

"Get a good rest," they nodded at her, cocking their hats in the fashion that they had. They went out together.

But Manuela had discovered their secret. They were jealous of each other. She could make them fight for her. This suited them both. If Charles could not fight Justin in one way he could in another. Justin wished to win Manuela from the irresistible Charles to give him assurance with Amy. Each played his own game. For all three it was a game for power.

IN Mrs. Enos' eyes it was all Manuela's fault. How to get her out of the house was what occupied Mrs. Enos' mind day and night. When the boys were away she nagged Manuela within an inch of her life.

"If I don't look out," Manuela thought, "she'll send me back home." She cast about to see how she could prevent this.

One day Charles came home first. Justin had met Amy Lewis down the street.

Manuela was sitting on the doorstep. Her shoulders drooped. She watched Mrs. Enos apprehensively, as if looking for a blow.

"Why, Manuela," he said, "what's the matter?"

"Nothing," she said.

"There is too. Have you had bad news?"

"No," she said. A tear quivered down her cheek.

"Well, what is it?" he persisted.

CHARLES RAMOS, the daredevil, was out in his boat.

"I can't tell you here," she said in a low tone. "Take me out in a boat, Charles, and I'll tell you."

"Where's Manuela?" Justin threw at Mrs. Enos when he came in.

"Gone off with your brother Charles," she answered—"and dinner just on the table."

Justin sat down glumly to wait. His heart was full of bitterness. He felt bitter toward all women—toward Amy; toward Mrs. Enos, who kept her head on one side in a peevish, complaining way; and toward Manuela. He got up heavily, unable to stand the flat, bitter taste of the house. It hurt his dignity to go after them, but he went.

They were in a dory not far from shore. Charles' oars were poised, listening. When they saw him Charles rowed in. He jumped ashore and pulled the dory up on the beach.

"She says she's going away," he threw at Justin.

"Going where?" Justin asked heavily.

"She's going, she says, because Mrs. Enos don't like her."

"Nonsense," said Justin.

"Do you want me to stay?" she asked. "Do you, Justin?" Her little white hands fluttered appealingly. She looked out from under eyebrows. "Oh, Justin, if you do I'll stay."

Justin's ill humor was gone; his dark face lighted up.

Charles walked behind sulkily. He was ignored—left out of it altogether.

Mrs. Enos was cross and dinner was cold and, now he thought of it, it had been a ridiculous thing for Manuela to get him out on the water to tell him her fancy.

He was so sulky that he went off to the Costas' alone, while Justin took Manuela to the pictures, where she treated him with a formality and indifference that enraged him.

MANUELA was so sweet to Charles next day, so anxious to please, that Charles narrowed his bright eyes and began to play fast and loose with her, blowing hot and blowing cold. And soon Manuela's attention was fastened only on him. This flattered Charles and amused him. It didn't amuse Justin.

When Manuela ignored him he felt as if he had to hurt somebody. He found fault with Mrs. Enos. He visited anger on Amy. He wanted Amy to say something to him so he could forget Manuela; but she remained mute. He didn't want to fight with women anyway. He wanted to get rid of his spleen by fighting with a man.

He hadn't long to wait. He went down street one day in the wake of Manuela. She had gone out, Justin knew very well, to follow Charles, who had suddenly rushed away, telling no one where he was going. He had left Manuela and Justin behind, inclosed in a burning silence, Manuela refusing to have her attention flagged, Justin refusing to be ignored, becoming angrier at the world every minute.

In a moment Manuela got up and hurried down the street. Justin followed her. How coarse she made the other girls seem! They were all bones and angles compared with her.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A RUNAWAY ENCHANTRESS Continued from Page Fifteen]

She was fluid, with slender arms that were rounded and dimpled, and tiny feet. There were no graces that she did not have. And she was as hard to hold between the hands as water.

Manuela stopped suddenly, held up short by Squawky Snelling. He was a fellow who flaunted his powers among women—a coarse, handsome fellow with oily skin and flashing teeth. Men couldn't understand what women saw in him. The women did not bother to explain.

Justin saw Squawky spread out his arms as Manuela would have passed him and he said: "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" in a voice that would have made any man want to kick him.

Manuela said coldly, "Let me pass, please."

WITH horrible facetiousness, showing all his white teeth, "This is a tollgate," he said.

Manuela, who was afraid of losing sight of Charles, drew herself up to her full height, which wasn't much, and said:

"I asked you to let me pass."

"Hey?" said Squawky Snelling. "I'm deaf!"

Justin loomed behind Manuela.

"Get out of her way is what she said," he remarked with insulting coldness.

"You can just about mind your own business," said Squawky—and his face took on a dark hue and his eyes grew bloodshot. He liked a fight as well as Justin.

"It's my business to get you out of this young lady's way," said Justin.

Joy mounted in him. All the anger that he'd kept down for days leaped out.

Manuela drew back against a tree. Cold shivers of delight and fear ran up her back. Men were fighting for her. How marvelous Justin looked. He was wonderful!

Justin's violent blows battered down huge Squawky. He felt invincible as a god. He was purged of his bad blood.

When Charles came home that night, instead of Manuela waiting for him she was hanging on Justin's words. She nodded to Charles as to a person she'd almost forgotten.

Charles narrowed his eyes and sat down under the apple tree to think. "This," he told himself, "is exactly like a game of checkers. It's my move."

His move went this way:

"Come down to the water," he said; "I've got something to show you."

"What is it?" asked Manuela, lifting her eyes as if it were an effort.

"Oh, if you don't want to see it," said Charles,

"never mind. I'll give it to someone else."

She jumped up quickly. What he had to show her was a little skiff with light oars. It was all white with a band of blue around it.

"Oh," cried Manuela, "is it for me? Oh, Charles, how adorable!"

Now it was Charles' turn. Justin felt as if an iron hand had clamped around his heart. The house was sulphurous with the two men's quarrel. Charles' blue eyes had a steely glitter and his mouth, which had folded itself in such a firm, pleasant curve, had grown stern. But Justin had a sullen fury that gave him a force that Charles lacked.

Manuela was at the center of a murderous storm. All their repressed jealousies were crowded into this conflict. Who was the stronger, Justin or Charles? That was what they were settling. Justin was fighting his own dark battle. If he won Manuela from Charles, some poison would go out of him. It would be a balm to his festering jealousy. Charles would no longer be irresistible; Justin could have peace.

Every time Charles was the winner Justin felt as empty as a gutted fish. At such times his fury would fill the house like a cloud. The air would seem to be darkened. Charles would go around perpetually on his guard. He felt an excited, heart-lifting sense of danger. The explosion might come now any time. Murder would rise in Justin and he would strike and then the fight. Then Charles would be released—then he could fight Justin.

Fighting was winning for Charles—any kind of a fight with Justin. Whether he won or whether he didn't made no difference. He had to provoke Justin to a fight—with hands and fists. Then he would be free of Justin's dark power.

THE younger brother took to taunting Justin. Dark blood would mount to Justin's face and it would seem that murder swept through the air and still Justin would say nothing. At his quiet Charles would feel slack. His own need for conflict swung empty in the void. He pushed the limit of Justin's endurance further and further.

One afternoon Manuela sat waiting for Justin. She had promised to go out with him when he came back from work. Charles got to the house first.

"Come down the street with me," said he.

"I promised Justin I'd go with him," she answered doubtfully, looking at Charles sidewise.

"Never mind about Justin," said Charles. "It'll be a joke on him."

"I don't dare to," said Manuela. "He gets so black."

"That's all he does get!" said Charles.

"I'm afraid he'll fight you one time, Charles."

"I'm not," said Charles bitterly.

Manuela had brought out into the open the thought that had been filling the house—filling Mrs. Enos' mind, filling Justin's mind, filling Charles' mind. It was as if her words had given birth to a monstrous thing—a fight between the Ramos boys. The thing that couldn't happen because of the promise signed and sealed by a red scar on Justin Ramos' wrist.

COLD shivers of delight and fear ran up Manuela's back. Men were fighting for her.

"NO fear he'll fight me, nor anyone else," said Charles. "Come on, Manuela. You just wait till you pass him on the street with me and see what he does!"

"Don't you dare, Manuela!" cried Mrs. Enos. "If you promised Justin you'd stay, you stay!"

"Come on, Manuela," said Charles.

"There'll be murder here in this house! Murder!" screamed Mrs. Enos. "You wicked girl, Manuela Cortissoz! I'm going to write my sister Elemina this day. I'm going to write and tell her to come get you. I don't wonder she was cruel to you! Setting Charles and Justin against each other! Justin as good as engaged to Amy Lewis and murder rising in his heart to his brother Charles!"

"Come on, Manuela," said Charles.

Manuela, shivering like a poplar in the wind, walked down the street with Charles.

They were almost down to the village when Justin loomed up. He saw Charles swinging down the street, his hat cocked over one ear, Manuela by his side. This was treachery. His manhood went from him. The bitter waters of defeat quenched his anger. This was proof that he was powerless before Charles.

"Hello, Justin," said Charles, his head on one side.

"'Lo," grunted Justin.

"Hello, Justin," came Manuela's voice, sweet and high and conscious.

"'Lo," grunted Justin.

They sailed past him, Charles' heart lead within him.

Justin couldn't go home. He couldn't face Mrs. Enos' commiserating chatter. With life stale and flat around him he turned down the street again. Anything to kill time, anything to forget himself. He drifted along in Charles' wake.

Charles' gayety had dropped from him. He was furious at himself, furious at Justin.

Charles was so absorbed that he did not see Squawky Snelling coming toward him. Anyone who saw him would have sworn that he caromed into Squawky with malice.

"What th' hell!" Squawky barked, black with anger. Justin had humiliated him before a girl. Now Charles dared to affront him. "Where you going, feller? Ain't you got eyes?"

Now Charles spat out his accumulated fury.

"Sure I got eyes, you—!" he threw at Squawky and followed his word with a blow.

HE was fighting at last—fighting with Squawky Snelling, a heavy, powerful man with whom no one willingly picked a quarrel. But before he could do more than defend himself from the sledge of Snelling's fist he was knocked heavily aside.

Justin stood in his place.

"Charles can't fight!" shouted Justin. "You know he can't fight, Squawky!"

Charles could have wept with fury. Justin had come to his defense—was taking his fight from him.

The fight between Justin and Squawky was cut short by a lucky fluke of Justin's. Then the two brothers faced each other with hatred.

"What made you do that?" Charles demanded. "What made you take my fight from me?"

"What made me? I had to," said Justin. "You can't fight. I do your fighting for you."

"Oh, you do my fighting for me, do you?" screamed Charles. "You do my fighting for me? I'm a coward, I suppose?"

"I didn't say that," said Justin.

"I'm a coward, am I?" repeated Charles. "You do my fighting for me? Come on and see whether you do my fighting for me!"

"No," said Justin with gentle bitterness. "I can't fight you. I'd rather die than fight you." He stood with dark fury before Charles. "I can't fight you and you know it."

The well of Charles' secret bitterness had been tapped.

"You've kept me from fighting all these years, damn you!" he cried. "You made me afraid to fight! You took my fight away from me and now you say you won't fight me!"

"I won't fight you," Justin repeated darkly.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A RUNAWAY ENCHANTRESS Continued from Page Seventeen]

"Oh, won't you? I'll make you!" said Charles, beside himself.

The brothers confronted each other.

Suddenly Justin put both hands behind him and gripped the scar on his wrist. He lifted his head and closed his eyes—waiting. There was a dead silence.

Charles' fist crashed on Justin's blind face.

A murmur went up like angry bees from the people who had crowded to see the Ramos boys fight.

A girl's voice cried out, "Coward!"

Charles looked around blankly.

Charles was branded a coward. Without subtlety, by the violence of his own emotions, Justin had won. The only blow Charles had struck since he was a child had been struck against a man with closed eyes! A defenseless man who held his own scarred wrist in an iron grip. Abel had struck Cain repentant.

IT was as if Charles had been swept from the face of the earth. Justin could take no profit of his victory. He felt as if he'd won in no fair battle. It was as if he had been party to some double dealing.

Charles was wiped out. Why? A blight seemed to have passed over him. Charles knew the bitter meaning of the phrase "to hate yourself."

He hated himself. He hated Justin, too. He hated Manuela, the cause of it all.

Two days passed and each hour Justin grew more miserable. He sat morose and silent until Manuela's dimples faded and she watched him with questioning eyes and finally went out.

She went down to the beach and there, strolling along, slack and idle, she met Charles. Dark clouds banked the sky. Vessels were coming in. There was the stir in the air that precedes a storm.

Manuela looked for her boat. It was gone. Bobbing far out on the bay was a white speck. The boat was adrift.

"Oh, Charles," she said. "Look! Look at my boat!"

"Too bad," said Charles. He was swamped with indifference.

"Can't you get it for me? Can't you go in your sailboat after it, Charles? It won't take long."

Charles stared at her. Did she know what she was asking? The world was full of storm. The boats had furled their sails like frightened birds. And she asked him to go out in it to race with Death for a little bobbing painted boat drifting out on a treacherously smooth sea. She asked him to risk his life for her quite casually and indifferently.

Amazement was swept away by sudden anger. She thought no more of his life than that! It was worth nothing to her. But why didn't he go? He'd show them! Why shouldn't he pit his skill against the menace that would come tearing down upon the harbor? Why not? No one could call him coward any more, alive or dead. No one could call him coward!

Manuela's voice broke into his dark reflection.

"What you waiting for, Charles?" she piped. "The longer you wait the farther it'll drift."

The boat was now only a barely perceptible point of white.

Manuela stood watching. The sun had gone in. Shadows sped across the bay. An uncomfortable feeling crawled down her back. There was ominous noise in the air. Night seemed to pounce down on her. The world was soundless except for the little whining cry of distant wind. Nothing was astir in all the harbor except some dories making rapidly for shore and Charles' boat winging out toward the Point. For the first time it occurred to Manuela that here was danger. The clouds pressed heavily on her heart and the dark, unnatural sky frightened her. There was a spit of rain. A voice behind her said:

"Best come along, Manuela, before the storm breaks. What you staring at?" It was Justin.

"Charles' boat," she said.

"Charles' *boat?*" he echoed incredulously. "His sailboat?"

"Yes," said Manuela. "My skiff went adrift and I asked him to go after it."

"You *what?*" he said, lowering at her. "You—you *asked* him to go after it and a storm like this coming up?"

"I didn't know," she whimpered. "I didn't know."

"Oh, you didn't!" said Justin. And he strode away from her.

"Justin, where you going? Where you going?" she cried.

"Going after Charles!"

And now the storm broke. The wind came howling down as if with malignance, intent to kill anything that was alive on the face of the water. Who knows by what water-

"Oh, Charles," she said. "Look! Look at my boat!"

front wireless the news had gone abroad that Charles Ramos, the daredevil, was out in his boat?

The men on the fish wharf tried to keep Justin from going. Their eyes looked at the triangle of sail scudding furiously, dipping itself to the gusts that caught it.

"What you think you're going to do out there? You'll get swamped yourself."

AND Justin said nothing at all, but kept his eyes fixed on the fleeing sail.

Three times Justin thought it was gone. Three times he saw a rag of white ahead of him. He was overhauling it though it was still far off. A curtain of rain shut off the shore from him. There was nothing in all the world except the storm and the rag of a sail—a tiny flag of hope.

The gust of rain had passed and the sail was plain before him. Then slowly, as if deliberating upon its own act, as if it consciously said, "No, I will go no farther," the boat turned on its side. And, as if to veil it from the sight of Justin, a fresh curtain of rain swept over the bay.

Justin was alone in the roaring, streaming world. He could see neither shore nor boat. Out there somewhere was a sailboat floating on its side and a man clinging to it—a man who couldn't swim. The rain was as dense as a fog. The wind sent it in blinding sheets.

Black rage mounted higher and higher in Justin—rage against Manuela, who had sent Charles out into this; murderous hate of Manuela, who had set the two of them against each other.

There was no end to his hate for her. And together with his anger was a high, unquenchable belief that he would save Charles. It was as if his belief in Charles' safety were necessary, as if it gave him some higher strength. And yet nowhere was there a boat drifting in the sea. It might have been blown away. Waves might have washed Charles off. Justin would consider none of these things. And at last he dimly saw something floating.

How he got Charles aboard in the heaving madness of that sea, he didn't know. Certainly Charles didn't. What matter now to Charles that Justin had strength? What matter to Justin his jealousy? The waves that swept them washed them clear of the mounting antagonisms of the years.

And now that dark, unacknowledged antagonism, which had had such hate in it, was pointed outward to Manuela—Manuela, who had played with danger that she didn't understand; whose small enchantments had been like kerosene dashed on smoldering fires.

Now they'd fought because of her and they looked Death in the face because of her and the face of Death had wiped away all differences and they came in united against her.

People were waiting on the shore for them and a shout went up as they saw the boat laboring in. As they climbed up the wharf Amy Lewis came running toward them. Her clothes were streaming wet. She'd been waiting in the storm, eyes straining out to sea. She threw herself on Justin as if Justin were her husband—as if she'd always belonged to him—with no concern at all for the people looking at them. She didn't look at Charles.

AND at last Justin was filled and satisfied. His assurance was complete. Amy had dared to speak to him! With Amy clinging to Justin, Charles also was free. Charles and Justin complete and fulfilled.

They were liberated for vengeance. They would visit their terrible silence on Manuela, who had set them against each other and who had played with murder and death. They would force her out of the house with their blank, terrible eyes.

They swung along the street together, a crowd following. The Ramos boys—how they pleased the people! They had added the last and conclusive chapter when Justin brought Charles back from the welter of the storm. What fine figures they made to the world! What poor figures they made to themselves!

One person lived in the world besides themselves who knew the value of the Ramos boys' devotion. Send Charles out into a storm after her boat, would she? Play Charles and Justin against each other? Thinking she could take Justin away from Amy? Maybe even thinks that Charles and Justin wished to marry her! They'd show her. They'd show the worth of her small enchantments to them!

They turned into their house with the stern gravity of executioners. Manuela was sitting with her things on, her bag packed.

"There," she said. "I told Mrs. Enos she didn't need to worry!"

They stared at her and she looked at them with appealing eyes.

"Charles—Justin," she said, "I've got something to tell you. I didn't tell you the truth—not exactly—about why I ran away."

She bent her head and looked at them with large violet eyes. She didn't know that her eyes held no enchantment for them. Her head a little on one side, she confessed:

"I got angry at Peter. He's the one I'm engaged to. We had a fight and so I ran away. Away from him, I got to realize how much I cared. You don't mind, do you, Charles—Justin? I phoned for him to come get me. There he is!"

There came the honk of a motor.

"Good-by," she said; "good-by. You've been so good to me. I'll always remember both of you. Good-by, Mrs. Enos."

She was gone.

Justin stared after her with the air of a man who's hit a swinging blow and had it land on a pillow. He put his arm behind him and grasped his scarred wrist.

THE END

Enjoy it today! The Tomato Soup that is always delicious!

Always! The same bright and tempting color greets you with its irresistible invitation! The same famous and appetizing flavor gives a glow to your appetite. The rich smooth blend of tonic tomato juices and luscious tomato "meat" seems even more enjoyable every time you eat it. We cannot allow Campbell's quality to vary. For every single can contains our business reputation!

Cream of Tomato Soup!

Heat the contents of can of Campbell's Tomato Soup to the boiling point in a sauce-pan after adding a pinch of soda. Then heat SEPARATELY an equal quantity of milk or cream. Stir the hot soup INTO the hot milk or cream but do not boil. Serve immediately.

12 cents a can

Cudahy's Puritan Bacon

Also in Cartons
SLICED

"The Taste Tells"

Super-Quality—Finer Flavor

Cudahy's Puritan Bacon is a real treat. Its piquant, finer flavor and enticing aroma when broiled or fried whets the appetite. It is so delicious you will make Puritan Bacon a part of the daily menu.

The superior qualities of Puritan Bacon are the result of the special Cudahy method of preparing the choicest of young meats selected for Puritan.

Puritan Bacon is a delicious dish by itself. It is a valuable and delightful adjunct to meat dishes, salads, etc., because it improves the nutritive value and the taste of the food. Puritan Bacon is easily digested and good for growing children's diet. At your dealer's.

The Cudahy Packing Co. U.S.A. makers of Puritan Hams·Bacon·Lard

Flying for LIFE

Picture by GLEN MITCHELL

HE lost his hold, fell, clutched wildly — and caught hold of a wire brace.

Adventures Over Polar Wastes and Tropical Jungles, Where a Landing Means Death

Second Article

By Walter Hinton

[EDITOR'S NOTE—Lieutenant Walter Hinton, pioneer trail blazer of the air, one of the world's most intrepid birdmen, tells of the perils met and overcome by aviators in many parts of the globe. Last week he illustrated with vivid incident the dangerous uncertainties of everyday flying. In this installment he takes you on many perilous adventures, among them the most perilous, probably, ever experienced by an aviator, when the smallest slip of his motor meant a plunge to certain death in the Amazon wilderness, peopled by wild beasts and wilder men. On this flight Lieutenant Hinton solved one of the oldest riddles of geography, discovering the sources of the Orinoco and Parima rivers.]

FLYING is, of course, an uncertain occupation, even though the plane never leaves level and inhabited country, where landings can be made without much danger of wrecking the machine, and where aid can be obtained in case of accident.

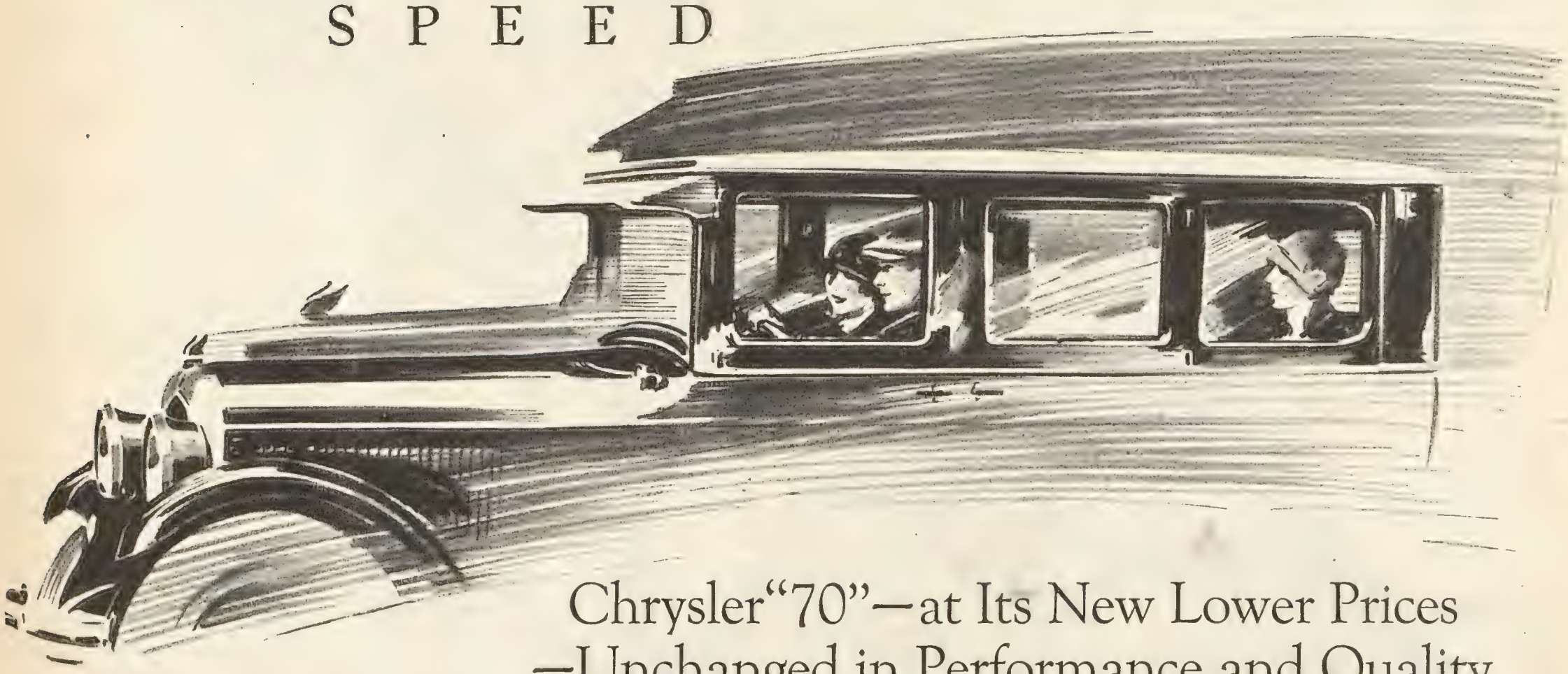
But the real excitement of flying comes when the plane soars above the great icy wastes of the Polar Sea, above deserts without a human habitation, or above tropical jungles offering little chance of a safe landing.

The nature of flying, particularly in out-of-the-way places, requires that a pilot shall travel light, and this puts him in a tight corner when the weather turns against him. Snow and sleet are bad. They may send a plane skidding across the sky out of control, weigh down the machine, and render the pilot blind. The air-mail flyers have had innumerable experiences on the transcontinental route where freak storms have overtaken them in the air.

Jack Knight, flying in the Far West against a blizzard, saw a mountain peak loom up in front and, before he could hurdle it, he had crashed. The nose and engine of the plane struck a ledge and remained there. The rest of the machine with Knight in it fluttered like a dead leaf over a deep canyon, where it finally lunged to the bottom. When Knight regained his senses, he had a broken

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

SPEED



Chrysler "70"—at Its New Lower Prices —Unchanged in Performance and Quality

NEW CHRYSLER "70" PRICES

Model	Old Prices	New Prices	Savings
Coach	$1445	$1395	$ 50
Roadster	1625	1525	100
Royal Coupe	1795	1695	100
Brougham	1865	1745	120
Sedan	1695	1545	150
Royal Sedan	1995	1795	200
Crown Sedan	2095	1895	200

All prices f. o. b. Detroit
Subject to current Federal excise tax

Ask about Chrysler's attractive time-payment plan. More than 4700 Chrysler dealers assure superior Chrysler service everywhere.

From every viewpoint the famous Chrysler "70", in no way changed except at sensationally lower prices, continues more than ever to be the car of the hour—the car you want and need.

With savings of $50 to $200, the Chrysler "70", at its new lower prices, is making even greater automobile history. It is establishing higher sales records than at any time since it was introduced two and a half years ago.

During this period Chrysler "70" unapproached roadability and unfailing sturdiness have won the enthusiasm of more than a hundred thousand owners who have driven their cars thousands upon thousands of miles.

Fleet and agile, even to 70 miles and more an hour, with all the engineering and manufacturing fineness that such speed implies;

Light and graceful in charming contrast to the unwieldy and the cumbersome;

Long-lived, economical and compact with entirely new comfort development;

Unchanged in every detail except in its new lower prices, Chrysler "70" continues, despite the flattery of imitation and emulation, to be the one really modern expression of motor car satisfaction.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

CHRYSLER 70

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

nose and a ten-mile struggle through the drifts to the nearest house.

One of the most remarkable escapes on record was that of Major Martin, who set out as leader of the round-the-world flight. He was blown off his course over the Alaskan Peninsula and in fog and snow, which prevented his seeing past the nose of his plane, struck an uncharted mountain at terrific speed. The impact threw him and his mechanic clear of the wreck and into a snow bank unhurt. Days later they tramped out of the frozen wilderness, by sheer luck reaching a canning settlement.

In recent years considerable inventive genius has been directed toward eliminating the fire hazard and now it is seldom that a pilot is burned to death. Nothing is more nerve-racking than finding a plane afire. It is bad enough in a motor car, but imagine yourself in space and unable to jump out and run.

The Negro soldier must have had a fair conception of this difference when he agreed to enter any branch of the service except aviation.

"Yuh see, boss," he explained, "if ah gits up in one of 'em machines 'nd th' ingine stops, ah'd most suttinly be in one awful fix when th' man he sez: 'Sam, yuh git out thar 'nd crank de ingine!'"

But Captain St. Clair Streett did something like that. He commanded the New York-

© P. & A. photo

Commander Byrd's plane crossing the white wastes where a landing means death.

© P. & A. photo

Byrd, looking through an invention of his that helped him reach the Pole.

Alaskan flight with four army airplanes in 1920. The machines represented a war type known among aviators as flaming coffins, because many of them had crashed in flames. On the way north the quartet were negotiating a wild part of the Canadian Rockies when Streett and his mechanic saw fire spurt out of the engine cowling in the nose.

In another instant a solid sheet of flame swept back against them. They were a mile high, with no place for a landing in sight. Nothing could be seen below except thick woods, ravines, and jagged rocks.

Signaling for the mechanic to take the control stick, Streett kept the engine running. Grasping a fire extinguisher, he unsnapped the safety belt that held him in the cockpit and climbed out on the wing like a parachute jumper.

Crossing the wing toward the hood of the plane, Streett reached out to pull himself up on it just as the man at the stick put the machine hard over into a side slip. As it skidded down through space, the fire was blown away from Streett to the opposite wing, but the maneuver designed to protect him nearly cost his life, for he was not prepared for it. He lost his hold, slipped off the hood, and fell.

More or less unconsciously he raised his free hand and clutched wildly—and caught hold of a wire brace. To this he hung like a dishrag on a line for a moment until he could tuck the fire extinguisher inside the belt of his flying-suit. Then, with both hands free, he swung himself back on the wing and on the hood again.

The propeller was still roaring madly and time and again he was nearly swept away by the blast, but he gripped the hot metal cowling with his knees and rode that tossing fire trap as a cowboy would tame a bucking bronco, all the time pumping chemicals into the heart of the fire. He put it out finally, though his nose, unprotected by goggles and helmet, was blistered and his hands covered with burns.

THE wing that had been catching the flames was partly eaten away, and there was no telling when it would collapse and let them down like a wounded bird. Back in the cockpit again, Streett looked about for a clearing and, after flying several miles, saw an opening and dropped down.

It was a fur-trading post and the clearing was full of stumps, but the heavy plane was set down with only slight damage. The aviators procured cloth, glue, and a ball of twine at the post. One of the residents got a spruce sapling and carved a crude wing spar. Others removed some of the stumps to provide a runway for the take-off. Streett and his companion worked all night sewing and gluing cloth on the new wing beam.

Next morning they flew away, patched up,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FLYING FOR LIFE
Continued from Page Twenty-three]

but still on the flight to Nome. Several hundred miles were traversed with their home-made repairs until they came to a place where spare parts had been shipped for use in emergency. There permanent repairs were made and Streett's machine soon overtook the others, all four of them riding into Nome in grand style.

At present, North Pole flying seems to be about the most risky occupation that a man can find. Amundsen found it so.

Commander Richard E. Byrd accomplished one of the greatest feats of aviation last spring when he completed the first flight over the North Pole, but few realize the magnitude of the risks he dared. If his motor had failed at any time when he was covering the fourteen hundred miles from his base to the Pole and return, he would have been plunged to almost certain death on the jagged ice-fields below. Even in the event of a safe landing, he would have been beyond possibility of rescue. Commander Byrd's flight over the Pole stands as one of the most vivid illustrations of the chances taken by the trail-breakers of the air.

The MacMillan-Navy expedition of 1925 encountered untold hardships and difficulties trying to master a wilderness of Polar ice and snow, where navigation over the roof of the world is almost impossible.

The North Magnetic Pole is far southward of the true Pole. The magnetic compass is practically useless in a plane operating between them, for the navigator is traveling so fast that he must constantly correct for compass errors and the like in order to get any bearings at all. The United States Navy contingent with the MacMillan expedition made many flights from Etah, Greenland, where the surface ships had been forced to stop.

TWO amphibian planes were up one day, trying to locate a site for an advanced base. They were capable of landing on ice, snow, or water; but their pilots could find no landing place in that region. After several hours the fuel gauges warned them that it was high time to be starting back toward Etah.

Commander Byrd, leader of the flying unit, had several new navigating instruments in his ship which the other lacked because it was heavily loaded with supplies. Some of the instruments had been especially invented for Polar navigation. Byrd fixed a true course straight back to Etah and then looked around for the other plane. He saw it disappearing in the opposite direction.

Realizing that the other pilot was no doubt depending on his magnetic compass and it was leading him due north when he thought he was flying south, Byrd turned round and gave chase, cutting 'cross lots, so to speak. They flew for miles before Byrd got within signaling distance and indicated to the other that he was in wrong. Then they both flew back to Etah.

Had Byrd failed to catch the other plane, it soon would have run out of gas somewhere on the invisible and unknown path to the North Pole and the occupants would have been forced down in the ice, where there was no hope of rescue.

At the present time there are under way many projects that contemplate the use of aircraft in out-of-the-way places, but I happened to be the pilot in the first successful exploration from the air—that of the Dr. A. Hamilton Rice Expedition on the headwaters of the Amazon a year and a half ago.

Indians on the Parima River getting their first glimpse of the "magic big bird."

Our object was to solve the secrets of the Orinoco watershed. For generations the textbooks on geography have made a mystery of that river. It once was reputed to flow two ways, emptying into both the Caribbean Sea and the Amazon. On a former trip Dr. Rice had reached the Orinoco by way of the Amazon tributary, Rio Negro, and the Casiquare Canal, a natural waterway that links the Negro and the Orinoco.

The Rice party had started up the Orinoco when they came to a rapids known to the friendly natives as the deadline. Beyond that lay the domain of a brutal tribe of cannibals, some of them white in color. Dr. Rice had tried to land above the rapids but had nearly lost his life through an attack by savages, and had given up the attempt.

On our expedition Dr. Rice planned to reach the same objective from another direction. He would go in farther to the north, on the other side of the Parima Mountains in which it was believed both the Parima River and the Orinoco had a common watershed.

He had a large party of scientific assistants and native helpers. My job was to pilot a small seaplane on pathfinding flights, working often fifty and sometimes a hundred miles away from the main party. With me was Captain Albert W. Stevens, aerial photographer on leave of absence from the Army Air Service. He made photographs of the river, the banks, and native communities in which an entire village would be housed in one vast hut. He drew sketches and maps showing the natural obstacles in the river and location of dangerous rapids; and through all these various means the surface party was able to chart the best possible course.

AFTER months of tedious labor the expedition had worked upstream to where the Parima River joins the Urariquira, and we were now close to the mountains that held the secret of the Orinoco. I say close. They were something more than 100 miles distant and between our camp and the main objective lay a wilderness of hills and jungle gashed by chasms and huge rock ledges.

No white man had ever been in there, and few natives had ever attempted it. Of that I am sure.

The friendly Indians living near our camp feared the savages of whom they had heard; and that was about all we could learn before Stevens and I took off on the big adventure. We prepared for it with more than usual care, and our experiences during the months down-river had taught us what to expect from our machine.

If reports were true, the region ahead was impassable and our only hope of coming back was to remain in the air. We could not come down. There were probably cannibals. No doubt they would want to eat us if we fell into their hands. We would have no chance for a safe landing because we could see that the river would narrow down to nothing and most of the flight would follow a rushing mountain torrent. If we fell, it would be a crash. We would be hurt, probably helpless.

If the cannibals failed to trail us, as they could easily do by watching our flight, there were several varieties of poison snakes to meet, some of them possessing a deadly sting. There were wild animals to be considered.

But we feared the insects most of all. Ants; all kinds of ants. When I tell you that they have eaten a pair of shoes overnight, leaving only the metal eyelets, you may imagine what they could do to a couple of tender aviators. One member of the party lost his rubber raincoat out of his hammock one night. Next morning all he found was a metal buckle or so.

© Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

Lieutenant Walter Hinton.

No, we did not want to fight it out with either cannibals or insects. We could not plan on having an accident. Calculating the quantity of fuel required, we stripped our equipment of everything not actually needed in the air, threw out our emergency camping stuff, took off the windshield to cut down resistance and save gasoline, and threw out all the cockpit cushions and tools except one piece of a file that we had broken in half.

One may need a file in the air. It can be used in scores of minor repair jobs. The

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

One of New York's recent and most charming debutantes, Miss Strebeigh has the coloring of the "blonde dorée," blue eyes, delicate fair skin and red-gold hair. She is particularly fetching in this smart sports costume of one of the new shades of light but brilliant green.

Miss BARBARA STREBEIGH

The Lovely Young Daughter of MRS. JEROME NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

points out that the care of the skin is an important social duty

JUST a year and a half ago, Miss Barbara Strebeigh, the young daughter of Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte — vivacious, charming, and blonde—made her bow to society.

She adored the deluge of social events which followed. But Barbara Strebeigh also loves the out-of-doors. After a brilliant season of dinner-dances, costume balls, charity bazaars and after-theatre supper-parties, she bought a trunkful of new clothes and went West.

This past winter her lithe young figure in its *chic* frocks and hats *pour le sport* has gone swinging along the California Coast, from San Diego to Santa Barbara. Golf in crisp yet balmy air; tennis in a salt breeze; riding in the brilliance of California sunshine; driving her car through the finest forests in the world. All this she adores even more!

But whether in the formal atmosphere of her mother's New York drawing room, on a steamer *de luxe* bound for a summer in Europe, or engaging in the sports she loves so well, Barbara Strebeigh holds to the standards of her group and class. She dignifies her youth and loveliness by taking those subtle pains with her toilet that the well-born girl is brought up to know. Here are her very own words:—

"IT IS WONDERFUL *to run away from society, with its crowded days, to the leisure of life out of doors, to leave behind the social duties and obligations which are so much a part of city activities.*

"*But there is one personal obligation that follows a girl wherever she goes—the care of her skin. With Pond's Two Creams this is easily and simply accomplished. Swiftly and surely they work to keep the skin exquisite. That is why their use has become a habit with the girls of the younger set.*"

These Two pure Creams, light and delicate of texture and deliciously fragrant, made from costly ingredients after years of experimentation in the Pond's laboratories, when used together, form a complete method of caring for the skin. You should apply them daily as follows:—

FIRST Step: During the day, whenever your skin needs cleansing, especially after exposure to sun and wind, apply Pond's Cold Cream generously to your skin. Leave it on your face and neck for several moments so that its pure oils may penetrate every pore. With a soft cloth wipe off the Cream—and such a lot of dirt comes, too, you'll notice! — and repeat the treatment, finishing with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice, to close the pores. At night before retiring give your skin this same thorough cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream and, if your skin is dry, pat on more of the Cream, leaving it until morning. When you awaken, your face will be clear, fresh, and free from lines.

Second Step: After every cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream except the bedtime one, smooth over your skin a wee trifle of Pond's Vanishing Cream. You will love the soft even finish it gives you, the velvety, glowing tone. And now, when you whisk on your powder, you will notice that it clings with a new smoothness, and that it *stays* on too. And using it before you go out, you will find that Pond's Vanishing Cream protects your skin from sun, wind and dust.

Begin today to follow the method pursued by the beautiful younger women of society. Pond's Cold Cream now comes in extra large jars, both creams in two smaller sizes and in tubes.

THE TWO CREAMS THE YOUNGER SET IS USING

Free Offer *Fill out and mail coupon if you would like trial tubes of each of these famous Creams and a folder with instructions for using.*

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. X
155 Hudson Street, New York City.

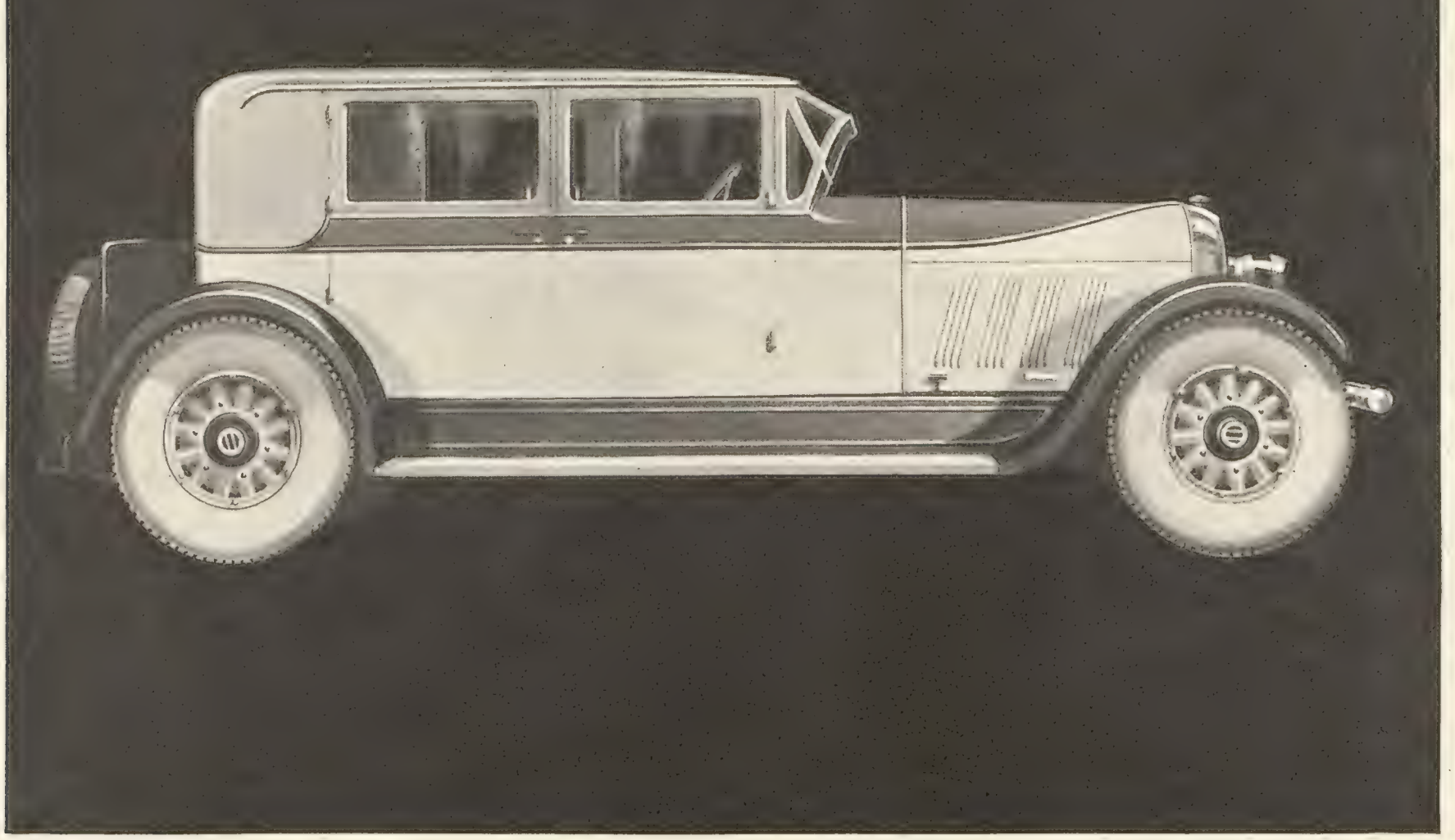
Send me free trial tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

YOUR NEXT CAR



AUBURN

THE 8-88 BROUGHAM $1795

Your Automobile Problem

First cost -|- cost of 20,000 to 50,000 miles of service—resale value = net cost to you of *any* automobile. The answer is "Auburn" with its advanced design and straight Eight improvements. *See it, compare it, test it, and if the car does not sell itself, you will not be asked to buy.*

The 8-88 $1695 to $2495; the 6-66 $1395 to $1695; the 4-44 $1145 to $1195. Freight and tax extra.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]
weight saved by leaving half a file behind represented only a pint of gasoline, but by saving on everything else we loaded enough fuel for three hours and forty-five minutes of normal flying, this in a machine which averaged about two hours.

Because Dr. Rice and some of the others were going in as far as they could get, we carried three crude parachutes made of red cloth. To each was tied a jackknife, a string of beads, and a package of fishhooks. If we saw a village or hut we were to drop the gifts as a peace offering.

The weather was warm and we wore our lightest clothes. We took no firearms, nothing to eat or drink, though we ate an unusually hearty breakfast the morning of our departure. Everybody came up and wished us the best of luck and expressed the hope that we would find no need for a little package which both Stevens and I carried in our pockets. It contained opium, enough to put us into an endless sleep if we cracked up in the mountains.

THE last we saw of camp as we gained altitude was Dr. Rice standing on a rock with a pair of field glasses to his eyes. He was watching us and praying for the success of the venture. It all hinged on that internal-combustion engine.

We had been out only a few minutes when we saw spread underneath a scene of such savage splendor that I could hardly believe my eyes. Great masses of trees and foliage were chopped up ruthlessly by gorges and canyons. We saw high precipices and deep ravines, gigantic rocks that in themselves formed small mountain peaks and helped to break up the surface. The Parima River commenced to narrow down.

We saw it break up into a great white splash at one point and dropping low to examine it more closely found that the river there became a mammoth waterfall, tumbling over a cliff at least 400 feet high and thence on over minor ledges in one of the most beautiful cascades I have ever seen.

For nearly 100 miles I kept nosing the plane inland. It was raining now, and while this interfered with our vision somewhat and brought low clouds through which we plunged with cyclonic speed, yet Stevens managed to keep on making photographs. We could see that the region was becoming more of a wilderness with each passing mile. The mountains broke up into cliffs which only a bird could scale; and we could find no pass or other trail leading through the ridges. It was a desolate outlook.

Gradually we approached a great divide, and below saw our river dwindle into a tiny silvery ribbon which now and again lost itself under the overhanging rocks and foliage. It became less than half as wide as the wings on the plane. That was evidence enough that we were about over the source of the Parima.

Still there was no sign of the Orinoco. Contrary to the centuries-old opinion, the Orinoco and Parima are not on the same watershed. We were soon to learn the reason.

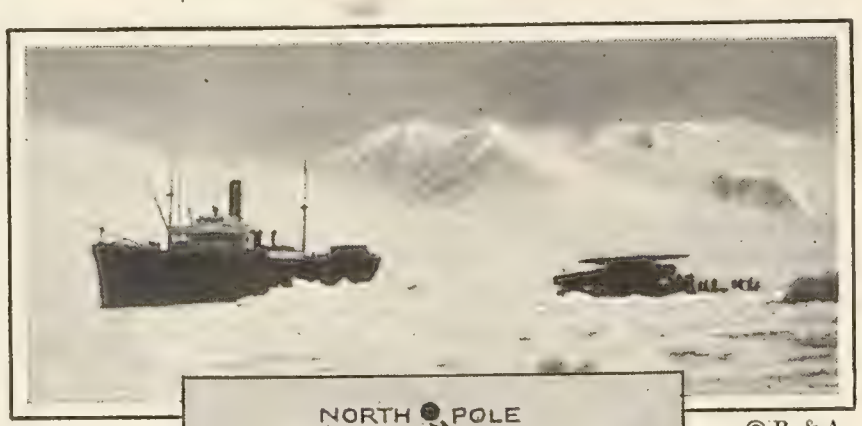
As we crept up over the great divide we had a bird's-eye view of the entire region. There is no pass through the divide, no valley or canyon that might link the two rivers. Our maps showing the general location of the Orinoco indicated that its source lay on the other slope of the divide and now we were able to prove that the famous river does not break through and join the Amazon. Instead, it flows on its own erratic course into the Caribbean, just as any other river would do.

We could easily see that the savage tribes have no secret pass through the Parima Mountains. They could not get through. The natives on each slope must keep to their own woods.

Stevens finally said that he had made a photographic record of everything; so we turned back. We had explored a 100-mile stretch of the most desolate and forbidding region in all the tropics.

The flight back to camp was uneventful. We did not waste time cruising about, but took a beeline compass course. When we had landed in front of the camp, I checked our time. We had been out exactly three hours and five minutes. Discounting headwinds or possible storms, we could have remained out forty minutes longer.

But we had been completely satisfied. Our success was due to fairly decent weather and the fact that the engine functioned perfectly throughout the flight. Later, using our maps and sketches, Dr. Rice and some of the others penetrated the wilderness for several miles.



©P. & A. photo

Byrd's route to the Pole and back. Above: Unloading Byrd's two Fokkers.

"white" Indians; who spent some time with the visitors and then turned and ran away, disappearing into their jungle without offering to fight the invaders, probably because Dr. Rice had quite a bodyguard with him. He did not attempt to struggle farther into the Parima, finding it useless and recognizing by means of our aerial photographs that the mystery of the Orinoco had now been solved.

We had spent months coming upstream, a distance of nearly 1,000 miles, to do three hours' work with a flying-machine; but it was worth it, as the new geographies will show.

All told, we were eight months on the expedition and, aside from the Christmas holidays spent on the island, only minor mishaps and tropical fever had stood in our way.

BUT many peculiar accidents occur in aviation that cannot be duplicated on the surface. I have seen a flying officer lose control of his machine over a perfect field and sideslip into what appeared to be a sure job for the ambulance crew, only to have a wing crash through the window of a hangar and there hold the entire outfit suspended safely until the dazed pilot could be helped down with a ladder.

It is a strange game to most people of this generation, though there is no doubt that the youngsters of today will come to view it as we now look upon the motor car. They first must learn what the flyer is up against in the air. Some of the proposed legislation would indicate that the people on the ground think they know more about flying than we do.

For instance: The New York Assembly is considering a law forcing all pilots to notify the authorities in advance when they want permission to land in public parks and other places not commonly known as landing-fields. As if the poor pilot would like to take a chance with his life just for the fun of surprising people!

This incident actually happened near the army flying center at McCook Field, Dayton, Ohio. Several planes were up one day experimenting with radio. One flyer speaking to another in a near-by plane complained:

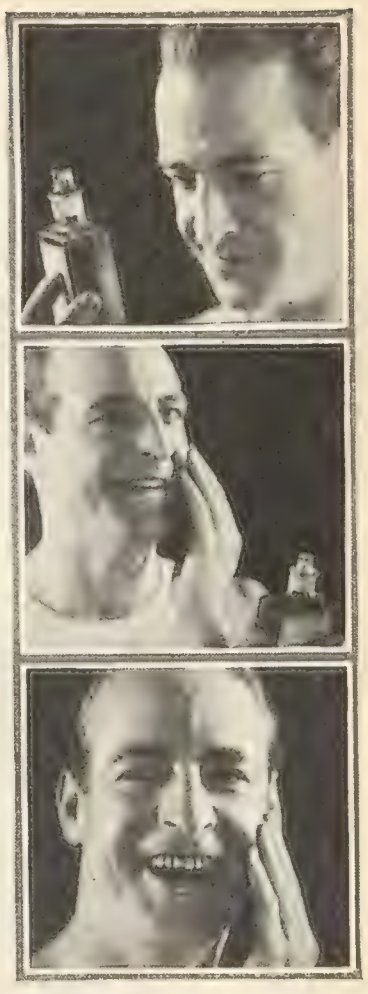
"I can't reach 'em below. Can't get down to 'em, nohow."

A kind old lady happened to tune in her radio set at that juncture and heard the words. She hurried to a telephone and called up McCook Field.

"One of your young men is up over my house in a flying-machine," she reported, "and he cannot get down. You had better send somebody else up to help him."

That, mind you, in the home town of the Wright brothers, the birthplace of the airplane! Nevertheless she was politely thanked. Flying-men are accustomed to such things.

THE END



After shaving-
AQUA VELVA
keeps the face
feeling fit

THIS hot weather is hard on the newly shaven face. The skin needs special protection. Aqua Velva, Williams new after-shaving preparation, is as soothing as a massage. It keeps the skin like velvet all day long, just as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it.

1. It tingles delightfully when applied.
2. It gives first aid to little cuts.
3. It delights with its man-style fragrance.
4. It safeguards against sun and wind.
5. It conserves the needed natural moisture in the skin. (Powders absorb this—leave the skin dry.) Aqua Velva keeps the skin flexible and smooth all day long.

Send the coupon or a postcard for a generous test bottle FREE. The large five ounce bottle at your dealer's is 50c (60c in Canada). By mail postpaid in case he is out of it.

For use after shaving

Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 117B, Glastonbury, Conn. (Canadian address, 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal)

Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva.

Lib. 7-31-26

The Book of Hosiery 284

WHEN a man parks his foot in a Phoenix sock which bears the happy number 284, he has the satisfaction of knowing that it is supremely well dressed *at the smallest feasible cost.*

This splendid silk hose, now made in an elaborate assortment of season-decreed colors, is cleverly reinforced at the very places where extra strength is needed. And it retails everywhere for only seventy-five cents a pair.

We have made more elaborate hosiery, but we have never made a better all-around number than this happy one, to retail at anywhere near this price.

No. 284 is a safe parking place for even the most strenuous man's foot.

PHOENIX
SILK SOCKS
MILWAUKEE

PHOENIX
LSB ©

The Green Jewel of Death

The Amazing Tragedies Connected with the Great Emerald of Nikita Romanoff

An Article by

The Princess Radziwill

Pictures by DALTON STEVENS

DOUBTLESS she was wearing the emerald on that fatal night when the Romanoff dynasty came to its tragic end.

TO say that one emerald—no matter how huge—affected the history of a great nation for more than 300 years is to create at once what lawyers call a reasonable doubt. And to suggest further that its influence was due to an ancient curse put upon the stone is not only a sure way to win ridicule, but also to be accused of an imagination lacking originality.

So let me say at the outset that I do not believe the legend about the Great Emerald being bewitched.

After one has come to America and has become a citizen of a nation with a rational history, and when one rides in subways and works in tall steel buildings, one forgets such things. Yet I must admit that when I first saw the green light of that big stone glittering from the bosom of the Empress Alexandra, and heard the indiscreet whisper of the story from a lady of the court as she counted off on her fingers the Great Emerald's victims, I was inclined to be credulous. For all of the story, except the part about the witch, is plain history that anyone may read.

There *was* such a man as Nikita Romanoff, and there *was* such a man as Boulouk Khan with a beautiful daughter. Nikita Romanoff *did* die a horrible death, and many Romanoffs thereafter, with the jewel always at hand to reflect tragedies in its cold green facets.

Remember, the last Czar and the Empress Alexandra were murdered in that cellar at Ekaterinburg *after* I had heard the story! So, you see, it is not an easy story to forget. So far as I know, it has never before been written in English. Let me tell it as simply as possible.

First, a necessary bit of political history. When Ivan the Terrible died in 1584, he left the throne to his son, the feeble-minded Feodor. Then followed the "troubled years" of Russian history, when Tatars, Poles, and Swedes were fighting for possession of Russia's dreary and lonesome plains and for the conquest of the three hundred churches and shrines of stately Moscow, with the great treasures they contained.

Fortunately, perhaps, for Russia, Feodor was married to a beautiful woman, Irene Godounoff, who contrived that her famous brother, Boris, should rule the land in Feodor's name. This Boris Godounoff was a determined, relentless man, full of ambition, who made up his mind to become the next Czar. So when Feodor died, and Irene was hailed as Czarina by the assembled nobles, or boyars, as they were called, she refused the throne, and with her own hands placed on her brother's head the crown her husband had worn.

Boris triumphed, yet he knew himself to be a usurper. He knew that, even after Feodor's younger brother, Dmitry, had been assassinated at his command, there still existed lawful successors to the Russian throne in the persons of the Romanoffs, direct descendants of the great Rurik.

There were three of these Romanoffs—Feodor, Ivan, and Nikita—and to their destruction Boris set his hand.

The first was forced to enter holy orders,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE GREEN JEWEL OF DEATH
Continued from Page Twenty-nine]

after having been separated from his wife, Marfa, who was shut up in the solitude of the Ipatieff Convent in Kostroma. (What Boris never knew was that, thanks to the connivance of the Abbess of Ipatieff, Marfa continued to see her husband, and gave birth to a son who was one day to become the first of the Romanoff czars.)

The second brother, Ivan, died of a mysterious illness with which was mixed up a suspicion of poison. But the third, Nikita, was not so easy to dispose of. He had too many friends.

He was handsome, he was brave, he was beloved by women and popular with men. He was truly a hero of romance, and romantic adventures followed him throughout his career.

Nikita was the only one of the Romanoffs who did not care for politics, and who had no ambition to see the diadem of the Monomaques put upon his head. He cared only for a good time, to look into the dark eyes of a lovely maiden, or to enjoy a sumptuous banquet. He, the pious orthodox descendant of that Grand Duchess Olga who had brought Christianity to Russia, had become infatuated with an infidel, with a Moslem girl, the only daughter of a Tatar Prince, Boulouk Khan.

Boulouk—one of the few Tatars whose family had remained in Moscow after the khans had been driven back to Kazan—lived very quietly in a small house under the very ramparts of the Kremlin, and received few people. One of them, however, was Nikita Romanoff.

Nikita had met the beautiful Isma by chance, at a banquet given by the Czarina; and although Moslem women were not allowed to show their faces to men, he contrived to have a love affair with her, and out of it a son was born.

Boulouk Khan asked Nikita to marry the girl. The younger boyar refused, saying that his religion forbade him to unite himself in wedlock with an infidel. The Tatar was furious, but kept silent.

SO far, we have nothing but historical facts. Now comes the legend, which I will relate in the form that has come down to this day. It seems that Boulouk Khan, on the night following his interview with Nikita, went to seek the help of an old and famous witch.

The old woman received him in her den, a dark, underground cavern in a lonesome spot shunned by everybody. She listened to Boulouk's story, and then asked him:

"You wish to be revenged on this man for the wrong he has done your daughter?"

"Yes, I do," replied the Tatar, "and not only on him but on all his race in the centuries to come."

The hag laughed, a harsh and cruel laugh.

"Your wish will be granted," she said, "and your revenge will perhaps be more terrible than you suspect. Wait a moment!"

She retired behind a curtain that divided her gruesome abode, and after a few minutes returned, holding in her hand an uncut emerald set in gold, fashioned as a clasp for a man's cloak.

The Tatar extended his hand toward it.

"Don't touch it!" exclaimed the old woman. "Don't touch it until I allow you to. The devil himself is in that stone."

She walked toward a caldron and dipped the jewel in it, murmuring as she did so strange words in a strange language. Then she came back to where the terrified Boulouk Khan was standing.

"Here," she said, "take this jewel. Its beauty is unsurpassed, and its worth will go on increasing as the years pass by. But it is an accursed stone, and it will bring misfortune, sorrow, suffering, and death to all those who will possess it. Give it to Nikita Romanoff and you will see what havoc it will work. Now leave me the purse I see hanging from your waist, and go away from here, for this is no place for any but the Master of Evil to loiter in!"

That is the legend of the origin of the Great Emerald. Now we turn back to history, and find Boulouk Khan writing the following letter to Nikita Romanoff, the text of which has been preserved in the Russian archives:

Boulouk Khan, the humble servant of the great and mighty Boyar Nikita Nikitich Romanoff, humbly craves his presence at a banquet at his house, and hopes he will honor his slave with his presence at it.

"The old dog evidently has forgotten all about his anger of the other day, and wants to make amends for it," the young man must have thought.

He went to the feast and enjoyed himself immensely.

Boulouk Khan had spared neither money nor trouble to make it wonderful, and the day was already dawning before anyone thought of retiring. As Nikita was preparing to depart, his host stopped him.

"Great and mighty Boyar," he said, "grant me one last favor before you leave my house. Here is a stone that came to me from my ancestors, and which is supposed to have belonged to our great Tchingiz Khan himself. I have had it set as a clasp for your cloak. Honor me by accepting it, just to prove to me that you bear me no ill will for any differences we may have had in the past."

With these words he handed over to the astonished young man the Great Emerald.

Three nights later Nikita Romanoff was sound asleep in the arms of a woman to whom,

NIKITA protested and cried out for help; but, in spite of the entreaties of his wife, he was hurried away.

it is said, he had been secretly married, when a great noise at the door of his room awakened him. The house was surrounded and invaded by a troop of armed men, the soldiers of Boris Godounoff.

Whether the usurper, who had spies everywhere, had heard the tale of the Great Emerald and fancied that the powers of darkness were now on his side, or whether he simply had become weary of waiting and decided on general grounds to risk the anger of Nikita's friends, we shall never know. The fact re-

mains that the young Boyar was seized and bound with heavy chains and thrown into a sledge waiting at his door.

He protested and cried out for help; but all his servants had been put out of the way, and, in spite of the entreaties of his wife, he was hurried away. For long weeks the prisoner and his guards traveled toward the Siberian wastes, Nikita lying on his back at the bottom of the sledge, so tightly chained he could move neither hand nor foot. All his money had been taken away; but, by design or coincidence, the emerald of Boulouk Khan had been left in his possession.

At last the sledge stopped in the midst of an apparently endless plain. Night was beginning to fall.

The officer in command of the escort gave a brisk order, and two men began digging a hole in the frozen ground. When the men climbed out of the deep pit they had made, the officer measured the depth of it and nodded his head.

He gave a signal, and the soldiers seized Nikita and flung him into the deep hole. The top was covered over with a rude roof and without further ado the escort rode away.

Nikita Romanoff lived on for three long years, sunk in the pit, without even the possibility of looking up at the sky. From time to time a piece of bread was thrown down and a pitcher of water lowered to him. At last, one day, the guard, hearing no sound from the living tomb, peered down and saw that Nikita Romanoff was dead at last.

They did not remove his body. Godounoff had given his orders, and all that was done was to fill up the pit with earth.

Time went on, and after Godounoff's death Nikita's nephew, Michael Romanoff, was hailed as Czar by the Muscovite boyars in the Ipatieff Convent at Kostroma. The new dynasty began its reign, which was to last exactly three hundred and four years.

II

NIKITA ROMANOFF lay in his unconsecrated grave, forgotten by the world, until the day when, for a short period, Russia was ruled by a woman—the handsome, imperious Czarevna Sophia, sister of the man who was to be known in history as Peter the Great.

She remembered the dark story of the victim of Godounoff's ambition and cruelty and sent men to Siberia with instructions to look for the mortal remains of her murdered kinsman. When they were found, she had them properly buried, and a chapel erected on the spot of his terrible martyrdom.

Among the remnants of clothes dug from Nikita Romanoff's grave was found the Great Emerald of Boulouk Khan. Its gold setting had not tarnished, and the jewel itself had lost none of its weird beauty. The Czarevna's messengers brought it back to her, and Sophia found it so wonderful that she immediately began to wear it on a chain around her neck. Her attendants and even her confessor warned her against it, for by this time the legend of the curse was being whispered around Moscow.

Sophia laughed at these warnings. She believed herself absolutely secure.

But the boy under whose name she was reigning was the great Peter. He also wanted to reign, and to reign alone.

One day Sophia was rudely dragged out of her Kremlin Palace and thrust into a convent. Only once did she ever emerge from her cell. This was on a fateful afternoon when, by order of her brother, she was taken to a window under which a scaffold had been erected and was forced to see each one of her faithful Stryeltsi officers led up in succession and beheaded. The miserable woman fainted at last, and, when she recovered her senses, found herself back in her religious prison, where she remained until her death.

But, before she had been led away from the Terem she was never to see again, the Czarevna had contrived to squeeze into the hand of Eudoxia Lopoukhina, the wife of her brother Peter, the emerald of Nikita Romanoff. Not long afterward, Eudoxia also fell into disgrace, and was banished by her merciless husband to make way for the Livonian peasant girl who was to become Empress of All the Russias.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

As easy as snapshots *and better*

The perfected motion picture camera

Made by world famous producers of Pathé News

Pathex

Motion Picture Camera $25

A MOTION PICTURE CAMERA good enough for a professional, yet so handy in size you can put it in your pocket, so easy to work that *anyone* can take really fine motion pictures! It's made by the world-famous Pathé.

It's simple, compact, reliable. Load it in the daylight in three seconds. Every Pathex film you take will be developed FREE by Pathé. Thousands of Pathex Cameras are in use here and abroad. How much better than the snapshot album is your own library of motion pictures of family and friends, taken by yourself with a Pathex! You never tire of running them over and over with the Pathex Projector.

See Famous Screen Stars in Your Home

See Harold Lloyd, Douglas Fairbanks, Bessie Love, Leo Maloney, Will Rogers, "Our Gang" and other screen favorites—in your own home. See sport, travel, nature, science pictures. You buy them from Pathex as you would buy phonograph records; only $1.00 and $1.75 per reel.

A nearby store will gladly demonstrate Pathex Cameras, Projectors, and selections from Pathex Motion Picture Library. Sold everywhere on budget payments. Should there be no dealer conveniently near, write us. Send TODAY for the big FREE Pathex book on personal motion pictures.

Note to Dealers:

Pathex territory still open in some parts of country. Supply the demand for this camera in your locality! Act NOW: write us today for the Pathex proposition.

Pathex, Inc. (A subsidiary of Pathé Exchange, Inc.)
35 West 45th St., New York

Gentlemen: Please send me the big FREE illustrated Pathex book "Your own Motion Pictures in Your Own Home."

Name.....

Address.....L. 7.

[THE GREEN JEWEL OF DEATH
Continued from Page Thirty-one]

When Eudoxia was bidding good-by to her only son, Alexis, she gave him the emerald.

This unbalanced youth, who imagined himself strong enough to resist the will of his father, the Great White Czar, was tortured to death in the dark dungeons of the fortress of Saints Peter and Paul. Peter himself lashed him with the knout, and dealt the blow that killed him.

Alexis turned his eyes upon the Czar, and murmured, "Father, I forgive you!" then feebly put his hands to a little silk bag he wore around his neck, and clung to it until death mercifully released him.

In that bag was Nikita Romanoff's emerald. It was brought to Peter after his son's remains had been laid in their coffin. But the Emperor refused to touch it; instead he had it taken to the Treasury and put under lock and key.

THERE it remained until his niece, the Empress Anna Ivanovna, ascended the throne of Russia. The first time she looked through the imperial jewels, she took a fancy to the stone and presented it to her favorite, the famous Biren, who became Duke of Kurland. The latter was disgraced and sent into exile by Anna's successor, the Empress Elizabeth Petrovna.

Remembering the evil renown of the stone, Biren sent it back to his sovereign, in the hope, it was said, that it would work her evil. Elizabeth, however, did not care for it. She had it set in a ring, which she gave to her nephew—the man who later became Peter III.

Peter was celebrating his marriage to a young girl who later became known as Catherine the Great. Those who doubt the Great Emerald's evil influence point out that the sole gift of Catherine's hand would have been enough to bring tragedy into any man's life—even a nobler one than the coarse and brutal Peter.

The fact remains that, not long after Peter succeeded his aunt to the throne, he was deposed by the Palace Guards and later strangled in the castle of Ropscha by Gregory Orloff, Catherine's favorite.

The emerald of Nikita Romanoff was removed from his finger with great difficulty after his death and brought back to the Imperial Treasury. The Empress Catherine refused at first to have anything to do with it.

The great sovereign was not a superstitious woman, yet somehow this stone inspired terror.

One day, after many years had passed and the murder that had taken place at Ropscha was beginning to be forgotten, curiosity overcame her. She had the Great Emerald brought to her, and was so captivated with its beauty that she decided to have it reset as an ornament for Marie Feodorovna, the wife of her son Paul. Two hours after she had sent for the court jeweler to discuss the matter with him, Catherine was struck by an apoplectic fit and died that same evening.

After this, no one at court would touch without gloves the emerald of Nikita Romanoff, and friends urged Paul I to get rid of it. But the Emperor refused to entertain the idea of parting with this remarkable jewel. Instead, he had it set in the handle of a sword to wear on state occasions.

On the evening of the day when Paul had worn the sword for the first time, conspirators, acting under the direction of his son Alexander, broke into the Czar's bedchamber, demanding his abdication.

Paul leaped up and seized the sword that bore the Great Emerald and attempted to defend himself. In the scuffle the stone was broken from its setting—and its owner mortally wounded.

"YOUR revenge will be more terrible than you suspect," said the hag.

Paul's son, Alexander I, would never even look at the jewel, and conceived the idea of presenting it to some church or shrine. But his confessor, the famous Abbott Photius, told him this could not be done, because the stone was supposed to have been cursed by Satan himself. This opinion the next sovereign, Nicholas I, seemed to share, and as long as he occupied the throne Nikita Romanoff's emerald remained hidden away in one of the strong boxes of the Imperial Treasury.

There it lay until, many years later, the morganatic wife of Alexander II, the Princess Dolgorouky, having heard its sinister story, asked her husband to allow her to examine it. The Czar himself had never seen the fateful emerald, and when it was brought to him one morning at breakfast, he admired it immensely—so much, indeed, that, after having promised his consort to have it set for her in a pendant, he put it in his pocket to show to his favorite cousin, the Grand Duchess Catherine Michaelovna, with whom he was to have luncheon that day.

ON his way back to the Winter Palace, Alexander was blown to pieces by bombs thrown at him by nihilist conspirators.

The next day a police officer picked the emerald out of a snow bank on the spot where the Czar had fallen, and took it to the palace.

Once again Nikita Romanoff's jewel went into retirement. Alexander III and his consort, the Empress Marie, believed absolutely in its uncanny influence, and would not even allow it to be kept in any of the strong boxes where their personal belongings were stored. The Empress, in particular, never wished it to be even mentioned in her presence, and is to this day persuaded that it caused all the calamities of the Romanoff dynasty.

Perhaps it was out of opposition to the Empress Marie that her daughter-in-law, the late Alexandra, refused to admit that a mere jewel could bring misfortune. She persuaded Czar Nicholas II to have the emerald set into a pendant, which she wore continually.

It was on Alexandra's neck that I saw this fatal jewel. She took it with her into exile when she went with her husband and her children to Siberia. Doubtless she was wearing it on that fatal and mysterious night in Ekaterinburg when the great Romanoff dynasty came to its tragic end.

Where is Nikita Romanoff's emerald now?

No one seems to know.

It has not appeared among the crown jewels that have been sold by the present rulers of Russia.

Superstitious people may be tempted to say that, having worked out its curse, it has been taken back by the devil to whom it belonged. But that, of course, is nonsense.

THE END

The Corbin Necklace

A Girl About to Elope Hears Her Lover Charged with Theft

A Serial by

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

Pictures by JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

WHEN Judy Corbin, in a spirit of adventure, ran away from school, met Bill Grant, and took a carefree motor trip with him, she started a chain of circumstances that entangled her fate with the accursed Corbin necklace. She and Bill fell in love, quarreled, and separated.

Heartbroken, Judy engaged herself to stodgy Bruce Applebury, not knowing that he was Bill's cousin. When the wedding approached the necklace came to the fore. Old Mrs. Corbin, Judy's grandmother, owned it. Victoria Corbin, the girl's widowed mother, hating the old woman, and desperately needing money, had had the string of pearls cleverly imitated. Fooling her mother-in-law with the fake gems, Victoria had taken the real ones to a bank and borrowed $25,000 on them. But when old Mrs. Corbin proposed to give Judy the necklace as a wedding gift, Victoria was in a panic, dreading detection.

Temporary relief came for her when it was discovered that the home safe had been robbed. The false string was gone! But that very night it was mysteriously returned, and—still worse for Victoria—Mr. Ethelbert Smith, jewel expert, arrived as a wedding guest. He was a friend of Mrs. Corbin.

Another guest was Bill Grant, Judy's old flame! The girl's love for him flared up again. She was on the point of going to him when she learned that her mother, threatened by the bank, had persuaded Bruce to put up $25,000 and redeem the real pearls. Poor Judy was sold to the wrong man! But when her grandmother gave her the false pearls, in good faith, she saw a way out. She wrote to Bruce to keep the genuine ones, and decided to elope with Bill.

BRUCE was waked up in the middle of the night and saw a man in his room—a man in pajamas—standing in front of his bureau.

I, by the way, am the Corbins' bachelor neighbor. I think Judy is the world's best, and, quite naturally, it was to my cottage she brought her Bill, at daybreak. She and I waited there together while he went for the license and a parson.

Abruptly the phone buzzed. It was Judy's Uncle, Alec Corbin, telling me that Bruce Applebury had been robbed of the pearls!

PART EIGHT

WHEN I had hung up the receiver, I heard a sudden move from Judy, on the couch, and looked around at her. She was sitting bolt upright, gazing at me wide-eyed.

"Has something happened to Bill?" she asked.

"No, it's Bruce," I said. "He was robbed of the necklace last night."

[CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE FOLLOWING]

QUICKLY RENEWS SHABBY FURNITURE, FLOORS, STAIRWAYS.

DEALERS everywhere carry the genuine Rogers Brushing Lacquer. All the popular colors, also white, black and clear. Ready mixed and ready for use. Anyone can apply it. But be sure to get "ROGERS" in the Oriental can—the kind that is sold on a money-back guaranty.

Also distributed and guaranteed by
ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS
Detroit, Michigan
LINCOLN PAINT AND COLOR COMPANY
Lincoln, Nebraska
THE MARTIN-SENOUR COMPANY
Chicago, Illinois
PENINSULAR PAINT AND VARNISH COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan
THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

DRIES WHILE YOU WAIT

MONEY-BACK GUARANTY

Try a can of Rogers Brushing Lacquer. If not more than satisfied return what is left to your dealer. He is authorized to refund the entire purchase price.

You have seen the beautiful new *lacquer finish* on fine motor cars and lacquer furniture. You have heard how it withstands the roughest usage. Heretofore this amazing finish could only be applied at the factory with special equipment.

Rogers Brushing Lacquer now offers you a *perfected* lacquer *for home use*. You apply it freely with a well filled brush—*right over the old finish*. Covers perfectly. Brushes out smoothly and dries while you wait!

You lacquer a chair and sit on it a few minutes later. You lacquer a table and within half an hour put on the tablecloth for dinner. You lacquer a floor and thirty minutes afterward walk on it. There are almost endless uses in every home, store, office, building, hotel, etc.

And the rich, lustrous, colorful finish is practically indestructible. Wears like porcelain. Does not print—or hold lint.

DETROIT WHITE LEAD WORKS, *Detroit, Michigan*
Makers of Highest Grade Paints, Varnishes, Colors, Lacquers

ROGERS
THE MARK OF QUALITY

BRUSHING LACQUER

WOODWORK, CABINETS, BRIC-A-BRAC, TOYS, ETC., ETC., ETC.

[CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE PRECEDING]

"But why did you say anything about Bill?" she persisted. "You said something about him over the phone."

"Your mother wanted to know whether I could tell them where he was. It was Alec who talked to me."

"IF it was stolen last night, I'd like to know what this is." She held out a hand which had been lying in her lap. There dangled the necklace!

She was still looking rather wild-eyed, like one under some nightmare apprehension. Indeed, I thought the shadows of the sleep she'd just wakened from must still be clouding her mind a little. The fact was, of course, that she was thinking straighter and faster than I.

"Which necklace do you suppose it was," I asked, "that Bruce was robbed of—the real one or the imitation?"

"The real one, of course," she said. "It's the only one he had. He brought it home from the bank, you see, and when mother couldn't get the imitation away from Gran, in order to put the real one in place of it, Bruce said he thought it would be safer if he kept it and if nobody knew he had it. Nobody did know he had it but mother and me." She made a full stop there. Then, "And Bill," she added. "Of course I told him."

She swung her legs off the couch as if about to spring to her feet, but arrested the action half completed. She was thinking, I could see, with an agonized intensity, and I found myself now upon the trail of her thoughts.

"Your mother must have read your note," I observed. "That's why she had Alec ask me if I knew where Bill was. You wrote a note to Bruce, too, didn't you? How did you deliver that one?"

"I had Bill take it into his room," she said, "after he'd gone to sleep. That's what we waited for. That's why we were so late getting away."

It's Judy's order that this story isn't to be a whitewash, so I must in common honesty forbear to apply the brush to myself.

I didn't, even for one grisly moment, believe that Bill was the thief, that his elopement with Judy had been a mere pretext, and that he was speeding away now to parts unknown with the necklace in his pocket. But I perceived the plausibility of the pattern his actions made.

It wasn't merely that he had known Bruce had the necklace, that he'd gone to Bruce's room when Bruce was asleep, and that he and the necklace were now gone. There were some queerly confirmatory details. He hadn't been willing to consider eloping with Judy until he knew Bruce had the necklace. He had been at some pains to leave Judy in my hands as soon as possible after they'd got out of the house. It had struck me that he'd been rather unreasonably in a hurry to set out on his quest of the license clerk. He'd shown a dislike of hearing the necklace discussed; had run away—this was Judy's own explanation—from hearing her story of its adventures.

I DIDN'T believe that any of this nightmare nonsense really explained anything, but I did find myself wishing, with a kind of prayerful intensity, that he would come back now with his parson and his license. How long had he been gone? What time was it, anyhow? By the clock on the mantelpiece it was quarter to seven.

"Look here, Judy," I said. "I told Alec I'd come right up to The Oaks, and I'll go as soon as I can dress and get up there in my car. But there's no reason why this should interfere with your plans."

She looked at me in pitiful bewilderment.

"What are my plans?" she said. "I don't know what you mean."

"Your plans for getting married to Bill," I explained. "You wait here till he comes back with the license and the minister. Get Donovan and the gardener and his wife for your witnesses. Go ahead and marry Bill. And then—well, do just as you like. Start off on your wedding journey, or else stay here. After I've seen how the situation looks at The Oaks, I can telephone to you, if you'd like me to, and you can come back just as you had planned, and pretend that nothing has happened. I didn't tell Alec you were here. All I said was that I could give some news of Bill."

"I can't be married to Bill now," she said. "Not till Bruce has got the necklace back."

I started to say that I didn't see the connection, but she broke in upon me with a savage intensity:

"Don't you see? It's the necklace that bought me off. Mother bargained me for it, and I gave it to him and got clear. Now he hasn't got it. It's been taken away from him. And I can't marry Bill till he's got it back. I'm—I'm caught in a trap."

And, indeed, her eyes had the panic in them that I've seen once or twice in those of a trapped animal. It was unbearable to see little Judy looking like that.

"Let's try to keep our feet on the ground," I said, "and see where we really stand.

"You gave those pearls to Bruce in good faith. You told him in the note that they were his. That lets you out. Suppose he hadn't been robbed of them last night, but were to have his pocket picked of them tomorrow in town. You wouldn't feel that bound you to turn yourself over to him. Well, what's the difference?

"Neither you nor Bill had anything to do

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

with the robbery. You *know* Bill hadn't. You know that from no conceivable motive, sordid or other, would Bill touch that necklace. He'd have done anything to defend Bruce's possession of it, for it was his release as much as it was yours."

I saw tears spring into her eyes, and she came over to me and kissed me briefly.

"Now we're going back to The Oaks," she said, "and find that necklace. You ring for Donovan to come down and help you dress. I'll leave a note for Bill, and then I'll go up to the garage and get your car."

II

WE made up for lost time once we got started. It wasn't much after half-past seven when we got to The Oaks. Alec was waiting to let us in, and he was flabbergasted at the sight of Judy. Evidently Victoria hadn't been giving out any more information than she considered necessary. He started two or three exclamatory interrogations, but left them all in the air. He probably realized that a thorough answer to any question would take longer than he had time for just then.

Judy asked him, "Where's Bruce?"

"He's with your mother up in her sitting-room," Alec told her.

At that Judy went straight into the house, leaving him to accompany my slower progress on my crutches.

"I think Victoria is mad," he told me confidentially. "The necklace is gone, and she won't let me make any move toward finding it. Applebury seems to believe that his cousin has levanted with it, and if that's so it's perhaps a case for negotiation rather than for ordinary police methods. But to me that theory seems fantastic. Don't you agree with me?"

"Absolutely," I said. "I'd be willing to bet all I've got that Bill Grant hasn't stolen the necklace."

"Then, in heaven's name," he implored me, "convince Victoria, if you can, that the thing to do is to commence a search—discover if any of the servants have disappeared. If this were my house I'd put a cordon of the farm laborers around it and not let anyone get out until we'd had time to satisfy ourselves that the necklace wasn't inside."

By that time he had run me up in the elevator and piloted me to Victoria's door.

"No, I'm not going in," he said. "I'm going to stay outside and keep my eyes open, anyhow."

I THOUGHT when I first went in that Victoria was alone in the room. Certainly Judy was nowhere about. I didn't know what had become of her. Just as Victoria spoke I saw Applebury standing in the big bay window gazing moodily out.

"Well, what have you got to tell us?" Victoria asked.

Her voice was jerky with frayed nerves, and I didn't really hold her to account for her bad manners. But they produced a certain responsive stiffness in my own.

"I don't know anything about the robbery," I answered, "beyond the bare fact that Alec gave me over the telephone."

"Where's Judy?" she asked. "Do you know that?"

"Yes," I said. "She's here. She brought me up to the house. I expected to find her in this room."

"Is she married?" Victoria asked.

"Not yet," I said.

It wasn't until then that Applebury turned around and looked at me. I got the impression that my answer had startled him.

"I take it my cousin didn't come back with her," he said. "You don't know where he is too, do you?"

"Not precisely," I said. "I believe he's out hunting an early-rising parson to marry him to Judy."

"Why hasn't he got Judy with him, then?" Victoria asked. "And why did she come back here with you?"

"I think I'd rather let Judy answer those questions," I told her. "I've come to see if I can be of any help about recovering the necklace."

"Your best assistance in that respect," said Applebury, "would lie in telling us, if you can, where and how we can get in communication with our departed guest."

"I don't think there'll be any difficulty about that," I said. "But I'd like to be told first what happened last night."

BRUCE was so angry that he could hardly speak. He turned away from me now with a gesture of repressed fury and left the answer I asked for to Victoria. She took it up:

"Bruce went to bed last night with the necklace under his pillow. We thought it would be safest in

his care, provided nobody knew he had it. No one was supposed to know it but Judy and me.

"Apparently she told Bruce's cousin, because Bruce was waked up some time in the middle of the night, by a little noise, probably, and saw that there was a man in his room standing in front of his bureau, which is right by the head of his bed. A man in pajamas. Bruce spoke to him, and it turned out to be William Grant.

"He said he couldn't sleep and was out of cigarettes and had come in to get some. Bruce said there were some on the bureau, and told him to make a light so that he could see. His cousin said, 'No, I've found them, thanks,' and went back to his own room.

"That was all there was to it. Bruce went back to sleep and waked up before half-past six. He felt under his pillow and found the necklace was gone. He looked in his cousin's room and found that he was gone too. He went out into the billiard-room and saw that Alec's door was open, so he went in and told him about it. Alec came straight to me and I had him telephone to you."

So that was the way they meant to tell the story, was it—with Judy's note left out?

"Victoria," I said, "you certainly know better than to accept any such monstrous theory as this. Judy and I know that Bill Grant isn't a thief. She's come back here because she wants the thief found. It's a point of honor with her that he shall be found. Won't you put matters in Alec's hands and start a search?"

I DON'T know what she'd have answered, for there was a knock on the door just then, and Punch came in. He was a desolate, pitiful little figure, white-faced, big-eyed, desperately serious.

"Grandmother sent me," he said. "She wants you to come into her room."

"How does *she* happen to be in on this?" Victoria demanded wildly. "Punch, have you been telling her about it?"

He confronted her panicky anger very steadily. In that moment he was much more adult than she.

"She called me in and asked me what had happened," he said. "She'd heard people moving about and Uncle Alec talking to me in the hall. I told her the necklace had been stolen again—from Bruce. She told me to go and send Judy to her, and I wouldn't, because I knew Judy wasn't there and I didn't want Gran to know that she'd gone. But she made Digs wheel her into Judy's room. She saw Judy wasn't there, and then she came back. Just after that I saw Judy coming in, so I told her to go in and see Gran. I waited outside the door, and after a while Judy came and said Gran wanted to see you and Bruce."

"I'm glad she's found out about it," Bruce said. "Now perhaps we can get somewhere."

Victoria gave him a baleful look. I think at that moment she hated everybody in the world. There was nothing to be said, though. That summons could not be disregarded.

From the door she threw back a look at me. "You may as well come along too," she said.

It wasn't a very cordial or even courteous invitation, but I made it serve.

Punch hung back to help me.

"You were a true prophet, Punch," I said. "You predicted big trouble, and here it is."

"I didn't think it would be as bad as this," he admitted.

"You look as if you'd had a night of it," I commented. "How did you know Judy had gone?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CARRYOLA MASTER

"I'm glad we had music along!"

"THOSE marvelous quiet nights—up in the North Country—under the open skies—with the forest all around and the moon-lit lake in front—the dishes scrubbed—that lazy hour before turning in—Wonderful! *I'm glad we had music along!*"

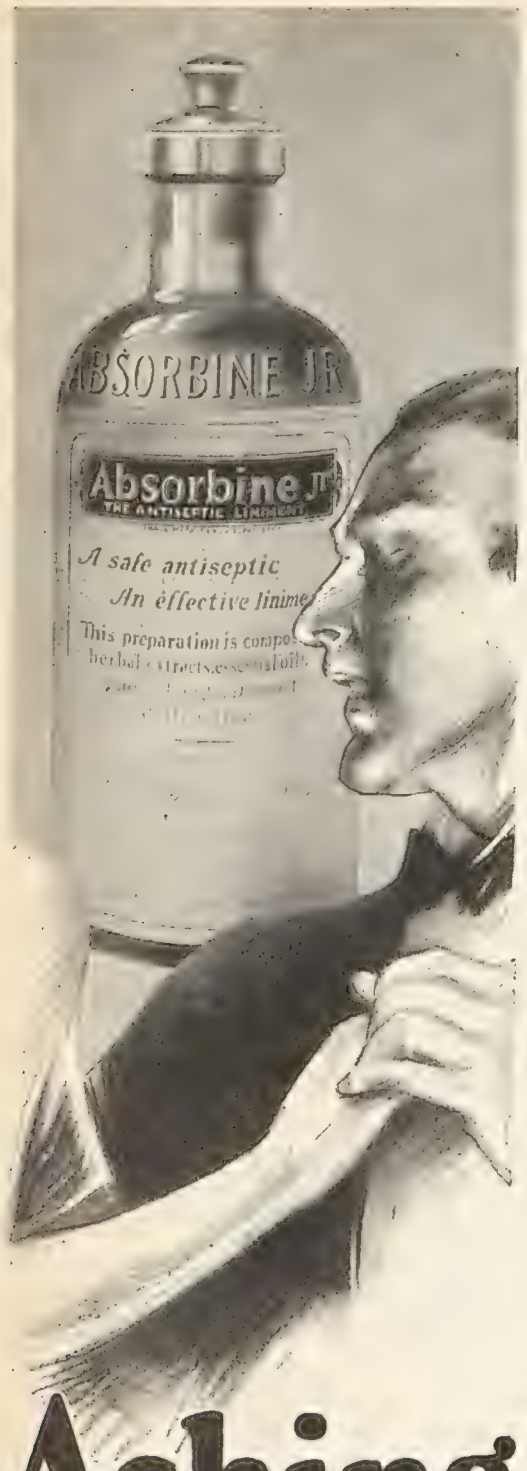
Take music with you wherever you go. A Carryola Master fits in anywhere. It's strong and compact. (Dimensions, 15″ x 12″ x 8″). Carries 15 full-sized records in the record album *within* its case. No extra package of records to bother about. Plays with the tone and volume of a console model.

You'll find the Carryola Master at almost every good music shop. Your choice of Standard Black, Turtle Blue, Spanish Red, Jade Green, or Brown Alligator—all in Genuine Du Pont Fabrikoid with 2-tone embossed Art Cover and Album.

If your favorite shop doesn't have a Carryola Master, write to us.

The Carryola Co. *of* America
641 Clinton Street Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Write for this attractive folder giving details of the Carryola Master.



Aching Feet

quick relief

SIMPLY rub in a few drops of Absorbine, Jr. A soothing, cooling, and comforting feeling follows the relaxed tension of the muscles and nerves.

After a warm foot bath, Absorbine, Jr. is delightfully invigorating—or if preferred, shake a few drops in the bath.

Use Absorbine, Jr. on over-tired muscles. It scatters congestion, and like magic, restores limberness.

Send for free trial bottle

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.

At all druggists $1.25

Absorbine Jr
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

[THE CORBIN NECKLACE
Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

"She had the necklace, you see," he said, "so I was keeping watch on the davenport the way I did the night before. And I saw her go out, her and Bill. They didn't know I saw them. So then I waited to see if they wouldn't come back. I was afraid I might go to sleep, so I walked up and down the hall here most of the time after they went. I'm glad she has come back," he added. "I knew she would."

Alec was patrolling the hall now, and he joined us.

"Did you get anywhere with Victoria?" he asked.

I shook my head. Then we both turned to see who was coming down from the floor above.

It was old Mr. Smith. He was dressed as carefully as if it had been ten o'clock in the morning, and he looked as if he hadn't a care in the world. I don't suppose he had, really. He was too old, too detached. He could be intensely interested in our plight without experiencing any painful emotions whatever over it.

"I understand the necklace has been stolen," he said as he came up to us. "How about it, Punch? Have you seen anything more of your man in pajamas?"

"No," Punch told him mournfully.

"What's that about a man in pajamas?" Alec demanded.

"It appears to be a private ghost of Punch's," old Eagle Eye answered easily. "It walks when things are happening to the necklace."

"Well, I saw a man in pajamas last night," Alec said, a little embarrassed. He wasn't quite sure whether old Mr. Smith was joking or not.

But the old man turned that penetrating beam of his upon him and asked him crisply: "Where did you see him? And when, if you know?"

"I haven't an idea when," said Alec. "I saw him come out of the bathroom in the Club."

"What sort of pajamas did he have on?"

"Oh, ordinary pajamas——"

"You didn't notice whether there was a tear in them—one of those three-cornered tears, as if they'd been caught on a nail?"

"No," said Alec. "I didn't notice them at all. I didn't notice him at all. Why should I? He was just one of the guests coming out of the bathroom in the middle of the night and going back to his own room. There wasn't light enough to recognize him by and it didn't occur to me to try to. I was in my room with the door open. Naturally I didn't come out to see which door he turned into."

We had come to a halt just outside Mrs. Corbin's door.

"You mustn't keep madame waiting," Mr. Smith said. And then asked Alec: "Are you coming in to join the council of war?"

"No," Alec told him impatiently; "I think not. There has been too much consulting about this business, and I sha'n't be needed in there. I'd rather stay outside so that I can have some idea of what's going on in the house."

"I think you're quite right," said Mr. Smith, and he reached out and patted him approvingly—

JUDY, wide-eyed, was sitting bolt upright. "Has something happened to Bill?" she asked.

or so, at least, I interpreted the gesture at first—not quite on the chest; a little around to the left. Evidently his intelligent fingers found something, for he again expressed approval. "Good!" he said. "I've got one of them on myself."

Then he knocked on Mrs. Corbin's door, and at her summons we both went in.

IT was a big, dim, carpeted room, with long windows hung with heavy curtains and lambrequins. Excessive light and noise were carefully guarded against. There was a brown marble mantel, and all the tables, big and little, had brown marble tops.

The old lady, in her wheel chair, sat at the far end of the room, facing us as we came in. Judy—my first glance around had been to make sure she was there—sat drooping a little, but in an unusually formal attitude for her, on the couch in the corner. Bruce was in another corner, sitting (evidently by command, and not liking it—one could see he'd rather have been on his feet) bolt upright on a hard little chair. Victoria, trying to look at ease and not succeeding very well at it, had seated herself near one of the windows.

The old lady greeted me with ceremonious courtesy, thanked me for having come, and directed Miss Digby to place a chair for me. Her greeting to Mr. Smith—old Eagle Eye—was less formal.

"I thought I might need you as an expert, Ethelbert," she said. "But I doubt now if I shall."

Then she told Miss Digby she could go, and waited in dead silence until the door was closed behind her.

Sad and humiliating as old Mrs. Corbin's bad periods must be—those times when, as Judy said, she was not presentable—it was already apparent to me that at this particular early morning hour of this particular day she was as good as ever. I felt my spirits rising a little as this realization came home. Somehow I was counting another addition to Judy's phalanx. I don't know why I felt that the old matriarch would be on her side. There was nothing in Judy's forlorn appearance to warrant such a definite conclusion.

She opened with heavy artillery upon her daughter-in-law.

"It seems to me, Victoria," her voice crackled like sparks out of a coil, "that I have allowed you to make a mess of this business about long enough. I'm going to see what I can do with it myself."

"I haven't regarded the mess as of my making," Victoria retorted coolly enough—a little too coolly not to betray the fact that she was frightened. She's always been afraid of old Mrs. Corbin. "However, I'll be glad to see what you make of it."

"PUNCH tells me—" the old woman began again, and looked around as if in search of him. "I wanted him in here," she threw in, "but it doesn't matter. Punch tells me that the necklace has been stolen again."

Victoria nodded.

"It was taken last night, from Bruce—" she began.

The old woman interrupted her:

"I asked if it had been stolen, and you say it was. That's enough for the present. If it was stolen last night, I'd like to know what this is."

She held out a hand

which had been lying in her lap and opened it. I jumped, and I think most of us did, for there dangled the necklace. Well, wait a minute—*a* necklace, anyhow.

She turned from Victoria and addressed herself to Bruce Applebury, abandoning as she did so a good deal of her harshness of manner. Indeed, for her, she spoke almost gently. I scented danger for him, but apparently he did not.

"I found it," she went on, "in Judy's room this morning. Judy herself wasn't there. She was running away, I understand, with her new young man. But she'd left this behind her, lying among the litter on her dressing-table like a string of glass beads. I assume it's not the necklace that was stolen; but Ethelbert here will tell us, no doubt, whether it is or not, if you care to refer it to him."

"No," Victoria said dully. "It's an imitation I had made a little more than a year ago." She added with a spurt of anger: "You knew that all right, didn't you? I suppose Judy's been telling you all about it."

"Let Judy alone!" the old woman rapped out. "She's told me no secrets that weren't her own."

"Judy tells me," Mrs. Corbin said, "that when she ran away with your cousin last night she meant to marry him. She says she'll marry him now if the necklace can be recovered, but that if it cannot be recovered she stands ready to marry you. A wedding is a bargain, and it takes two to make it. Are you still willing to marry her?"

"Yes," Bruce said. "Certainly. That's all I ask—to go on as if nothing had happened."

He glanced toward Judy, but she gave no sign of having heard him or even of knowing that he was in the room.

"She understands that, I think," he went on, a little less confidently. "We talked it out pretty thoroughly yesterday afternoon."

"The necklace hadn't been stolen then," the old lady remarked. "Where was it?"

"It happened to be in my pocket," Bruce said. "I'd gone into town to get it and she met me at the train."

"Whose was it then?" Mrs. Corbin asked him.

The question obviously took him aback and he repeated it stupidly. She flung it back at him: "Yes, to whom did the necklace belong then?"

"I understood," he said, "that it belonged to you."

"You're perfectly right," she assured him grimly. "It did. And last night at dinner I gave it to Judy. It was my intention, at least, to give it to her, and give it I did, although it wasn't the thing she put around her neck. The real necklace was hers last night. But whose was it when it was stolen, Mr. Applebury?"

HE perceived the pitfall now, but too late to keep from plunging into it. He was neither a naturally endowed nor a practiced liar.

"Why—it was hers, I suppose," he said.

"Hadn't she given it to you?"

He flushed deeply. "I hadn't accepted it," he said.

"Do you believe your cousin stole it?" she asked.

"That's not a pleasant conclusion to come to," he told her; "but it's hard to see how one can believe anything else."

"Don't palaver," the old woman snapped at him. "Do you believe he stole it?"

Bruce hesitated, looking acutely unhappy, but at last he said, "Yes, I do."

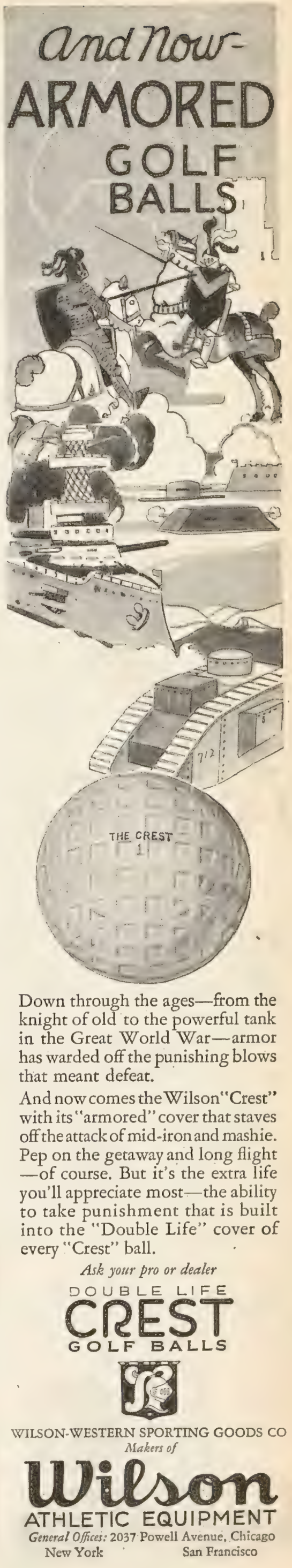
"Judy doesn't," Mrs. Corbin returned. "She says she'd marry him now if the necklace could be recovered. She wouldn't marry anyone she believed to be a thief. But she seems to feel that you have a right either to her or to the necklace. If she can't produce the necklace, she's bound to marry you. Is that the way you look at it yourself?"

"That's a perfectly unfair way of putting it," he protested.

She gave a short, grim laugh.

"It'll serve well enough, I think," she said.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Down through the ages—from the knight of old to the powerful tank in the Great World War—armor has warded off the punishing blows that meant defeat.

And now comes the Wilson "Crest" with its "armored" cover that staves off the attack of mid-iron and mashie. Pep on the getaway and long flight—of course. But it's the extra life you'll appreciate most—the ability to take punishment that is built into the "Double Life" cover of every "Crest" ball.

Ask your pro or dealer

DOUBLE LIFE
CREST
GOLF BALLS

WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS CO
Makers of
Wilson
ATHLETIC EQUIPMENT
General Offices: 2037 Powell Avenue, Chicago
New York San Francisco

Off...to Orlond Old Orchard— or Atlantic City

"ALL ABOARD!" A shower of good-byes . . waving handkerchiefs .. and you are off. Trig looking garments securely tucked away in your Mendel "Dust-Proof" Wardrobe Trunk.

With what confidence you arrive! A confidence which lends unusual charm and dignity. You know your Mendel "Dust-Proof" Wardrobe Trunk has made the trip like a trusty sentinel, shielding every garment from the tiniest splotch of soot or dust.

The *interlocking* tongue and groove steel frame around both halves holds the trunk rigid and makes it "Dust-Proof and Warp-Proof," A protective feature found only in a Mendel.

Your dealer is ready to serve you . . . go and try the new "Easy Opening" Mendel yourself . . . examine its "Dust-proof" frame; know what the many exclusive Mendel features mean to your travel comfort.

And now..the "*Easy Opening*" Mendel . . a marvel of convenience, opens so quickly, so smoothly, it seems like magic how the hanger section swings out with the gentlest push. No tugging, back-strain or pulling . . no scars on floors, no rumples in rugs.

THE MENDEL-DRUCKER COMPANY
CINCINNATI, OHIO

MENDELTRUNX
DUST-PROOF WARP-PROOF

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

In the next breath she pounced upon him again:

"Victoria had pawned the necklace, of course. Did you redeem it for her?"

"Yes," he admitted sulkily, "I did."

"How much did it cost you?" she asked.

He told her, "Twenty-five thousand dollars."

"That was very handsome of you," she observed, not satirically, but quite as if she meant it.

HE started to tell her he'd been glad to do it, but before the words were half uttered she'd turned to Victoria.

"Did you tell Judy," she asked, "that you had come down on her fiance for the money?"

"No," Victoria answered, "of course not."

The gathering cloud of the old woman's anger was a positively appalling thing to watch.

"Then," she said at last, turning back to Bruce, "you must have told her yourself."

You couldn't deny the possession of a certain stiff sort of courage by that young man. He stood up to her.

"Yes," he said, "I told her. She'd met me at the train with the information that she'd planned to jilt me for that worthless cousin of mine. I'd engaged myself in good faith to marry her. I'd come out here with my friends and my family to do it. And then, here on the day before the wedding, she wanted to cry off.

"I'd advanced a substantial sum of money to her mother on the supposition that the wedding was to take place. I thought it was only fair she should know it. She took the same view of it that I did, and agreed to marry me. I didn't suggest—it would be unthinkable, of course—that I take the necklace as an alternative."

"The necklace wasn't hers at that time to offer as an alternative," Mrs. Corbin pointed out. "I hadn't given it to her then. When I did, she gave it to you—by word of mouth, or did she put it in writing?"

"She left a note last night," Bruce told her, "in which she said that I might keep the pearls. But apparently my cousin didn't agree to that disposal of them."

"And, that being the case, you're willing to marry my granddaughter?"

The biting irony in her voice could not be ignored, but he answered stiffly: "Yes, I am. I've come out here to keep my part of a bargain, and all I'm asking, as a matter of simple justice, is that your granddaughter shall keep hers."

"You needn't worry about simple justice," said the old woman grimly. "You're going to get it. When you told that child that you'd redeemed the necklace for her mother, you practically told her you'd bought her. But I'm not willing to let her go at that price. She's worth more than you paid, just as the necklace is. You shall have your money back as soon as I can write you a check."

There's no doubt at all that Bruce felt himself abominably ill used. He hadn't transgressed his own code in telling Judy the obligation her mother had saddled her with.

But in another particular he had transgressed it. It was his hatred of his cousin that had betrayed him into it. One can imagine that this hatred must have been latent for years. He'd spoken of him to me that morning as an undisciplined anarchist who had done what he liked, had what he wanted. The carefree grasshopper—don't you see?—viewed by the laborious ant and never overtaken by the winter.

HIS discovery, early that morning, that Bill had taken Judy away from him had driven him to an act that demolished his own self-righteousness. As I said before, I pitied him when I understood. That wasn't my feeling at the present moment, though.

His face had gone livid with anger under the lash of the old woman's last words. He sprang to his feet.

"Very well," he said. "I can't dispute your right to discharge the obligation in that way. But that's not going to be the end of it. If your granddaughter wants to marry my cousin, she'll have to marry a proclaimed thief. He may never be sent to jail for what he's done. That decision's in your hands too, I suppose. But the story of it shall follow him as long as he lives."

Will Judy marry a man branded as a thief? In the ninth installment there are breathless developments, as old Eagle Eye, the jewel merchant, takes charge. You'll find this crucial installment in next week's LIBERTY.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Intellectual Equals

Louise, six years old, was laboriously reading a book. Every few minutes she would call out, "Mamma, what does this spell?"

Her father also was reading, and seeing him look annoyed at the frequent interruptions, her mother said, "Now, be quiet. Don't you see your father is trying to read?"

"Well," drawled Louise, "I'm trying, too."—M. H., Winter Hill, Mass.

He Had His Doubts

My sister-in-law took her three children to her father's for dinner. The youngest, a boy of four years, looked longingly at each plate, after his grandpa had served him, and saw that he had the smallest piece of meat.

He leaned over to his mother and whispered, "Mamma, am I sick?"
—MRS. A. C. GALLOWAY, Los Angeles, Calif.

Stop pain this quick safe way

CORNS

No waiting—in one minute your misery from corns is ended. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads stop pain just that quick. At the same time they remove the *cause*—pressing or rubbing of shoes, and thus prevent the corn from coming back again.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are thin, medicated, antiseptic, protective, healing. No tape, no risk, no bother. Guaranteed absolutely safe. Easy to apply. Cost but a trifle. At your druggist's or shoe dealer's. Mail coupon below for free sample.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone

The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.
Please mail free sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns, and Dr. Wm. M. Scholl's Book, "The Feet and Their Care," to

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... *State* ..... LB 76 A

Lose 20 lbs.

In this easy way

There is an easy, pleasant, scientific way for attaining proper weight. It has proved itself for 19 years. Countless people all around you show its good results.

That way is Marmola Prescription Tablets, now in world-wide use. No unusual exercise or diet is required. People now use over a million boxes yearly, and excess fat is not one-tenth as common as it was.

You should know Marmola. Learn how it reduces excess fat while it helps in other ways. For 10 years Marmola has held topmost place in this line. Go learn why.

All drug stores sell Marmola at $1 a box. Or it is mailed in plain wrappers by Marmola Co., 1807 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

A Novel *and* Fascinating Contest—Open to Everyone!

$1,000 a Week *for* Titles to **Liberty** Covers!

And from Now On We'll Give Eight Prizes Instead of One!

WE think you'll like the idea. It means more fun for everybody and a better chance to win. *The eight prizes will apply to this week's cover and to all covers that are published hereafter until the contest ends.* The eight prizes will not apply to covers previously printed.

For that reason, only one winner will be announced for several weeks to come. But you may expect to see the first set of eight winners when Prize Award No. 7 appears.

Everybody can write a title for a cover. It's easy and it's fun. Just read the rules that are printed below. Remember there are now eight chances to win instead of one. Here's what this week's cover is all about:

For the Love o' Lil!

By Leslie Thrasher

CHAPTER VII OF THE FAMOUS COVER CONTINUITY

JUNIOR MORSE has acquired a dog. Not a very new dog; in fact, it looks a little shopworn. But that can be explained.

When Pop Morse was expressing a desire to kick Lil's sweet-singing boy friends clear off the front cover of last week's issue, he happened to mention in a loud tone that he didn't mind young pups around the house as long as they didn't howl.

That gave Junior one of his inspirations. He was the intimate friend of an unemployed dog that had lost its voice by indulging a taste for washing soda and discarded radio batteries. Junior brought it home and managed to keep it three days in the cellar without anyone getting wise.

Of course Pop had to make good. So the dog stayed.

That's why you see the picture of Junior and the Friend of Man on this week's cover. The latter has just eaten a dry cell, so naturally it's thirsty.

(To be continued next week)

Prize Award No. 2

Prize Cover No. 2

THIS TITLE WON $1,000

"A Little Belle Longing for a Ring"

The Winner:

EDWIN S. GULLIVER
Chestnut and 56th Streets
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Here's what perseverance can do: Mr. Gulliver has been a contest fan for years, but this is the first big fish he's landed. He's a printing expert, fifty-three years old, and married twenty-seven years. "I always knew I'd hit it big some day," he said.

Keep on trying and YOU may be next!

$1,000 MORE *NEXT WEEK!* BETTER HURRY, FOLKS!

RULES

1 On the front cover of LIBERTY this week is a picture without a title. This picture is a part of LIBERTY'S new cover serial—For the Love o' Lil—telling the picture-story of an American family. The public is invited to suggest a title for this picture.

2 Eight cash prices will be paid each week as follows:

1st Prize	$500
2d Prize	250
3d Prize	100
4th Prize	50
5th to 8th prizes ($25 each)	100
Total	$1,000

3 This contest is open to every man, woman, boy, and girl, except employees of LIBERTY and their families.

4 Each entry must contain the following:
a. A title suggestion in ten words or less.
b. A letter of not more than 50 words telling whether or not you like the cover—and why.

5 Contestants may submit as many answers as they wish. The accompanying coupon may be used or separate sheets of paper. If separate sheets are used, the coupon number should be written on each one.

6 All entries for this week's contest must be sent to "Covers," care of LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City, and must be in this office by midnight, August 7, 1926. No entries will be returned. The winners will be announced in LIBERTY as soon thereafter as possible.

7 Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

8 Originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, neatness and form will count. Entries will be judged first by the title suggestion submitted, and second by the reason for liking or disliking the cover picture.

9 The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of LIBERTY and their decision will be final. If two or more contestants submit the same prize-winning title suggestion and reasons for liking or disliking the cover, and if such entries are submitted in an equally clear, concise, and neat form, a duplicate award will be paid to each such tying contestant.

"Covers"—LIBERTY
247 Park Avenue, New York City

No. 7

My title for the LIBERTY cover for July 31 is:

.....

Write title here and send with it a letter of not more than 50 words telling whether or not you like the cover—and why.

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

BEFORE *and* AFTER

Too weary for Parties:
worn-out by the day's tasks, thousands drift into social exclusion not knowing the true reason for their tiredness.

Cross as a bear:
noises jar on sick nerves, a symptom of constipation causing many heartbreaks.

Drowned in Work:
when the slightest, hidden constipation slows down a man, masses of detail pile up and kill pleasure in work.

Men and women by the hundreds of thousands are spoiling their lives by being a trifle off health most of the time. Failure shadows them closely.

Others, and these are thousands also, have learned the cause, and have taken a most reasonable, non-medicinal treatment. This has changed their condition from half-living to fullness of vigor. It has unlocked great success to them in many varied endeavors.

This treatment—4 days of it, sufficient to show results—is offered you through the use of the coupon shown below. It is a liquid, as clear as pure water, and as harmless. It has the taste of toasted nuts.

This is the nature-given Nujol, what physicians term "inert," unabsorbed by any part of the body.

Because of this "passage-through" quality every drop of Nujol reaches the large, five-foot-long intestine. There it softens impacted waste matter, dissolves the hardened debris and smooths the tissue walls. Intestinal movements become entirely thorough, easy, and regular. That completeness of ejecting poisonous waste is essential to health.

Stop this hidden ill

Many who were certain that constipation was not their trouble have proved themselves mistaken; for they have gained by the taking of Nujol buoyant spirits, new animation in feelings and appearance, clear complexion, steady nerves—whatever they lacked of health-energy.

Those whom specialists have had to warn against taking coarse foods, or "roughage," because of dangers of ulcers, have found this physician-prescribed Nujol to be the safest of all treatments for constipation. Also, the most pleasant.

A 4-day trial—a swallow night and morning of this nut-tasting Nujol—will start noticeably removing from your life humanity's most prevalent cause of failure and unhappiness. Surely, you will send for this trial offer.

"Defeating the Enemy of Health"

If you are already persuaded to Nujol and its new health-energy by friends or physician, you can obtain it at any drug store any place in the land. Then, naturally, you don't want to delay its use. But, whether you start Nujol by purchasing it today or by accepting the trial offer, you are urged to send the coupon at once for the illustrated book, "Defeating the Enemy of Health." It is filled with valuable and interesting facts about the body and the remaking of health to an amazing stage.

Nujol
REG.U.S.PAT.OFF.

Nature-given

Always Ready for Play:
filled with new health-energy, men and women top the day's work with social pleasures, and keep always young.

A Good Pal:
the new health-energy relaxes nerves, brings patience and happiness to men, women and children.

On Top of Work:
this new health-energy clears the brain that clears the desk for big executive action.

Accept this TRIAL Offer Today

Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), 26 Broadway, New York City

Send me 4-day trial bottle of Nujol, the non-medicinal remover of hidden constipation. Enclosed is 10 cents to pay shipping costs. Send also 30-page, illustrated booklet, "Defeating the Enemy of Health." (For booklet alone, draw a line through 10 cents above, and send no money.)

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....B

© 1926 S. O. Co. (N.J.)

The Empty CRADLE of HARVARD

Science Prescribes Children for What Ails American Culture

An Article by

BRENDA UELAND

Picture by KENNETH CAMP

JOHN HARVARD may well lament that the Harvard strain is dying out.

SLOW suicide is taking place among our most gifted and best educated Americans. If it continues, most of the families with a long heritage of culture and achievement in the history of this country will become extinct in a few generations.

Consider, for instance, what is happening among graduates of Harvard, the oldest college in the United States and therefore representative of many of the finest and most typically American traditions.

Harvard men are producing only 2.33 children per marriage. This means, according to the averages that govern the growth or decline of population, that John Harvard may well lament that the Harvard strain is dying out. The proportion of childless marriages among Harvard families is far larger than that for any other group that has been studied by scientists.

To this there are many who will reply, "What of it?" Optimistic "melting-pot" enthusiasts may feel that the foreign-born who are filling America with their children are just as good as the old American stock, and that there is little to regret in the passing of the old-line American Harvard men.

On the other hand, scholars who have studied the trend and who really know something about it are worried. The newer strains, they say, are not mentally or physically the equals of the old.

But there are other impending losses even more significant. The vague yet vital qualities that make up national culture and intellectual tradition are to a large extent family affairs. They are handed from father to son, and their power and value grow and bear richer fruit from generation to generation. Such qualities are absorbed by babies with their mothers' training, by children in the environment of their homes, by young men and women in their natural friendships and associations.

Dr. John C. Phillips, Harvard 1899, has made two studies of the Harvard birth rate. He first studied the classes of 1851-60 and then the classes of 1891-1900. It is on these studies that Dr. Phillips bases the ominous conviction that what is happening to Harvard men is being repeated among educated classes the country over.

"Let us consider first," said Dr. Phillips, "some data that will help us to understand the situation.

"I take it that what might interest the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Hey!

Don't use *my* razor! Here's one for *you!*"

NO more grumblings from Dad, Husband, or Brother Bill! No more awkward moments trying to shave the underarm with a man's straight razor! Here is *a razor for a woman*—her very own—made especially to fit the curves of her body. It is CURVFIT, a *curved* razor, the *only safe razor ever designed exclusively for women.* Ask *him* to get you one, so you don't have to use his; or, take one home to *her* today. Get it at your department or drug store, or beauty shop—or send coupon below.

$1.00 and up. Blades, package, 50c

CURVFIT
The Woman's Razor

CURVFIT PRODUCTS CO., Inc.
71 West 23rd Street, New York

Enclosed find $1.00. Please send me your $1.00 Curvfit postpaid. It is understood that if not satisfied I may return the Curvfit and get my money back.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

VACATIONING
—the New way

Visit the historic shrines—catch intimate glimpses of spots significant in the traditions of our country. View in luxurious ease scenic beauty equal to any in the world.

With all the romance of stage-coach days—made modern—the tourist today travels via ROYAL BLUE LINE PALACE OBSERVATION COACHES. Noted for the best service in America.

Whatever your tastes, you may, in company with a selected group of charming and congenial companions—under the guidance of helpful escorts, view those sites you most desire to see.

ROYAL BLUE LINE MOTOR TOURS—all expense paid, operate from New York, Boston, Washington, Philadelphia, Chicago, Salt Lake City, San Francisco and Montreal.

Write for illustrated descriptive folders for any or all of the above cities. Mailed free.

ROYAL BLUE LINE BOSTON, MASS.

ROYAL BLUE LINE TOURS

[THE EMPTY CRADLE OF HARVARD]
Continued from Page Forty-three

average Harvard man in connection with this matter of birth rate (if he can face the subject at all) is the actual amount by which his stock fails to reproduce itself—fails to maintain the status quo and to send out into the world one son in place of his father and one daughter to replace the mother.

"In completing the family records of the years 1891-1900, I have tabulated the offspring of more than 5,500 men (5,562, to be exact); and since the classes in this decade were more than twice as large as in the decade preceding (and the records certainly more reliable), we are warranted in drawing some conclusions.

"TAKE a hypothetical present-day class of 1,000 men. If to this class we apply what we have learned of the birth rate, we find that this class will have a grand average of .71 son per graduate. And if we apply this ratio to future generations, we find that the stock would be extinct in 19 generations, or in some 633 years.

"Dr. C. B. Davenport applied this reasoning to a sample class of Harvard some time ago, and calculated that 1,000 graduates would leave only 50 sons at the end of 200 years. In carrying out his figures we reach the extinction point much sooner than I would with mine. Instead of about 50 sons at the end of 200 years (six generations), I would get 128 remaining, a result that is forlorn enough at best.

"On account of the very high proportion of Harvard men who contract childless marriages (25 per cent in the decade 1891-1900, and still rising), the burden of bringing up the next generation falls on a smaller proportion of graduates than it does on the population at large.

"I find that under present conditions—that is, with the present amount of celibacy and sterility—each Harvard family would have to produce 3.52 children in order to keep the Harvard population stationary. But we find that each productive marriage results, on the average, in only 2.33 children, or 66 per cent of the minimum required.

"Here is still another way to make this clear: In my figures, 5,021 graduates produced 4,058 sons to take their places. Of this number only about 3,600 survived, which leaves about .71 son, or less than three-quarters of a son, per graduate. To maintain an equilibrium, to produce 5,021 males of college age to take the places of their fathers, at least 5,523 boys should have been born. There was a lack of nearly 1,500 male babies.

"But the most serious aspect of the situation is to follow: 25 per cent of all Harvard marriages are childless; 19 per cent of the graduates remain unmarried. This last figure is not unusual, since the percentage of celibacy has remained almost constant since the class of 1850.

"It shows that the burden of bearing the 4,058 male children falls on 3,074 productive married graduates; for 915 of the men did not marry at all, and 1,032 married, but had no children. Therefore, if every place is to be filled by the son of a Harvard man, each successful (or productive) marriage ought to result in 1.79 male children.

"I ought not, perhaps, to have delayed so long in mentioning the female children. In order to take the places of their mothers, about 5,322 girl babies should have been born instead of the 3,725 that actually were born. Each productive marriage should have resulted in 1.73 daughters.

"Adding to this the 1.79 male babies (the difference in sex figures is due to the slightly larger number of males born), I come to my conclusion that each family with children would have to produce 3.52 children in order to keep the Harvard stock stationary, instead of the 2.33 children that is the case today."

Dr. Phillips says he cannot offer any explanation for the drop in birth rate.

Comparative birth rate of various occupations. The farmer leads, while clerks are lowest in average number of children per fertile family.

But we know that the small family has come to stay, and the causes that have brought it about are so complex that it would be absurd for any unqualified person to attempt an analysis.

We know a good deal about the urban birth rate as compared with rural rates, and we have recent studies on the comparative rates of reproduction among native American and foreign stocks. All the figures point to the same fact: our American grandparents had many more children than our American parents. Mixed and foreign families have a good many more children in both parent and student generations than do the pure American families.

"Now to revert," says Dr. Phillips, "to the most surprising and disquieting feature of all—the rapidly rising proportion of childless marriages among Harvard graduates. Childless marriages increased from 15 per cent (1851-60) to 25 or 26 per cent in the decade 1891-1900. This rise has been progressive.

"THE actual mating sterility is not easily reckoned. It varies, of course, with the age of the wives at marriage, and it is always lower among primitive rural groups, where marriage is early.

"We can only guess at what the sterility is for Harvard families, because we do not know the age of the wives at marriage.

"But we may be permitted to infer that the age of the wives is not far from 28 years and that the expected sterility of such a group will be between 15 and 18 per cent.

"But, even with this, we have left a large class of unproductive marriages—from 6 to 10 per cent—that cannot easily be accounted for.

"Medical authorities, who are best able to judge, say that the number of families who do not desire at least one child is very small, almost negligible. We should like to know how many childless marriages are due to the direct or indirect results of even temporary prevention, how many to contraceptive medical advice, and so on.

"It is conceivable, for instance, that a comparatively short period of prevention when the age of the wives is relatively high (as it is in the Harvard group) may account for a good many failures to produce children.

"Then, the increasing frequency of divorce and separation may prove an additional factor; but I have made no study of this, nor do I think that the class records would be at all complete on this

score. But the fact that family ties are less permanent than they used to be becomes apparent on just a casual inspection of class records.

"The number of marriages (per cent married) has remained almost constant. This, I think, is contrary to a general belief that the intellectual classes are cutting down their marriage rate, and it would be cause for some encouragement were it not for the rapid increase of childless marriages.

"Also, in studying records showing the interval between graduation and marriage, at first glance it appears that in the present generation Harvard men tend to marry earlier in life. Unhappily, this is not the case. Although the interval between graduation and marriage is decreasing slightly, the age of marriage is really increasing, owing to the later age of graduation. Thus, in the earlier decades, the actual marriage age was 30 years, whereas now it is over 31 years.

"Increasingly, of late years, the classes have been made up of a smaller proportion of men of English-speaking antecedents. In a rough analysis that I have made of the different races at Harvard for the years 1850-1925, I found that, whereas the class of 1850 was evidently composed of 95 per cent of English-speaking stock, the class of 1900 had only 78.7 per cent of similar stock, the remaining 21.3 per cent being made up of 4.4 per cent French, 6.8 per cent German and Austrian, 4.7 per cent Jewish, 2.4 per cent Scandinavian, and 3 per cent Russian.

"After 1900 there is a steady increase of foreign elements with each succeeding class (for better or worse, it is not for me to say), until in the class of 1925 there is less than 59 per cent of what I have called the old or English-speaking group. And very likely, since these mixed and foreign elements are so much more fertile than the native American, their influx into Harvard balanced an even further drop in the birth rate of native Americans at Harvard."

ANOTHER very interesting study of the vanishing American has been made in the Middle West by the University of Wisconsin, its results causing great concern among those who are interested in the coming generations who will occupy this land. It is not that there are not enough babies born. The worrisome thing is, the quality of the babies is not what it used to be.

A study was made of 420 primary families, all native American, and through them information was obtained of more than 2,000 of their married brothers and sisters living in Wisconsin and the Middle West. All these families are rich enough in brains and purse to have a child at the University of Wisconsin.

A comparison was made of the difference in the sizes of the families of two generations. The elder generation had 5.44 children per marriage. Their sons and daughters, when they had offspring at all, had only 3.35 children, a shrinkage of 38½ per cent in about thirty years. But since 13 per cent of the present generation are childless, the average number of children per marriage is 2.8.

The comparative fecundity of different occupational groups is interesting. In the past generation unskilled laborers had the greatest number of children, leading with an average of 6.7 per family. The farmers were next with 5.9. Then, in descending order, professional men, skilled laborers, business men, and clerical workers.

In the present generation the farmers lead with 4.2 per fertile family; unskilled laborers, 3.7; skilled laborers, 3.3; professional men, 3.2; business men, 2.9; clerical workers, 2.6. But the professional men make a poorer showing if we omit the clergymen, who average 4 children to a family. Without the clergymen the average product of professional men is 3 children.

Of the present generation nearly 18 per cent had only one lone child. For farmers and professional men, childlessness was 10 per cent; for skilled labor and business men, 15 per cent; for clerical workers, 20 per cent. Since the childlessness of the clergymen was 8.8 per cent, say the investigators, it is likely that childlessness in excess of this is voluntary.

NOW, to check the results of this investigation of the capable college-going Middle Western American families, a study was made of dependent families of native American stock —that is, families who subsist partially on charity. Figures were obtained for 100 of them. The investigation was made by Miss Jeanette Halverson of the University of Wisconsin.

All of these dependent families lived in the Middle West, and they were not picked, but were chosen at random in the records of various charity agencies. All had received relief again and again, and generally were weak stuff.

Here is the appalling news: These 100 families averaged 6.5 children each. This, as against the 2.8 children of the self-supporting families! In other words, the dependent families, who were nearly all mentally defective, alcoholic, immoral, or criminal, were bringing children into the world 2 1/3 times as fast as the sturdier middle-class families which had stamina and integrity enough to take care of themselves.

Concerning the 13 per cent of childlessness among the Middle Western college-going families (Harvard graduates, you remember from the foregoing, are 25 to 26 per cent childless), it is hard to account for. In the eighteenth century, 3,000 American wives had only 2 per cent infertility. The number has increased until now it is 13 per cent. Whereas, among wives of Polish parentage on the farms of twenty-one Minnesota counties, the infertility is well under 2 per cent.

France worries over her baby deficit. Her birth rate began to decline noticeably about thirty years ago. In 1911 more people died than were born in France. In 1922 the birth rate came up a little, but even then there were only 70,000 more babies than funerals. America fills two cradles to one coffin. But what about these babies? Are they as promising as they used to be?

This is what is happening: The birth rate among our best citizens is dropping off fast. The children of the very prolific immigrants from Europe are filling the country. Among the immigrants, few scions of gifted families have come. Europe has let us have few of her elite, but has been relieved of millions of her lower classes. For it is perhaps safe to assume that, as a general thing, those Europeans who have come to America have done so to get on, to find things easier for themselves, while those who were clever enough to thrive where they were remained at home.

In other words, the most fruitful fourth (unfortunately, our poorest class of foreign-born) will produce nearly as many children as the remaining three-fourths.

What will be the biological fate of our superior strains? College graduates are presumably members of the brightest fourth of the population, and studies of their fecundity disclose sinister tendencies.

From genealogical records a study has been made of the maternal performance of 12,722 American wives. Those who lived in 1700-50 averaged 6.83 children; those of 1750-1800 averaged 6.43 children. The American wives of the first half of the nineteenth century had 4.94 children; of the '50's and '60's, 3.47; of the '70's, 2.77.

"The explanation of the small family appears to be this," says Dr. Edward A. Ross:

"In the latter part of the last century the well posted element of our native stock learned how not to have more babies than they chose to have. Also, it is possible that the childlessness is due to little understood physiological causes.

"Alarming as it is, to return to blind fecundity is no remedy. In the Southern Appalachian Mountains, the people have from 7 to 15 children in a family. A child a year is a common schedule. The result is decrepitude and death for the women before middle age, and a multiplication so rapid brings about rural slums. The farms are smaller, cabins tinier, streams fouler, larders leaner than a generation ago.

"IN a time when 4 children in a family will maintain population, families of from 7 to 15 children would be a catastrophe and bring about a swarming of wretched humanity such as in China. There they can have children so prodigally because 80 per cent die within a year, whereas we lose less than 10 per cent."

Consequently, no one should expect emancipated and intelligent people to re-enter the hell of degradation of women and children, toil, squalor, hunger, and war that blind fecundity tends to create.

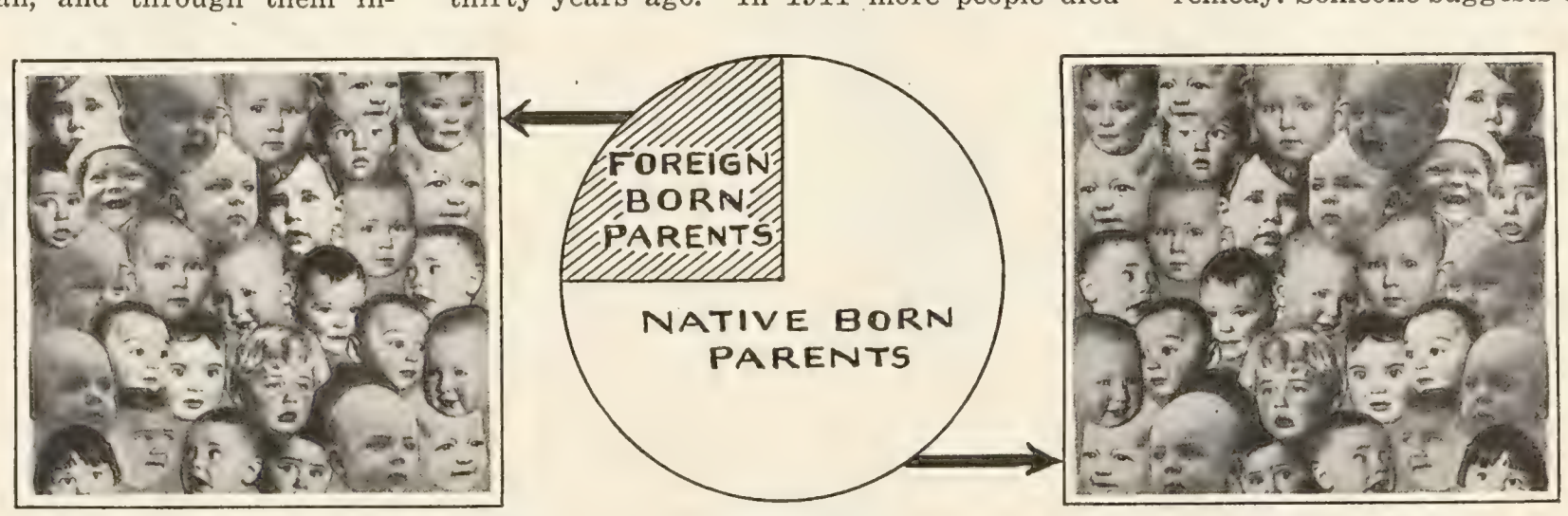
But, just the same, it is a great shame that the race of vigorous and high-class native Americans is dying out. It is hard to find a remedy. Someone suggests that people's philosophy of success should be corrected. Glorify the achievements of the family as they did in the past, when there was not such contempt for aristocracy and family power and distinction.

Today we are too individualistic. We say of a man, "What has he done?" The answer: "He made a million." "He can afford three cars." "His wife buys her clothes in Paris."

Instead we should be asking, "What are his children doing? And his grandchildren?" And men and women should draw their self-esteem out of pointing to a number of fine-looking, able descendants.

People like to think they will survive in their children. But few know that even two children does not mean family survival. To perpetuate your stock you must have at least four children.

THE END



The foreign born—numbering one-fourth of the population of the U. S.—produce nearly as many children as the remaining three-fourths.

A Small Wardrobe *with* Large Possibilities

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

SPECIAL PATTERNS by May Manton

THE leading question that comes to me about a hundred times a week is what, offhand, might be thought a little complicated to answer: How to get a dress for the city that will do for the country, and while excellent for hot weather will carry on just as appropriately into cold, and will meet every occasion up to time to dress for dinner, and might even at a stretch look all right after 6 P. M.

For such a garment I should choose one of the so-called sports dresses that is not of knitted material, paying particular attention to the line—that it is becoming and new enough to carry over into a far future. Crepella, crepe georgette, flat crepe, and even satin are all good.

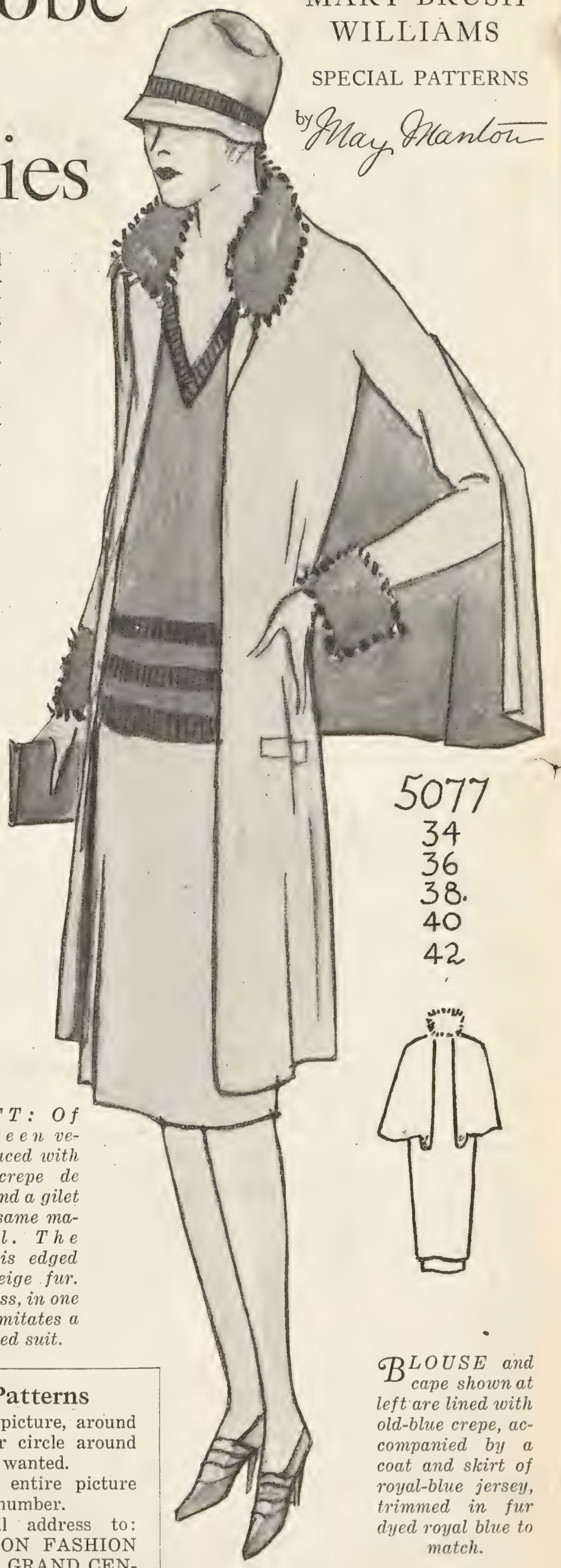
For the city such a dress needs merely a scarf, a light wrap, a fur piece, or, best of all, one of the little bolero jackets, sometimes sleeveless, of the material. In the country, a sweater, carrying the same color in it that the dress is made of, and a hat following the same general manner as the sweater, give the costume all the spirit of golf course and country club.

For dressier occasions, perhaps, and warmer weather, there is a silk sweater of blue and gold. Sometimes it covers a dark blue crepe de Chine dress, which thus simply masquerades as a frock for the country. To make this costume complete, its owner wears a soft velours sports hat of old blue.

Another costume, no less beautiful, while almost uncannily practical, is of flat crepe in burnished beige, cut on Vionnet lines, with loose, swinging panels on the sides and long V-shaped lines of the material down the bodice. A dress sophisticated enough for almost any town afternoon function, yet that when worn under a brown-and-blue sweater becomes thoroughly *pour le sport.*

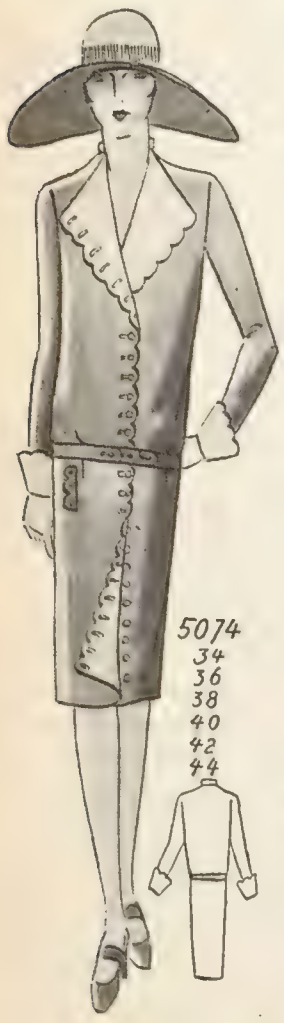
A woman sitting at a luncheon table in one of the smart country clubs was dressed in a black soft silk dress handsomely embroidered all over in a leafed pattern of dull gold filled in with black silk embroidery. It had a round neck and short sleeves. By slipping a sweater over this gown, she immediately transformed it into a charming sports costume.

All of the accompanying models are in excellent style for both town and country, and carry some of the new notes of fall, being from recent collections.



5076
16
18
20

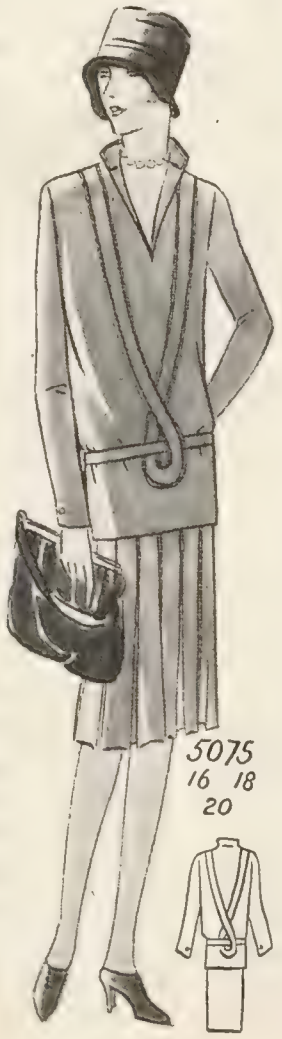
LEFT: Of green velours faced with beige crepe de Chine and a gilet of the same material. The blouse is edged with beige fur. The dress, in one piece, imitates a tailored suit.



5074
34
36
38
40
42
44

THE dress at the left is made of black crepe de Chine faced with white satin, with scallops and buttonholes as additional trimming.

AT right: A blouse of henna flannel with a skirt of the same color crepe de Chine. The blouse is trimmed with the silk.



5075
16 18
20

BLOUSE and cape shown at left are lined with old-blue crepe, accompanied by a coat and skirt of royal-blue jersey, trimmed in fur dyed royal blue to match.

Order Special Patterns

by marking a circle, on picture, around the number, and another circle around the size, of each pattern wanted.

Tear out and inclose entire picture with 25 cents for each number.

Send with your full address to: LIBERTY MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, P. O. Box 418, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

STARS *that* Flash *in* Screen-Land's Sky

Johnny Hines and Flora Finch

A Movie Review
By ALVA TAYLOR

GOOD AND NAUGHTY
Directed by Malcolm St. Clair A Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Germaine Morris	*Pola Negri*
Gerald Gray	*Tom Moore*
Bunny West	*Ford Sterling*
Claire Fenton	*Miss du Pont*
Thomas Fenton	*Stuart Holmes*
Chouchou Rouselle	*Marie Mosquini*
"Bad News" Smith	*Warner Richmond*

WAIT a minute. Don't get this wrong. It's not a picture about the young lady of the nursery rhyme who had a little curl in the middle of her forehead, who was sometimes very good and sometimes very naughty. It's Pola Negri playing a light-comedy role for a change.

Under the deft guidance of Malcolm St. Clair, Pola blossoms forth in charming comedy spirit. The story, taken from the stage play Naughty Cinderella, is a matter of small importance. It's the way it's done that makes it good entertainment. Of course there's the good old appeal of the plain, ordinary moth that turns into a beautiful butterfly.

Ford Sterling

Pola Negri

Germaine Morris (Pola Negri) was a drudge in the office of Gray & West, architects. She was rich enough to buy them out, yet she looked as if she didn't have enough money to buy a hairbrush. But she loved Gerald Gray (Tom Moore), bachelor, although he didn't know she existed, other than as his office drudge.

The wife of his best client also found him worth pursuing, among a few dozen other men. Her husband was just waiting to single out one man whose name he could write down in the space left vacant for corespondent in the divorce papers. Germaine wanted to save Gerald from scandal, and so she decided to go along on a Florida trip, which was taken ostensibly to fix over the Fenton home, but really to give Mrs. Fenton (Miss du Pont) a chance to be with Gerald. To do this Germaine had to make herself beautiful, so that she could pose as Gerald's fiancee.

Germaine got her Gerald—and you'll get plenty of enjoyment out of the picture.

THE BROWN DERBY
Directed by Charles Hines A First National Picture

THE CAST:

Tommy Burke	*Johnny Hines*
Edith Worthing	*Diana Kane*
Betty Caldwell	*Ruth Dwyer*
Aunt Anna	*Flora Finch*
John J. Caldwell	*Edmund Breese*
Captain Shay	*J. Barney Sherry*
Robert Farrell	*Bradley Barker*
Adolph Plummer	*Herbert Standing*
Frank Boyle	*Harold Foshay*
Sam	*Bob Slater*

ALL those in favor of Johnny Hines, please raise their right hands. Well, you can go to The Brown Derby. All those not in favor of Johnny Hines, please raise *your* right hands. Well, you'd better stay at home. For The Brown Derby is a foolish bit of nothing which merely serves as material for the comic antics of one Johnny Hines.

There's plenty of the good old Hines slapstick humor in this movie. Mr. Hines obliges by eating whipped-cream shaving cream in the barber shop, chasing an elusive hat, and the climax of his picture is the familiar bedroom farce he has contributed in two-reel comedies in the past.

It was this way: Tommy Burke (Johnny Hines, no other) was a plumber. He was a good plumber, but he didn't know it. In other words, Tommy was suffering from an inferiority complex. He needed something to make him think he was not only a good plumber but a great fellow in general.

One day he got it. It came in the form of a brown derby which had been his late uncle's greatest pride and joy. With this brown derby the uncle had amassed great fortunes (which went to his other heirs; Johnny was to amass his own with the aid of his brown hat).

There follows a most complicated plot. To make a tremendously long story tremendously short, Tommy went to the wrong house one day to fix a bathtub. When he arrived he was mistaken for an uncle from Australia, because he said he was "a plumber," and the uncle's name was A. Plummer. Ha, ha! Now, isn't that funny?

And then there was an eloping couple, and the minister married the wrong couple, and one couple thought they were married, but the minister who married them was a burglar dressed in the minister's clothes. And so forth.

Johnny Hines is at his best.

THE SOCIAL HIGHWAYMAN
Directed by William Beaudine A Warner Brothers Picture

THE CAST:

Jay Rodman Walker	*John Patrick*
Elise Van Tyler	*Dorothy Devore*
Ducket Nelson *Dr. R. Rappaport Runyon*	*Montagu Love*
Bobbie	*Lynn Cowan*
Editor	*James Gordon*
Convict	*Frank Brownlee*

WATCH this carefully. I'm going to step out and use a tricky word. Have you heard this one? Picaresque—there you are, and we don't charge extra. The social highwayman was one of those characters known as picaresque. He had no scruples at all about robbing anyone at any time, but he did it in a romantic way. He is delightfully and entertainingly played by Montagu Love.

But he is not the hero. No, indeed. To fill this role we have a movie cub reporter (John Patrick), whose business it is to find the rogue, Ducket Nelson, and break up the crooked political ring.

John Patrick

Dorothy Devore

This reporter works on a small-town paper where the city editor has a private office. Outside of this phenomenon, the picture is beyond reproach. It isn't taken seriously enough to cause anyone used to newspapers any distress over the picture of newspaper life it portrays.

There is also a girl, Elise Van Tyler (Dorothy Devore), who is a feature writer on her uncle's newspaper. Elise also goes out to get the social highwayman, so that she may write a feature story.

The reporter, who has never met the feature writer, gets there first. But he doesn't know that Dr. R. Rappaport Runyon, traveling quack, is the famous highwayman, and so he pretends to be Ducket. When the girl comes on the scene, she introduces herself as Monte Carlo Kate, the girl who held up the Casino single-handed. And there you are, with a situation in which hero and heroine wish to reform each other, not knowing that both work for the same paper.

There are a number of amusing scenes.

The Adventures of Benny, Nicky, and Greg

Picture by ROBERT A. GRAEF

By ALINE KILMER

EDITOR'S NOTE — Mrs. Joyce Kilmer (Aline Kilmer), widow of the noted poet-soldier, Joyce Kilmer, has gained fame as a poet in her own right. Her serial starting in this issue is a simple narrative, full of charm, whose real flesh-and-blood heroes are her own youngsters.

OFF FOR BUTTONWOOD

CHAPTER I

THREE small boys were going. That sounds simple, and they were very happy about it. But wait until you hear more. Gran was going, too. And Uncle Bunkle—whose real name was nothing like that, and who was, when in good form, an excellent firedrake—was going with them. And Domar, a large and magnificent Police Dog, who kept peace in the family by gently but firmly biting anyone who started a fight, was going. And four trunks, three boxes, eleven pieces of hand luggage, a Teddy Bear, and I were all going with them. At least, we were all going to start, and we hoped all of us would get there. So you will understand why the three boys were the only ones who were happy.

The three little boys were going because they wanted a place where they could run wild for the summer. Gran, who doesn't usually live with us, was going because she hoped she might be able to terrify them into good behavior. Uncle Bunkle was going because they wanted him. Domar was going because they won't go anywhere without him. I was going because they own me. So we were all going really because of the three little boys.

But before we got there both Uncle Bunkle and Domar were very sorry they had ever started. And Gran was sorry. And I should have been sorry, only I should have been just as badly off anywhere else, I suppose. But the three little boys were happy all the way!

We live, in the wintertime, in a town that is so small that a great many people go there in the summer thinking it is the country. But we know that the real country is nothing like any town. By "country" we mean a place where one house is out of sight of the next; where you may walk for miles and never see a house at all. And, more important still, where you may go barefoot, or maybe in a bathing-suit, all day.

So, about two months before, I had sneaked away from home and found a summer place for us. And what a place I had found! But, if I had never seen it, I should have taken it as soon as I heard its name. For the very delightful name it had was BUTTONWOOD.

CHAPTER II

ONLY one thing cast a gloom over the going. Emmy and Tony should have been with us. Emmy is, as you may have guessed, a little girl. Tony is a middle-aged boy. They were away in school and couldn't join us for another week.

Carlotta had meant to go with us, too. Carlotta is plump and black-haired and Italian. She had been with us for six years, taking care of the children and doing practically everything else as well. But poor Carlotta had lately groaned aloud with rheumatism most of the time. So she said the children had been the death of her, and now we would have to get on as well as we could by ourselves. She cried a great deal, and said she didn't know how on earth we could manage.

But, instead of taking up so much time explaining why there were no more of us, I'd better go back and count us up again. Someone may have got lost.

Gran, Uncle Bunkle, Nicholas, Gregory, Ben, Domar, four trunks, three boxes, eleven pieces of hand luggage. Oh, yes—and me! Twenty-five head. The trunks and boxes could soon be checked, but then we should pick up Uncle Bunkle's portfolio and typewriter at the New York station. Twenty of us.

Now I have us all ready to start. I'd better hurry up about it or we'll miss the train.

CHAPTER III

WELL, before traintime the three little boys were sent on foot to the village station, with Domar all harnessed and muzzled. They put his harness on all by themselves, so it got turned upside-down and he was a queer-looking animal. He hated the harness, right or wrong.

Ben, trim and handsome, very well dressed, looked quite the man-of-the-world, except that he carried the huge golden-brown Teddy Bear. He walked very proudly, Ben did, because he was wearing his best hat. He is the youngest of the three; but Gregory, a year older, looks younger, and Ben has more sense in some ways than Gregory and Nick put together. He is their cousin. Gregory and Nick are brothers.

Nicholas, thin, shambling, and overgrown, freckled, nervous, with blue eyes peering through enormous spectacles, looks like nothing on earth except possibly Don Quixote. He carried my little dressing-case and led Domar.

Gregory, familiarly known as "the Grig," looks like a Leprechaun. His long, pointed face was thin and white because he had been having bad earaches, and all the skin was gone from his nose because he had fallen from a tree two days before. He carried what he calls his "grief-case" full of schoolbooks for possible summer use.

Some time after they had left, Gran, Uncle Bunkle, and I got into a taxi with all the bags, a great many coats, and Uncle Bunkle's two walking-sticks, one for town and one for country. In one of the bags was Greg's taupe velvet penguin, his dearest possession for years. Beside him was Teddy Bah, who is not to be confused with Teddy Bear. I'll explain Teddy Bah later when he comes out of the bag.

At the last moment Carlotta came tumbling down the terraces with tears on her face, very apologetic for fear she was crowding us. She was, but we didn't care.

In the meantime, Nicky, Gregory, and Ben had reached the station. Strange as it may seem, they remembered where we had told them to wait. They had been told to go down the middle stairs to the platform. And they did it!

But they had a terrible time.

Just going somewhere on a journey sounds simple, but when you have three little boys and one big dog along, it's a regular scramble, as you'll see in next week's issue of LIBERTY.

Good news about "creaming"

This good news is about the good new way of "creaming"—not with expensive cream, but with economical Carnation Milk.

Creamed potatoes, creamed cauliflower, creamed asparagus, creamed all-sorts-of-things . . . they can be done to perfection with Carnation.

For Carnation is pure, rich milk (unsweetened), made *twice* as rich by evaporating part of the natural water. And *it is "homogenized," so every drop gets an equal share of the double helping of cream.*

That, so the domestic science experts explain, is why Carnation Milk, used in "creaming" or in any other kind of cooking, gives a smoothness, a texture, a body, which simply can't be equaled with bottled milk. . . .

Let this recipe be *your* introduction to this good new way—this convenient, economical, *better* way.

Carnation Creamed Potatoes

6 medium sized potatoes; 2 quarts boiling water with 1½ tsp. salt; 2 tbsp. finely minced parsley. *White Sauce*—1½ cups Carnation Milk diluted with 1½ cups water, meat or chicken stock; 3 tbsp. flour; 3 tbsp. butter; 1½ tsp. salt; pepper.

Prepare white sauce. Meanwhile cook potatoes in boiling salted water. When tender, drain thoroughly. Leave potatoes whole or cut in neat ½-inch cubes. Reheat potatoes in sauce. Add parsley and serve immediately in hot vegetable dish. For variety, the raw potatoes may be diced or cut in balls with a French vegetable cutter, then steamed. Cold boiled potatoes may also be used, but care must be taken to heat potatoes thoroughly in the white sauce. This recipe serves six.

"My Hundred Favorite Recipes"—write for this unusual little recipe book by Mrs. Mary Blake. It is free

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY
738 Carnation Building, Oconomowoc, Wis.
838 Stuart Bldg., Seattle, Wash. · New York · Aylmer, Ont.

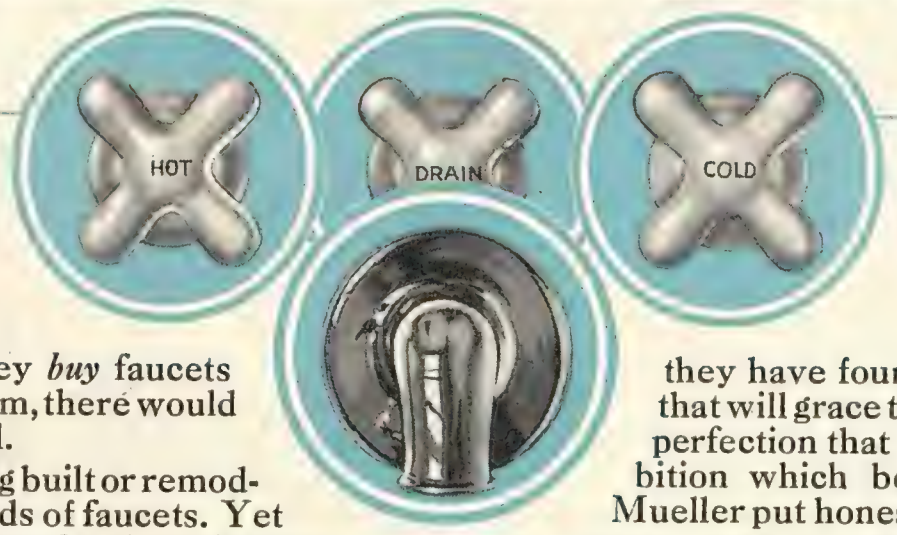
© 1926, Carnation Milk Products Co.

If faucets *always* looked as BIG as they appear these hot days

Consult your architect in regard to the Vital Spots of plumbing. He knows Mueller Faucets are dependable and will be glad to approve your desire to have them installed.

A step ahead in hot water heating

In one master stroke the Mueller heat control system eliminates the trouble points in the hot water heating plant and brings greater comfort, greater convenience and reduced coal bills. See your *merchant* plumber or steam fitter about this inexpensive, dollar-saving convenience.



If people would be as critical when they *buy* faucets as they invariably are when they *use* them, there would be fewer faucets that *could* be criticized.

Right now thousands of homes are being built or remodeled and into them will go more thousands of faucets. Yet how many of those who select the faucets for these homes will see them as they appear during this hot weather when a faucet can be the one heartening thing in a scorching day—or one more little irritation.

The fact is, that in selecting faucets, as in selecting many other things, the out-of-sight-out-of-mind attitude leads many people to put price ahead of ultimate cost and to simply *hope* that any faucet which *looks* right will work right.

Yet thousands of people are *not* habit-blind when they buy faucets. Thousands have considered faucets in their true proportions—as the Vital Spots of the plumbing system. In Mueller Faucets they have found not only beauty of design and finish that will grace the finest fixtures, but also the mechanical perfection that is the fulfillment of a manufacturing ambition which began 69 years ago when Hieronymus Mueller put honest quality into the first Mueller products.

There are Mueller Faucets for the bathroom, the kitchen sink, the laundry, the garage—for every need. When you install Muellers at every Vital Spot in your plumbing system, you will know that it *is* possible to have faucets that turn completely on and fully off—that there *are* faucets that won't groan, chatter, spurt, or splash.

As a skilled craftsman your *merchant* plumber is glad to supply and install Mueller Faucets. If he does not carry them, he can quickly get them from the nearest Mueller jobber. There are three hundred of these jobbers—established wholesalers whose large scale operations materially reduce the cost of supplying your plumber and thus produce a saving that is later passed on to you.

MUELLER CO. (*Established 1857*) *Factories:* Decatur, Illinois; Port Huron, Michigan
Branches: New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles *Canadian Factory:* MUELLER, Limited, Sarnia

MUELLER FAUCETS

faucets without a fault

© Mueller Co.—1926

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

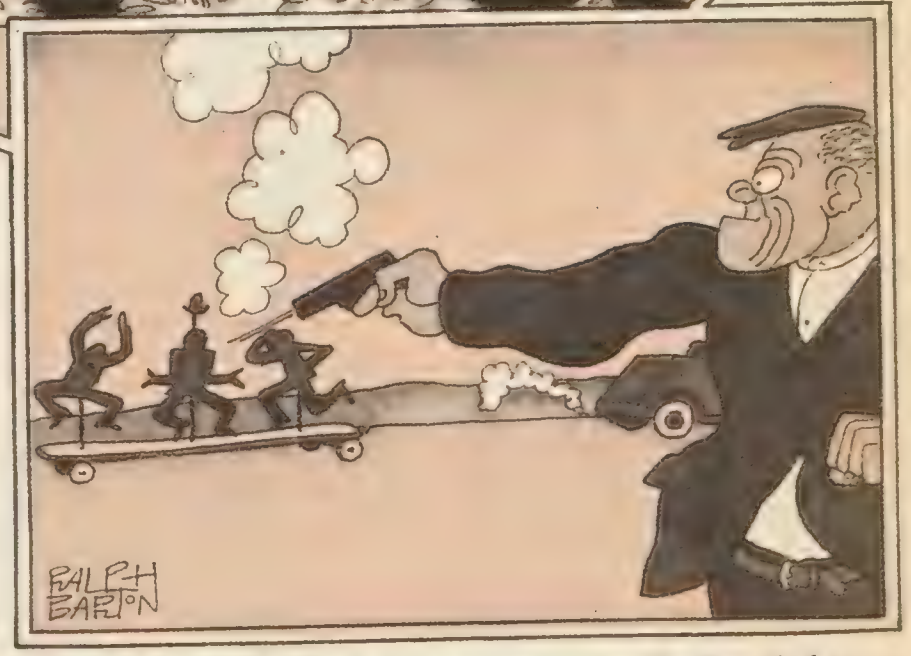
By RALPH BARTON

TWO RAVISHING ASPIRANTS TO MOVIE STARDOM THROUGH GRAPHIC SECTION'S GREAT BEAUTY CONTEST. Left: Lulu Mae Mawnk, boatswain, U. S. Destroyer Borah; and, right: Billie Johansen, home girl, Muscle Shoals, Ala., a striking Aileen Pringle type.

10,692,578 PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN have been received to date in the GRAPHIC SECTION'S GREAT BEAUTY CONTEST. The above photo shows the judges (left to right): Ex-Rajah Sir Hari Singh, the famous "Mr. A"; Her Majesty, the Queen of Roumania; Monsieur Venizelos; and Signor Rudolph Valentino—who, by working night and day, have managed to reduce this deluge of pulchritude to 500 possibilities. IS YOUR PHOTO AMONG THE 500? IF NOT, ENTER THE CONTEST AT ONCE! NO ENTRIES CONSIDERED AFTER MIDNIGHT.

STRIKING PENNSYLVANIA VOTERS picketing the entrance to the Sesquicentennial Exposition in Philadelphia in protest against the prevailing starvation rates paid for votes in the Keystone State.

THE CAMERA IS SPEEDIER THAN THE EYE. Remarkable photograph of a French Finance Minister during his term of office, obtained, after hours of patient waiting with a special speed lens, by our Paris photographer. The name of the particular minister caught by the camera was not learned.



PISTOL RANGE set up on Long Island to enable New York gunmen to practice on moving targets. The object of the range is to reduce the number of casualties among innocent bystanders.

The TWELFTH

A Good Angel Makes the Fifth Player in a Foursome

By George B. Francis

THEN Bigelow hit the ball. It went past the cup and stopped an inch away.

IT was 3 o'clock on a Wednesday afternoon in July. The offices of the Jenkins Coal Company were hot. Business was slow. All things considered it was an ideal day to go home and watch his chauffeur mow the lawn, so the president of the Jenkins Coal Company reached for his panama and started out.

Jenkins was always Mr. Jenkins or President Jenkins, and was always addressed as "sir." He was smart, but outside of coal he was a coward and feared the world and its quips. He was short; he had no figure; he had too many chins.

Carefully scanning his shortcomings many times in the bathroom mirror he decided that reserve was his best pose—reserve and dignity. His pleasures became selfish and he was close to becoming a perfect snob.

He turned to his secretary. Bigelow was well mannered, nearing thirty, quiet, perfect as a secretary and confidential assistant. But he had incurred Jenkins' displeasure. He had that very morning asked for a raise. The request mentioned the cost of living and of maintaining a family. Jenkins had been constrained to refuse the request. He felt that he must hold this young man down.

"Good-by, Bigelow," he said. "Going for the day."

"Good-by, sir," said Bigelow rising.

Jenkins paused long enough to create an impression of deep thought, then left. As a matter of fact, he was thinking of letting Bigelow go for the day also. He was too good a man to lose, and Jenkins was determined never to lose him. But he dismissed the thought of letting him off as being too near a compromise with his previous decision — as letting down the bars—and went out without a word.

Bigelow merely went to the phone, called a number, and said, "Hello, Sam; meet me on the first tee at five-twenty!"

There were three golf clubs in Jenkins' city. They were the Miskattawimpus, the Ossawattasumpin, and the St. Gemima. The first was a combination of golf and jazz club. Its membership was select but nondescript. The second was the club of the ordinary people, with the usual run of lawyers, doctors, and vice presidents of banks. The third was the club of the elect, representing the wealth and birth of the city.

Jenkins belonged to the St. Gemima, of course.

When he played golf, which was about once a month, he dressed at home in order to avoid displaying his figure in the shower room.

Jenkins stepped to the curb and summoned his car by an authoritative shake of his stick. As it drew up, along came Bill Buttler of the First National, Steve King of the First Title and Mortgage, and two of their intimates. All were dressed in knickers.

Jenkins winced. Bill was a noted player and Steve was a noted kidder and better. Steve always won his bets before he left the first tee. Jenkins once played with Steve, and Steve got his goat so dreadfully that he retired after the sixth hole, pleading a blister on his toe. Steve never forgot that blister.

"Hello, Jenkins!" called Steve. "Going our way?"

"What's this?" said Jenkins with dignity. "Taking an afternoon off?"

"You bet; the doctor's orders. Shooting any golf now? How's the old toe?"

"Never got well; can hardly use it."

"Better go to my doctor; he'll fix it. Say,

Green

Pictures by J. F. KERNAN

he'll fix that bay window of yours at the same time. What you need is more golf."

Jenkins felt the dig at his contour.

"I haven't time for play," he said.

"Say, golf isn't play for you," retorted Steve; "it's punishment."

Jenkins closed his eyes to frame a crushing retort, when Bill Buttler interposed. Bill, perhaps, remembered that Jenkins was one of his depositors.

"How about a game with us some day, Jenkins? I'll take you on as my partner."

Jenkins weakened. Here was a chance to best Steve.

"Any time you say."

"Let's make it next week; Wednesday, say."

Bill's and Steve's foursome rode away, all in a holiday mood. Jenkins rode home alone. He found himself looking for rattles in the car for which to chide his chauffeur. He rode up the winding road to his door and noted that the lawn had been freshly cut—a blow. There were no children to break the serene quietude of his home, but his soul was not at peace. He wanted action. He wished he were one of that foursome and had a sunburned face and an aggressive strike.

BUT then, he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had the coal business of his city by the tail; that was something. So he thought about coal and the office. As he pondered he realized that he needed someone with signing power. What Jenkins needed was a minor executive; someone of sense and decision.

While reading the paper at breakfast the next morning Jenkins noticed that Bill Buttler had tied for first place at the Rotary Club Midweek Tournament at the Ossawattasumpin Club. He was tied with some stranger. But what did Steve do? That was more important. Steve finished tenth. Good enough! He and Bill would trim him to a fare-thee-well the coming Wednesday.

Scanning the columns it appeared that Bill would play off the tie with—whoever it was—at a later date. The names and the scores were interesting; some names he knew—Bill Buttler, 76; Steve King, 82; the Browning boys, etc.; but other names were meaningless and sounded like the common crowd at Ossawattasumpin—Bigelow, 76; Brown, 78; Smith, 84; Jones, 88; McNabb, 90; Harrigan, 94—what a dreadful lot! Yes, there were even scores of 112 and 115, his own speed.

It was on Tuesday that he received a shock. Bigelow asked for the following afternoon off. This was annoying.

"But, Bigelow," he said, "I shall be off tomorrow. I have an engagement."

"I wouldn't have mentioned it, sir; but things are so quiet. I've been invited to St. Gemima for the afternoon."

Worse and more of it. His secretary crashing the gate of the inner circle! What the devil was the country coming to when clerks watched their betters at play and saw them in shower baths and all that?

"Suit yourself, Bigelow," he answered: "but clean things up before you leave."

Jenkins rode to St. Gemima alone, as Buttler said he would bring along the others—Steve and some fourth. While en route he admired his new knickers and stockings and shoes.

He drew up at the locker room, left his coat, and turned to the first tee. There were Bill and Steve. There was a fourth, but his back was turned, as he was washing a ball—a messy habit.

"All ready!" called Bill, as he approached.

Jenkins walked up with a confident smile.

"Well, old boy, how's your toe?" roared Steve in his grating voice.

Damn such indecent bantering in the presence of a stranger, thought Jenkins, but before he could answer, Bill spoke up:

"I guess we're all ready. All ready, Bigelow?"

And before Jenkins' very eyes the man at the box turned, and if it wasn't Bigelow of the Jenkins Coal Company! Jenkins paled, his heart stopped, he flinched.

Bigelow came forward in an easy manner.

"How-do-you-do, sir?".

BILL beamed. "This is a surprise for you, Jenkins. You and I are going to take on Steve and Bigelow. Bigelow and I tied last week and we're going to play off our tie with the foursome."

Jenkins saw it all. He felt sick.

"Well, well! you don't say. Good enough. Does—er—er—Bigelow play golf?"

"What?" barked Steve. "Does he play golf?" Then, suddenly turning facetious, he added: "Does the boy play golf! Say—if he's on his game he'll break the First National Bank."

"Good," said Jenkins, with a forced smile.

He glanced toward Bigelow—not eye to eye, but downward with blinking eyes.

The lad looked clean and wholesome. Somehow his chin was higher and his head farther

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"LOOK out for the pond, old man. Don't let the puddle get your goat!"

[THE TWELFTH GREEN
Continued from Page Fifty-three]

back than in the office. Jenkins could see that he was in for a disagreeable experience; that there would be many future references to this afternoon at the office.

"Let's go," said Steve. "How about a little bet? I'm shooting rotten golf. How many bisques do I get?"

"Don't make me laugh," said Bill.

"On the level, I'm on the rocks. Can't hit a thing. I'll play you a dollar a hole and you give me five bisques."

"Not a bisque."

"How about it?" said Steve, turning to Bigelow. "Shall we run a match on the side?"

"Don't like to play against my partner."

"Come on; be a sport. Give me three bisques and I'll go you a dollar a hole."

Jenkins watched him sharply—would he fall into the clutches of this golfing Shylock?

"Not today," said Bigelow.

"Ah, be a man!" snapped Steve.

Jenkins' blood rose. This was an insulting way to treat a young chap.

"It's hardly worth my while to play, you know, if I haven't a bet. If you want to waste my time, all right," whined Steve.

Jenkins recognized the old line. It riled him. He realized he would have that jeering mouth to listen to all the way round. His anger rose. He stepped up.

"Say, King, if you want a little bet, I'll bet on Bigelow's ball—a dollar a hole."

"Ha! Ha! Betting on his opponent. All right. You're on. I get five bisques."

"You get nothing," retorted Jenkins.

"Five bisques or nothing, tightwad."

Bigelow interposed:

"Let him have three bisques, Mr. Jenkins."

"What, only three?" whined Steve. Steve was proud of that whine. He had got more goats with that whine than you could count.

"Yes, only three," said Jenkins. He was bitter. "Be a man," he added.

"Say," said Steve, "that's a good line from you. I'll just make a little bet with you. I'll bet you five to one you don't win a hole this afternoon."

BILL and Bigelow laughed. Of course he wouldn't in that fast company. Bill teed up his ball to play.

"I'll show the way," he said.

"Ten to one," shouted Steve.

"No."

"Fifteen to one."

"No."

"Twenty to one; be a man."

"Take him, sir," said Bigelow. "It's a fair chance."

"You're on," said Jenkins. His fighting spirit was up.

"All right," cried Steve, with elation in his voice. "Now four bisques on Bigelow."

"No."

"Oh, don't be so tight."

"Only three."

"I'll lend you the money."

"Only three."

"All right. Doggone you, Jenkins! You're the tightest man in forty counties. I might as well give you ten dollars now. I'm the goat."

Bill and Steve arranged their usual game of one out and one in, and Bill drove. A beautiful straight ball went down the course. Not far—but straight and well hit. Then Jenkins drove. As he took his stance he thought of his plus fours, then of his shoes, then of the office, then of his bet. Finally he looked at the ball, swung back slowly, and came through—thank Heaven, he hit the ball!

Off the tee it went for 125 yards with a crisp hook.

"Murder!" shouted Steve.

Jenkins stepped back. He thought pleasing thoughts to himself while Steve drove and crashed a long ball down the course. Then Bigelow teed up, and Jenkins came to. There was a look of ease and power about the young man. He seemed to handle his club well.

Suddenly its head went back—so smooth, so easy—and then—bam!—what a ball! What a wonderful serene flight down the course! Far away the ball alighted, bounded happily on, and came to rest just off the green, a good 280 yards. Jenkins' jaw dropped.

"Good one," said Bill.

"Only three bisques. Heaven help the poor workingman," whined Steve.

"Come on, Jenkins," called Bill.

JENKINS roused himself. His own secretary had made that shot. Wonderful! The boy he had trained himself. Quickly reaching his own ball, he swung impatiently at it with his driver and sent it scuttling toward the green.

Steve and Bill both put their seconds on the green, but Bigelow's chip was dead to the pin and he sunk a three for the hole.

"One for our side!" howled Steve.

The next ten holes would have been agony for Jenkins if it had not been for the marvelous playing of his secretary. Amid sneers about his sore toe, he picked up on most of the holes, while Buttler and Bigelow played a hammer-and-tongs match, one or the other making a par on every hole, and Buttler going to the twelfth one up. As for Steve, his jeers had turned to groans. "Sunk!" he moaned; "sunk! sewered!" His three bisques had faded away and he was one down with more to come.

"I'm the blankety-blankest soft-hearted ass that ever brayed!" he cried. "Three bisques! Ten bisques next time! I'll pay, but thank goodness there's one dollar I'm going to collect."

Jenkins didn't care. He followed in the wake of Bigelow's shots, encouraging here, praising there, on the very wave of topmost pride at the marvel from his office.

The twelfth hole is a water hole. Between the tee and the pond was a bit of marshy ground. Beyond the pond was a nest of traps guarding the green. The distance was a matter of 200 yards. At the ninth the lead had changed and Jenkins was now driving first for his side. His caddie teed his ball, and Jenkins took his stance. He glanced at the pond and then at the ball; mentally he muttered "Good-by." Of course Steve would not miss a chance like this.

"Look out for the pond, old man!" He laughed loudly. "Don't let the puddle get your goat."

There was silence, while Steve grinned at his suggestion, which experience had taught him was frequently fatal. Jenkins glanced again at the pond and then at the ball, and gave a tremendous

heave. A huge divot flew out of the tee into the water, while the ball itself trickled off the tee and rolled partway down a curving bank, almost into the marsh.

"Hot dog!" cried Steve. "Never knew it to fail. Ha! Ha! Shows the power of mind over matter."

Jenkins stepped back wanting to erase Steve with his niblick. Bill and Steve sent straight balls just short of the green; but Bigelow was a marvel, straight to the pin.

"On the green, sure thing!" Bill said. "Pretty shot."

They left the tee.

"Pick up my ball," called Jenkins to his caddie.

"Oh, be a man, play it!" mocked Steve.

Jenkins hesitated.

"Take a shot at it," said Bill encouragingly. "You might get home."

Jenkins went down the bank, slipped, and only saved himself by a feat of gymnastics. Steve howled. Even the caddies laughed.

"Hit it before you drown!" bawled Steve.

Jenkins clutched his club and waved it like a battle-ax. He felt both feet sinking. With a wild swipe he smote the ball, and then plunged back with the force of his swing into mire knee-deep.

"Great!" cried Bigelow.

The ball, hit by the heel of the club, shot like a bullet in a long, winging curve, three feet above the ground. Striking the ground before the green, it bounced over a trap and hit the top of a bunker. Jumping high into the air, it disappeared.

"On the green!" cried Bill Buttler.

"Hell's bells!" cried Steve.

Jenkins struggled out and strode down the course, a broken man. But yet a faint hope flickered—possibly the ball was on the green. They drew near, and as the velvety surface came to view there were two balls in sight, one two inches from the pin, and another two feet away.

"One of them's ours," said Jenkins' caddie.

Steve and Bill pitched to the green, and then examined the two balls by the pin. The one at the pin was Jenkins' ball. Jenkins' eyes glittered, they opened, they stuck out, they hung out on his cheeks. Was it his ball?

"Who's away?" Bill called.

"My shot," said Steve. "Did you ever see such blithering, blinding luck? Stand aside and give me air."

IN the back of Jenkins' mind was the realization of some kind of a twenty-to-one bet.

"If Jenkins wins this hole, he wins twenty dollars," called Bill Buttler cheerfully.

"Not a chance. I'll get a three on this hole," roared Steve.

"Do you concede that putt?" asked Bill.

"Not on your life," growled Steve, crouching and eying the line of the putt. There was a silence. Steve hit a firm putt. It was certain the ball would be up, but in that fatal breath of a moment when hearts sink with the uncertainty—in the last two feet—it swerved to the left, struck Jenkins' ball, and knocked it into the hole.

"That's a two for my partner!" cried Bill.

"Two nothing," shouted Steve in determined protest.

"That's a two. That wins the twenty-to-one bet," Bill answered.

"Not on your life! Wait, wait. Let Bigelow putt. He'll sink his for a two; I'll bet you a million."

Bill was away and putted and missed, but got a three.

Bigelow then stood over his ball.

"Attaboy!" pleaded Steve. "Right at the back of the cup! You need this hole, old man. This hole will put Bill Buttler on the toboggan."

JENKINS stood aside. He felt that he was about to be the hero of a great victory. Bigelow studied his putt unusually long. A smile began to creep over Bill Buttler's face. Then Bigelow hit the ball. It went past the cup to the left and stopped an inch away. Jenkins had won the hole, and twenty iron men from Steve King.

"Damn!" cried Steve, as Bill strode forward and slapped Bigelow's back. The young man shook his head with a sad smile, as Bill locked his arm into his.

"My boy," he said, "you're a hundred percenter, but it's wasted on him; he'll never suspect it."

Steve roared around. "Twenty bucks! Good night!" He yelled at his caddie. "Come here, you loafer; give me my driver."

"Pretty soft," said Jenkins. "Lots of easy money around here."

"Say," said Steve, "talk about luck, the kind of luck that happens once in a million years, once in a billion."

Emitting a line of frantic bleats, he led the way to the next tee.

"Your shot, Mr. Good-Player," he whined. "Bet you twenty dollars even you don't win another hole."

"Oh, shut up," answered Jenkins, brave as a thousand bearcats.

"Twenty to one you don't even win a hole from me."

Jenkins paused. He didn't want Steve's money. He had his goat, and it was a pretty animal. "All right, you're on. My end is ten dollars."

"Say, my friend," said Steve doggedly, "I think your game, is just that rotten that I'll take that little bet. Don't hit the drink house, now."

Steve gave the ball a vicious jab.

They were on the thirteenth tee. The old drink house had been at that tee, but a new house had been built at the tenth, and the thirteenth tee had been moved back fifty yards and up on a small knoll. The old drink house with its open windows was now on the left side of the fairway. Only a badly heeled shot would hit it.

Jenkins stood up to his ball and looked at the house. Steve caught his glance.

"Yes, that's it. That's the place," he said encouragingly.

Jenkins hit the ball. Hit on the heel of the driver, it shot on a line for the house, went through an open window, and bounced around within with a prodigious noise.

"Ha, ha! Never knew it to fail. That's the baby!" jeered Steve. "You've got to play it from where it lies."

"I don't think so," said Bill.

"Oh, yes," said Steve, his courage now back again; "play it from where it lies."

Bill, being a diplomat, ceased arguing, and drove a long straight ball. Bigelow followed. Then Steve teed up. As he did so a devilish thought entered Jenkins' mind. It was so fiendishly clever that Jenkins could not resist it.

"Say, old man," he said to Steve, "don't hit the drink house."

"Not a chance! Not a chance!" roared Steve.

He set himself and swung at the ball, but his right-hand grip had tightened, his right elbow buckled up, and he heeled the ball, even as Jenkins had done. It struck short of the drink house and bounced swiftly through the same open window. Within it rattled about.

Jenkins burst out: "Play it from where it lies!"

STEVE had left the tee and gone into the drink house. Two balls lay on the floor, one resting in a knothole in the middle; the other against one of the corner uprights. Jenkins crowded by and entered.

"That's mine," he said, looking at the ball on the knothole.

"The hell it is!" glowered Steve. "That's mine."

Cassidy, Jenkins' caddie, entered.

"That's ours," he said, after an examination of the near-by ball. "We're using a number four."

"So am I. Come here, caddie," Steve roared; "isn't this our ball?"

Steve's caddie approached and examined the ball. Rising he caught Cassidy's steely eye.

"No, sir," he said.

"How the devil do you know?"

The caddie looked at the ball in the corner.

"That's ours. I remember that mark on it when I washed it."

Steve scrutinized both balls.

"This is a trick. We'll see about this." Then he turned on Jenkins. "You're away."

Jenkins looked at the ball with a glassy eye. How to play such a shot was beyond his ken, but at that moment the caddie master thrust a putter in his hand.

"Stand away from the door, please," Cassidy called to the assembled spectators.

Jenkins took the heaven-sent hint.

Crouching over his ball with infinite care, he putted.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE TWELFTH GREEN
Continued from Page Fifty-five]

The ball jumped from the knothole and rolled out on the adjacent fairway.

"Well played," said Bigelow.

"What a fine, decent, straightforward, honest, manly chap Bigelow is!" thought Jenkins.

"Mine's unplayable," roared Steve. "I'll drop out with a penalty of two."

Cassidy gave Jenkins a dig in the back that almost punctured his kidney.

"Nothing doing; play it," commanded Jenkins.

Steve took a niblick and studied the ball. All vacated the house and gathered at the windows, where they peered in cautiously. Steve gave the ball a vicious jab. It bounced six times back and forth across the room and then rolled back to its original corner. Steve jabbed it again. Again it bounced back and forth and came to rest in its original place.

A third time Steve smote it. This time he hit it on top. It sprang from the floor and hit the roof and bounced down. All the spectators ducked. Then came a complete silence. Heads reappeared and peered in. Steve was standing alone with a funny expression. Then he lifted his left foot and shook it. The ball fell out of his trousers leg and rolled to the floor.

Cassidy nudged Jenkins and whispered, "Hit himself; it's our hole."

"Well, well," mused Jenkins. He entered the house as Steve was about to play again. "I guess that's my hole," he said.

"What?" spluttered Steve.

"If you hit yourself with your ball you lose the hole."

"Who says so?"

"Why, er—er—" Jenkins paused. Who did say so outside of Cassidy, anyhow? Then he grasped at a straw. "Isn't that so, Bigelow?"

"Yes, sir," said Bigelow. "It's in the rules."

Bill Buttler was unbuckling the pocket of his bag. He drew forth a rule book and turned the pages.

"Here it is: Rule Nineteen. It says: 'If a player's ball strikes or be stopped by himself or his partner, or either of their caddies or their clubs, his side shall lose the hole.' That settles it."

"What are you guys—a pack of sea lawyers or are you sports?" whined Steve.

"That's the rule," retorted Jenkins. "Everybody knows that rule."

HE stepped out, took his iron, played his ball down the course, and went on. The others followed. Steve gave his ball one more jab with the niblick and it dashed madly about its confines six times more.

"Pick it up, caddie," he growled.

The caddie handed the ball to him. The remainder of the match was without event.

Bigelow finally defeated Buttler on the home hole and Steve lost to Bigelow by four and to Buttler by three.

Back at the locker room much-needed refreshment was partaken of while the news spread like wildfire. Steve faced the music like a man.

"Here's your three dollars, Bill. Say, Jenkins, I'll have to send you a check for two hundred and twenty-four. You've tapped me dry."

"No hurry, if you're short."

Jenkins got out of his muddy outfit and took a secret bath while Bigelow was receiving congratulations on winning the Rotary Club Cup. It appeared that Bigelow was well known to the golfing fraternity. He also seemed to handle himself well among the nabobs.

The events of the afternoon had been too momentous for Jenkins to allow his thoughts to linger upon his secretary's prowess. He himself had achieved the center of the picture, but the whole affair brought a hearty laugh from the gang. Being in a mood of about two-hundred-per-cent satisfied with himself, he rode home, and retired after dinner quite content with having scotched Steve King.

But in the morning the picture had somehow changed. There was an article in the paper about Bigelow's victory, but not a word about his own triumph. He realized that somehow Bigelow had slipped his collar and that he never could get it entirely back on him again.

He entered his office bristling and found his secretary there as usual. He nodded to him; but—confound it all—he let loose a smile when he nodded. There were a number of important decisions to be made, so the morning was a busy one. After all, Bigelow looked well at a typewriter; let him stay there.

However, on second thought, there was no use being crusty about the matter, so as he opened the door to leave for lunch he broke the ice:

"Quite a match we had yesterday, Bigelow."

"Yes, sir. Good fun, wasn't it, sir?" answered Bigelow, rising.

"Yes, yes. You play a beautiful game, Bigelow; beautiful. I congratulate you."

"Thank you, sir."

"Well, I'm off to lunch."

It occurred to Jenkins that if he ever had a shake-up he ought to promote Bigelow. However, that was all in the future.

A COUPLE of days later Bill Buttler called Jenkins into the bank.

"Say, Jenkins," he said, "how valuable is young Bigelow to you?"

"Fifty dollars a week."

"But how important is he to you? Would you miss him if you let him go?"

"Who wants him?"

"I want him if you don't. I want to put him in our trust department. He measures up to what we want."

"He suits me, too."

"Then, my friend, you had better take steps to hold him, as you are going to lose him."

"Yes?"

"He and Alessandro have been in here to arrange a loan."

"Alessandro, the bootlegger?"

"I don't know about that, but the two of them have got their heads together on a garage business with a side line of soda fountains."

This was very disturbing to Jenkins. Was there no such thing as gratitude in the world? He would have it out at once and come to an understanding with Bigelow. He returned to his inner sanctum and cleared his throat. Then he spoke:

"Bigelow, what's all this I hear about a garage business?"

"Pardon me, sir?"

"You and Alessandro—don't you think you ought to tell me first?"

"When there's anything to tell—yes, sir; but it's not fully developed yet. Though you must realize I'm not satisfied here."

"What is there in a garage or a soda fountain that appeals to you?"

"Money."

"How much money?"

"The man who runs the ice-cream parlor at the end of my street made ten thousand dollars last year. I know, because I made up his income tax. And yet, he can't speak English. If he can do it, I can."

"But what future is there to a soda fountain?"

"The soda fountain is going to reap the harvest that the saloon lost. But I'll ask you a question: What future is there here?"

Jenkins was silent.

"Fair enough," he finally said.

Jenkins was quite disturbed. The next day he went back to Bill Buttler.

"Money is the appeal."

"Yes; most men get that way when they have a wife and three children to support."

"Has he?"

"Jenkins, do you mean to say you don't know that?"

"He never tells me anything."

"Damn it all, you never ask him anything! Say, Jenkins, you're a valued depositor and all that; but, man to man, do you ever think of anybody but yourself?"

"Sure."

"Has that putt he missed on the twelfth hole ever permeated your consciousness yet?"

"What putt?"

"Jenkins, you're hopeless."

Bill Buttler looked him right in the eye. Jenkins was confused. He rose and left. He wished that the world could be turned into a great big corporation with a lot of obedient clerks and himself on the board of directors behind a high fence. But one thing he was certain about—he couldn't afford to lose Bigelow.

HE thought it over for three days. Then he made his decision. Having made it, the whole matter seemed very simple, and it was a wonder it hadn't occurred to him before. Business letters out of the way, he turned to Bigelow.

"Well, how's the soda fountain coming along?"

"It's beginning to take shape, sir."

"Sit down, sit down. Do you suppose you could teach me how to play golf?"

"No, sir."

"What!" Jenkins liked this directness.

"No, sir, I couldn't."

"Why not?"

"Well, nature picked you out for the coal business and not for a golf player."

"You mean I haven't got the physique?"

"Not to be a good player, sir."

"I realize it, though I love the game. Say, Bigelow, do you remember that match we played with Buttler and Steve King?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Do you remember that putt you missed on the twelfth green?"

"Yes, now that you recall it."

"Bigelow, I never forgot that. You could have dropped that putt. It was important for you to win that hole, and yet you booted it to give the boss a win."

"Oh, no, sir."

"Now, now; don't try to fool me. I saw it instantly. A man who can do that has my admiration. It means he isn't always thinking of himself. How are your kiddies getting along?"

"Very well, sir."

"It costs money to bring them up, doesn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"And yet, they're insurance. They insure your character, which is your greatest business asset. Now, look here, Bigelow. Forget this soda-fountain matter. We need you here. Tell me what you feel you ought to have."

Bigelow rose.

"You'll be in the executive end right at headquarters. What figure do you think would be right?"

"Sir!"

"Let's go out to lunch and talk it over. My boy, I've been wanting to do something for you ever since that twelfth green. Let's hunt up Buttler and have a little reunion. It's time I spent some of that two hundred and twenty-four dollars."

THE END

GELATIN *Menus* Will Delight *Your* SUMMER Guests

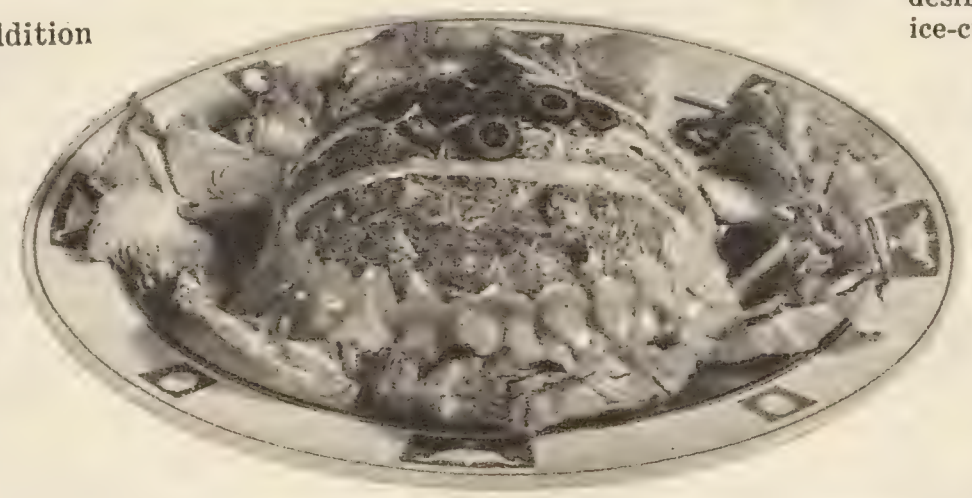
By ETHEL SOMERS

To insure success in cookery, measure all ingredients with standardized implements.

COOLING summer dishes for use throughout the menu may be easily and attractively prepared via the gelatin route. A study of gelatin cookery will develop an unlimited variety of temptingly cool dishes, in preparation of which even left-over bits of vegetables, fruit, or fruit juices may be economically combined.

A flavored gelatin requires only the addition of a measured quantity of hot water to form the jelly basis. An unflavored gelatin necessitates the blending of a measured quantity of fruit juice and sugar with the added hot water. Measure the ingredients carefully in standard measures. Stir until the gelatin is completely dissolved, and make such additions to the gelatin base as combine appealingly. Mold and chill.

Vegetable Salad may be made by substituting one-fourth cup of vinegar for one-fourth cup of the hot water used in the Lemon Jelly recipe (see third column), and reducing the sugar proportion to one-fourth cup. When this modified lemon jelly begins to stiffen, fold in three-fourths cup of shredded cabbage, one and one-half chopped pimentoes, three-fourths cup sliced celery, and pour into wet molds. Set aside to stiffen.



Set on crisp lettuce leaves and garnished with shredded lettuce, eggs, and mayonnaise, tomato or fish in gelatin is a welcome summer dish.

Tuna-Fish Salad

½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon mustard
¼ teaspoon paprika
1 egg
1 tablespoon melted butter
¾ cup water
¼ cup lemon juice
1 tablespoon gelatin
¼ cup cold water
1 cup tuna fish
½ cup sliced celery
¼ cup pimento-stuffed olives

MIX the salt, mustard, and paprika and stir in the beaten egg and melted butter. Add the water and lemon juice and heat over hot water until the mixture thickens. Add the gelatin, which has been soaked in the cold water. Stir until dissolved. When the mixture begins to thicken, add the other ingredients. Mold and serve chilled on lettuce.

Tomato Salad (Plain)

1½ cup tomato puree or soup
1 tablespoon gelatin
½ cup cold water
1 teaspoon chopped onion
½ tablespoon chopped green pepper

SOAK the gelatin in the cold water. Add to the boiling hot tomato puree, stir until the gelatin is completely dissolved, add the seasonings. Mold, chill, and serve.

Filled Tomato Jelly may be made by adding one cup sliced celery, two large apples, chopped, and one cup chopped walnut meats that have been seasoned by moistening with two tablespoons of mayonnaise. These should be folded in when the tomato jelly begins to stiffen.

Chicken Salad

2 tablespoons gelatin
¼ cup cold chicken stock
2 tablespoons lemon juice
¾ cup hot chicken stock, highly seasoned with onion, celery, salt, and pepper
¾ cup hot water
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 cup cooked chicken, shredded
¼ to ⅓ cup sliced olives or shredded pimento

PREPARE the first seven ingredients as for plain fruit jelly and when the mixture begins to stiffen fold in the olives and chicken. Mold and chill before serving. Garnish with lettuce and mayonnaise.

Gelatin Cream Pie is made by molding any desired flavor of fruit jelly in a pie pan. Bake a pie shell on a similar pie pan inverted. When the baked pie shell is cooled, unmold the gelatin, place the pie shell over it, and invert the whole, thus putting the pie shell in its proper position on the bottom. Top with whipped cream and serve.

Pour boiling water over the gelatin, stirring until gelatin is completely dissolved.

Neapolitan Fruit Jelly may be made from the flavored or unflavored gelatin of contrasting colors by cooling one layer quickly in the lower part of the refrigerator and then pouring in a second layer, a third after the second is cooled, and so on to make as elaborate a tier as may be desired. Mold in brick form in a bread pan or ice-cream mold and slice for service.

Fruited Jelly may be made by adding any desired fruit or combinations of fruit when the jelly begins to stiffen. (Pineapple must always be cooked before it is put into a gelatin mixture.) Chopped nuts and marshmallows may or may not be added, as desired. Beautiful effects may be obtained if the method for the Neapolitan Jelly recipe is followed. Set the whole or sliced fruit in position in a design just before the molded iced gelatin stiffens. When stiff, pour in the remaining gelatin, which has been kept at room temperature. Stiffen and serve unmolded.

Plain Fruit Jelly
(Unflavored Gelatin)

Jelly	*Gelatin*	*Cold Water*	*Hot Water*	*Sugar*	*Salt*	*Fruit Juice*
Lemon	1 tablespoon	¼ cup	1½ cups	¾ cup	1/16 teaspoon	¼ cup lemon juice
Orange	1 tablespoon	¼ cup	1 cup	½ cup	1/16 teaspoon	1 tablespoon lemon juice ½ cup orange juice
Pineapple	1 tablespoon	½ cup	None	Sugar to taste, depending on sweetness of sirup on the canned fruit	1/16 teaspoon	2 tablespoons lemon juice; 1 cup fruit sirup drained from the canned fruit
Raspberry, cherry, and other flavors	Prepare as for Pineapple Gelatin, using 1 cup of the sirup from the drained fruit desired for flavoring.					

Soak the gelatin in cold water until the water is absorbed. Add the boiling water or fruit sirup if used, sugar, and salt. Stir until the gelatin is completely dissolved. Add the fruit juice, strain, and pour into a mold. Cover and set in a cool place to harden. When ready to serve, apply a hot cloth wrung out of hot water to the outside of the mold.

In Plain Fruit Jelly (flavored gelatin) all flavors of the prepared gelatin take the same treatment. For one package use one pint or two measuring cups of boiling water. Pour water over gelatin, stirring until gelatin is completely dissolved. Mold and chill.

Two Cook Books *for* LIBERTY Readers

LIBERTY COOK BOOK
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of ☐ A Menu Book of Hot-Weather Recipes—10c; ☐ One Hundred Standard Recipes—10c. (Check the one you want. Check both if you want both.) I inclose ..... cents in payment.

(Please write or print plainly in ink)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE.....

7-31-26

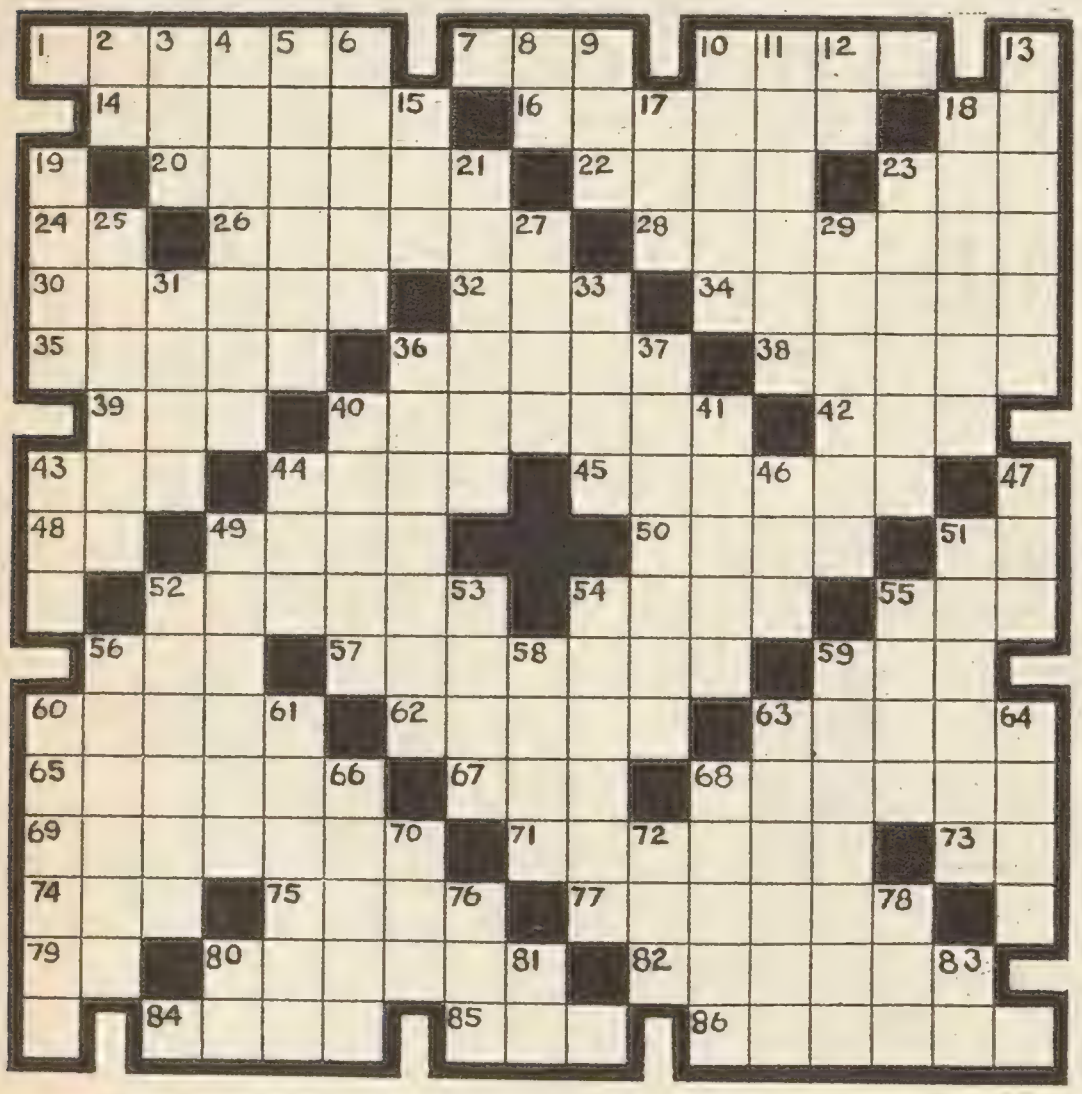
Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 78

By JAMES W. WHITE

HERE'S a puzzle that will test your vocabulary, to say nothing of your geographical knowledge, for it jumps from Asia Minor to the Pacific; from Spain to the United States; from New Zealand to the British Isles.

Just to give you a little encouragement and because the words are variants of spellings commonly in use, we will tell you that Horizontal 32 is Aha and Vertical 31 is Rime.

With two such clues, any earnest seeker will immediately find the trail and sooner or later put Vertical 83 in its place and bring the search to a successful conclusion.

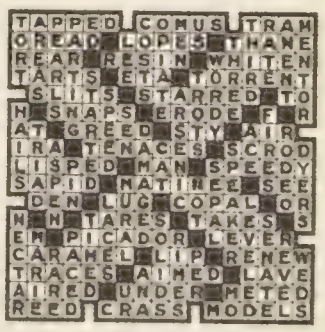


HORIZONTAL

1 Irony
7 Feminine proper name
10 To quote
14 Saltpeter (plural)
16 A city of Asia Minor or Anatolia
18 Prefix of the general sense of down
20 Native of a Pacific island group
22 The hub of a wheel
23 An inclosure for animals
24 Exist
26 Scheduled
28 Spanish ladies
30 Bright red cherry color
32 A sunk fence
34 A long, intemperate speech
35 A very short time
36 Rocklike matter
38 To provide food
39 Measures of type
40 Boiling gently
42 A cardinal number
43 A beverage
44 An outgrowth on an animal body
45 Enriched with fat
48 One of the United States (initials)
49 A shaded walk
50 A servant
51 A letter of the Greek alphabet
52 A vegetable
54 Completed
55 Downcast
56 A cushion
57 One of the courses of a meal
59 Seafaring man
60 Challenges
62 A palm fruit (plural)
63 Incursions
65 Obliterated
67 To strike sharply
68 To roll about, as in mud
69 Materials or substances
71 To scold severely
73 The symbol for nickel
74 Mountain near the site of ancient Troy
75 To ring
77 To supply again with an inner coating
79 A Japanese measure of area
80 To generate pus
82 Pertaining to the teeth
84 Youths
85 A jewel
86 A stanza of six lines.

VERTICAL

2 One indefinitely of a number
3 It is
4 Printing type of a particular kind (plural)
5 To make over by deed
6 Having an irregular margin as if nibbled
8 Abbreviation of the Old Dominion
9 A feminine proper name
10 To wish for with eagerness
11 Peaceful
12 Symbol for tantalum
13 More compact
15 Perched
17 A fuel
18 To impair in vigor, sensation, etc.
19 An agreement
21 Trimmer
23 Babbled
25 Simply
27 Lateen-rigged vessel of the Indian Ocean
29 Harangued
31 A composition in verse
33 Plant from which a dye is made
36 Descriptive of stiffly formal language
37 Inflames with love
40 A kind of food that is served cold
41 A former President of the United States
43 Some
44 The thigh of a hog, used as food
46 To cease to partake of reality
47 An offer
49 Retiring
51 Absolution
52 A New Zealand evergreen
53 Ridges of drift (a geological term)
54 More profound
55 To be impelled on water by any motive power
56 To display ostentatiously
58 To puncture
59 Faculties for effective performances
60 Death
61 Percolated
63 A thick twilled woolen material used for linings
64 To propel through water
66 Attire
68 A section of the British Isles
70 Rested
72 A color
76 Part of a tripod
78 Corrode
80 Syllable applied to a note of the scale
81 Prefix signifying duplication
83 French definite article



Answer to Puzzle No. 77

Eileen Bourne's BEAUTY Question Box

HAVE you a question on beauty or personal hygiene upon which you need advice? Miss Bourne will help you. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply and address your question to Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Putting Life into Hair

My hair is dry and lifeless looking. It is inclined to be stringy and is difficult to manage. What can you suggest for a mangy crop like mine? Also, what is good for dandruff?

HELEN W., Erie, Pa.

ANSWER: You have in your hairbrush a hair-beautifying implement if you will only apply it with consistent regularity. There is no local measure so effective in restoring life and a sheen to hair as a brush. You cannot brush your hair daily without inducing a silky smoothness. Rub into your scalp before brushing a minute quantity of vaseline, olive oil, or sweet-almond oil. This will offset the stringiness and make the hair more manageable. The brushing is one of the best means of ridding the scalp of dandruff, too. Shampoo the scalp often enough to keep it thoroughly clean. Use a sulphur ointment or cream at intervals of a few days.

Battling Gray Hair

Am twenty-six. A few years ago I had a nervous breakdown from overwork. My hair got quite gray when I was ill, but when I went on the diet and the new program of living my doctor advised, it stopped graying; but the color did not return. Can I expect it to? Do you think it will start getting grayer again?

H. A. R., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ANSWER: Cases have been reported where the hair lost its color and then regained it with the renewal of perfect health. But they are uncommon. In building up your body you are doing all that is humanly possible to prevent further graying.

Choosing Proper Soap

The soap I am using now keeps my skin clear, but it leaves it in such a dry condition that I feel I should make a change. About an hour after using it my face feels like parchment. Do you think I ought to forgo the use of soap altogether?

EDNA P., Wilkinsburg, Pa.

ANSWER: There are so many different kinds of good soaps on the market that with a bit of experimenting around I'm sure you can find one that will not affect the skin the way your present one does. A superfatted soap is the kind to use on a dry skin. This leaves a slight feeling of greasiness, which is what the dry skins need. Skin specialists agree that soap and water is necessary to skin cleanliness—but that the dry skin requires extra greasing with cream or skin food.

Overcoming Odors

I suffer from that most unpleasant of all afflictions, a perspiration odor. In summer it is intensified so I am afraid to go near people at all. Is there any remedy?

UNHAPPY, New York City, N. Y.

ANSWER: There are deodorants and astringents to correct the excessive perspiration, so that one can readily be relieved of self-consciousness on that score. Thorough and frequent bathing must necessarily be persisted in. A little soda or alum added to the water is helpful. No harm ensues from permanently checking the perspiration, which the good astringents accomplish. They are practically the only way of securing satisfactory relief.

The Proper Corset

Do you think the short girdle corset is as good for a figure that is inclined to fullness as the long one with straps over the shoulders?

Mrs. de K., Essex, Md.

ANSWER: The narrow girdle, if worn at all tight, crowds the flesh up around the diaphragm and above the waistline all round. There are corsets for every kind of figure nowadays, so the best rule is to have one fitted when making the purchase and to buy a corset large enough to permit of the straight up and down figure. If you squeeze flesh it makes curved lines. The flesh has to go somewhere, so keep it in its normal position by providing room for it in a less compressing corset. Either the full-length corselette with straps or a combination brassiere and girdle should be worn by one with a full figure.

No Place for Fluff

I am short and plump and wear my hair, which is bobbed, fluffed out over my ears. I am not satisfied with the way it looks. Can you suggest something?

B. G., Olean, N. Y.

ANSWER: If one is short and plump, the hair sticking out in bunches over the ears is the least becoming way it can be arranged. It widens the face and "squats" the whole figure more. The more neatly you draw the hair back over the ears, the better. If you have nice ears, wear them uncovered and keep the hair behind the ears thinned out underneath. You should study the back as well as the front when you are treating a plump face and a short neck.

The Machine-Gunning of McSWIGGIN

THEY mounted their machine gun on a tripod and sent a blistering fire into the crowded dance hall.

The Record of the Reddest Year in Chicago's Big Rum War

Drawing by KENNETH CAMP

By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

THE slaughter of Assistant State's Attorney McSwiggin and two companions by Chicago gangsters revealed the association between criminal rings and those who are charged with the duty of suppressing them, as told in preceding installments. This chapter deals with the beer war.

PART FIVE

THE great beer war of Chicago broke open the year 1924 with a roar of sawed-off shotguns. The gangsters, now highly organized and politically powerful, were fighting for the immense profits in beer, whisky, and vice. The two nationalities predominant were Irish and Italian.

P. & A. photo
Ralph Capone

Edward J. Quinn, dive-keeper in South Halsted Street, crumpled behind his bar in a lifeless heap when a patrolman collector for his higher-ups let him have it with his cannon.

From the City of Brotherly Love came a drug-addict gunman named John Duffy, who informed the City of Brotherly Hate that he purposed to cut in on the booze racket. Chafed by this boast, Dion O'Bannion celebrated the birthday of George Washington by personally taking Mr. Duffy "for a ride," an hour or so after the Philadelphian had displayed a jealous twinge by shooting his mistress to death.

The police picked up a few bodies pitched out of automobiles along the Joliet highway through the Sag, and then, on September 27, John Phillips, O'Bannion shark, was killed by a policeman after being ejected from a tough uptown cabaret.

Eddie Tancl, saloon man of Cicero, had been getting his beer from Terry Druggan and Frankie Lake, who were operating with the connivance of Johnny Torrio. Came a messenger ordering Mr. Tancl to buy his beer thereafter from the Klondike O'Donnell gang. Tancl refused. A few days later he found a fuse sputtering toward a bundle of dynamite sticks cached under the porch of his bar.

When Tancl returned from a jaunt through the neighborhood, Humdinger Phil Corrigan was dead. In his pockets were a number of Mr. Tancl's calling cards. Tancl was not arrested.

Mike Merlo, head of the Unione Siciliana, died on November 9, and the next day the Gennas sent their men to kill O'Bannion, who had flourished under Merlo's qualms against murder. They gave Dion a $10,000 casket and a $40,000 funeral at which several judges and many politicians looked mighty sad.

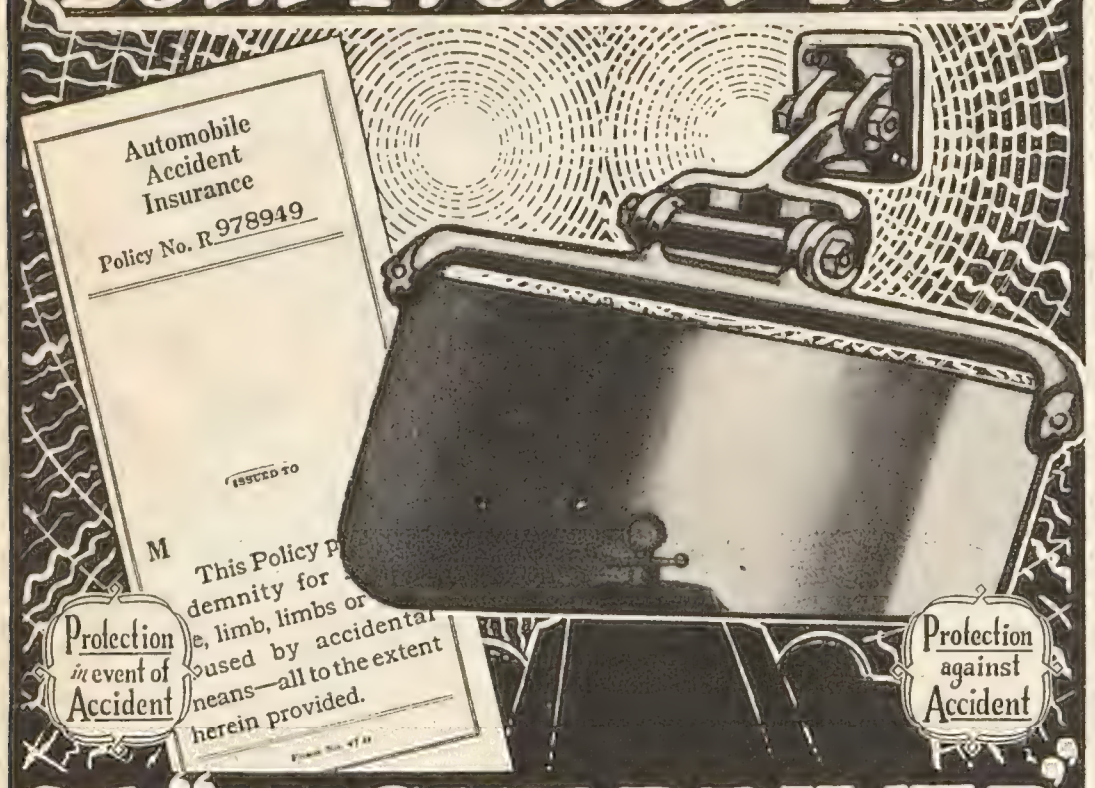
Then Miles O'Donnell, patron of Humdinger Corrigan, strode into Tancl's joint and shot him full of holes in the presence of Mrs. Tancl. Leo Klimas, a Tanclite, was sent to join his dead chieftain; and the Druggan-Lake mob sent Walter Lagille, of the O'Donnell bunch, along after him. Homer Finch, of the Leo Murray band, made the death list for 1924 eleven whisky mobsters.

P. & A. photo
John Torrio

In 1925 Chicago put about twoscore notches on her gat! Oh, to be sure, there were

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Both Protect You



The "NIGHT DRIVER"

Naturally you prefer the protection of the Night Driver. It safeguards your life and the lives of those who ride with you at the cost of but $3. Made of specially processed, double-strength, green-toned, smoke color glass, it is instantly adjustable to all cars and conditions, making night driving a pleasure instead of a risk. Price only $3.

DeLuxe Equipment, Incorporated
Sandusky Ohio

De Luxe Equipment, Incorporated, Sandusky, Ohio
Please forward One (1) "Night Driver"
Postpaid to
(Print Name).....
(Address).....
(City).....
Check model desired.
( ) Open car. ( ) Closed car.
( ) Check here if interested in Distributors Franchise.
73126

ROY FICKEN,
Liberty Boy of
Wisconsin

Boys!

Who Wants a

Free Baseball Outfit

or any other sporting goods?

Baseball time is here! Here is a chance to get your baseball equipment and all other sporting goods free! Let us send you our catalog, illustrating more than 200 different prizes and show you how easy it is to get them. Also let us show you how you can

Earn your own spending money every week besides

No money, no experience needed. Simply work in spare time in your own neighborhood. Thousands of Liberty Boys are getting these wonderful prizes and earning money besides. You can do the same. It's easy. Just send the coupon for details.

Mail Coupon TODAY

Liberty Magazine, Boy Sales Division,
247 Park Ave., New York City.

Please tell me how to join your organization of boy salesmen and make money.

Name.....

Address.....

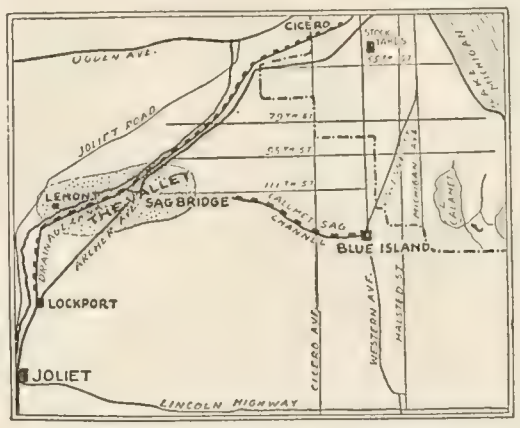
City.....State.....

[THE MACHINE-GUNNING OF McSWIGGIN
Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

351 other murders of men and women during that scarlet year, but forty-three were the direct result of the underworld war.

Early in January, Messrs. Torrio and Capone began to study the situation. They needed more formidable armament. So Scarface Al Brown, as Al Capone was called, began to buy machine guns! The Torrio mob was supplied with three of them, and the Sheldon boys bought another. Von Lengerke & Antoine, a Chicago sporting-goods store, sold one; and Krudup & Benton, who run a hardware store in Valparaiso, Indiana, sold two. These three were purchased by Capone's lieutenants, but not directly from the firms mentioned. A hardware dealer in West 18th Street, Chicago, was involved in one sale.

The Thompson Company manufactures the machines in New York. The guns weigh nine pounds and will fire at the rate of 1,500 .45-caliber pistol cartridges in one minute. General James Thompson is president of the company that makes them; and his son, Colonel M. H. Thompson, who was with Pershing in France, is vice president. The Thompson Company also manufactures bullet-proof vests and bullet-proof automobiles, both of which find a popular market in Chicago and Cook County.



The Sag, valley of death in Chicago's gang wars.

This information was furnished by the police, by a hardware dealer, and by other witnesses before the special grand jury investigating the killing of McSwiggin and his companions.

ON February 15, 1925, the booze war continued with the murder of Lazzaro Clemente of Melrose Park, a member of the Genna mob. This was another specimen of vengeance practiced by O'Bannion's horde for the assassination of its leader.

On February 19, Bill Bickle was shot by James McCarthy, moonshine distributor. On March 3, Peter Hayden wandered into Little Italy, and the defenders of that stronghold knocked him off. An hour later Tom Gaughan went down to kill the killers and was himself slain. On March 14, Louis Cella of the Genna crew was "taken for a ride" and his body later was picked from the gutter.

Morris Goldman shot it out with Julius Weisberg, and found it fatally unhealthy. On April 5, Joe Montana combined a Black

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Teeth We Love to Show

By Edna Wallace Hopper

My glistening teeth and coral gums form one of my chief attractions. One reason I am always smiling is to show them. Thousands of women ask me how I attain such teeth.

For many years I used numerous applications. I used cleaners and polishers, then magnesia, then iodine, then antiseptics, then deodorants. My dental advisers required this. They said that beautiful teeth and healthy gums called for all these factors.

Two years ago dental experts combined all these needed factors in one tooth paste. They called it Quindent, meaning five in one. Now I use Quindent alone. Morning and night, in one minute, I apply to my teeth all the needed helps in one dentifrice.

The makers of Quindent supply me sample tubes. Each is a ten-day tube. It is enough to convince you that this new-day tooth paste is the best men have yet evolved. My dental advisers tell me that it meets every need. And that everyone should use it.

My office will mail you one of these tubes if you send the coupon. Do that now. I cannot do you a greater favor than to show you what Quindent does.

Trial Tube Free

Edna Wallace Hopper, 61-L
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.
Mail me a 10-day tube of Quindent

.....

$10 For a whole year's protection against

SICKNESS OR ACCIDENTS

No Medical Examination
Millions Paid in Claims
$100,000 Deposited with State for protection of Policyholders

5,000 Principal Sum
$3,500 for loss of limbs or eyesight
$25 weekly for stated accidents or sickness
$50 weekly travel accidents
Doctors' bills, hospital benefit and other attractive features to help you in time of need, all as shown in policy.

ANY ONE 16 TO 70 ACCEPTED

Avoid the risk of expense and debt through accidental injury or sickness as specified in policy. Act now, before it's too late.

Agents wanted for Local Territory still open.

Mail the Coupon NOW!

Accident and Sickness Underwriters
603 Bonnell Bldg., Newark, N. J.

Gentlemen—Please send detailed information about the special $10 ACCIDENT AND SICKNESS POLICY. No obligation to me.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Big Business Opportunity

$5,000-$10,000 A YR. MEN

Responsible concern wants competent men to open branch offices and manage salesmen. $500 to $1,500 required. Experience unnecessary. Send references and apply for territory desired AT ONCE. Wire or write

Acme Plating Works, Inc.
Dept. 1 208 W 8th St., Los Angeles Cal.

Mike Genna

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY]

Hand side line with beer running and was killed in South Peoria Street.

Two days later, Joe Larson's heirs learned how dangerous it was to incur the dislike of the O'Donnell gang; and on May 26 John Chiapetta wrote his own death warrant by interfering with the Torrio beer boys.

On the same day the O'Bannion avengers dealt a noble blow. Angelo Genna, the most fearless of the six brothers, got into his limousine before one of his West Side "alky" cooking plants. Three men stepped to the runningboard and poured eleven bullets into his body. The police said Big George Moran, Vincent (Schemer) Drucci, and Frank Miller did the job.

On June 7, Walter O'Donnell, brother of Spike, and his bodyguard, Harry C. Hassmiller, tried to convince the owner of the Evergreen Park tavern on the far South Side that his health would improve if he bought their beer and quit Tony E. (Red) Mallon, then a free-lance runner. So Red Mallon left the boys in the back room and came out to the bar to see what all the shootin' was about. When the smoke lifted, O'Donnell and Hassmiller were dead. Red pleaded self-defense and was acquitted.

Vincent Drucci

The Gennas the same night in another part of the city slew an Italian follower of the dead O'Bannion. Six days later two automobiles packed with Gennas and O'Bannions raced through the streets of the South Side, firing at each other until they spied their common enemy, a detective bureau automobile. They separated.

The police car began a pursuit of the Genna death wagon. Far down Western Avenue they overtook the fugitives, and the quarry turned. When all was quiet again, Mike Genna was dead, Policeman Harold Olson and Patrolman Charles Walsh were fatally wounded, and Albert Anselmi and John Scalise were in custody.

McSwiggin's last case was the trial of these killers, and a Chicago jury acquitted them of murdering one policeman and gave them fourteen years for murdering the other!

On July 9 unknown assailants dispatched the third Genna brother —Tony. Telephoning him in the name of a close friend, an O'Bannionite, said to have been Moran or Schemer Drucci, lured him to Death Corner at Grand Avenue and Curtis Street and there shot him full of holes. This broke the Genna nerve. Jim fled to Italy, and Sam and Pete faded out of the Chicago picture.

On July 13 a spectacular duel was waged between Jimmy Vinci and Machine-Gun Joe Granata. Vinci had a knife and Granata had a pistol. They clasped hands and had it out. Both were lifeless before their bodies crumpled on the pavement.

Irving (Sonny) Schlig, aid of Frank J. Parker, millionaire aviator, who amassed $3,000,000 by bringing whisky from Montreal, was killed by the bullets of Torrio henchmen. Harry Berman, torpedo, happened to be conversing with Sonny, so he passed on with him.

The Sheldons lamented a faithful adherent on September 4, when the Soltis-McErlane lads shot Bill Dickman. The saturnine Angelo Taddeo's soul took wing on September 27; and on October 3 the first of the machine-gun killings stirred Chicago.

The first time the rapid firer went into action was when the Torrio-Capone gunners opened up on Spike O'Donnell as he stood before a drug store at 63d Street and Western Avenue. Spike dropped behind his automobile, and a moment later arose unhurt and dusted off his clothes.

About midnight on October 3, the Capones climbed to a shed across the alley in the rear of the Ragen's Colts' clubrooms at 52d and Halsted streets, mounted their machine gun on a tripod, took careful aim, and sent a blistering fire into the crowded club dance hall. Charlie Kelly was almost torn in twain and several men were wounded. Dynamite Joe Brooks, of the Klondike O'Donnell gang, was the target of the gunners, but he escaped unhurt by diving out of a window.

THE O'Donnells and the Sheldons joined forces for a while and went after the domineering Torrio-Capone mob and the Gennas. Joseph Bononi, Rossi Giordano, Pasquale Polizotto, and Sammy (Samoots) Amatuna were kicked off.

The slayers of Samoots indulged in an odd conceit. They walked into a West Side barber shop, waited till the sheik got a shave and a massage, so he would look all right in a satin-lined coffin, and then shot seven bullets through the white linen the barber had spread across his gay silk shirt.

Samoots had a funeral in keeping with his underworld renown; and on the way back from the graveyard Eddie Zini wept so disconsolately over his dead friend that his foes took pity on him and shot him dead.

On November 19 somebody decided further to decimate the Vinci tribe, so they added about twenty ounces of lead to Mike's normal avoirdupois. Sam Vinci's idea of avenging this insolence took a quaint angle. At the inquest on November 21, he rose, jerked a pistol from its parking place in his left armpit, and killed John Minatti, a witness whose testimony chafed him. Sam got twenty-four years in prison for this display of irritation.

Abe Goldstein was slain as he dickered over a load of gin with a drug-store proprietor; and Mariano Mascarelli and Giuseppe Corona were killed and dumped out in the Sag.

A couple of policemen, James Carroll and James Henry, detailed to keep an eye on the paramour of the fugitive Martin Durkin, got in the way of gangland's battlers and were shot dead on November 27. Two bystanders were killed in this outbreak.

The Capones were able to file other notches on the stock of their machine gun on December 22, when they pointed its muzzle at an automobile containing Dynamite Joe Brooks and County Highway Policeman Ed Harmining, both members of the Klondike O'Donnell band.

With these murders to their credit in 1925, the hoodlums set out this year to surpass that record. In five months they have bumped off each other to the tune of thirty-six murders!

It began without delay in January, when, on the 7th, James Campanille, another cousin of Signor Taddeo, was killed. Beside Campanille's body when the police arrived was the body of Jim O'Brien.

The Gennas reeled again on January 11, when Henry J. Spignola, playmate of the "alky" mob, was killed by Orazio Troppea's torpedoes. The moment Anselmi and Scalise were arrested after the wholesale killing of June 13, the beer barons ordered the collection of a $100,000 defense fund. Troppea, called, for excellent reason, the Scourge, was put in charge of the collection box. Spignola gave $10,000 the first time, but for the second trial declined to donate more than two grand. So the Scourge got him.

P. & A. photo
Eddie Tancl

Then Teddy Stein halted the flight of bullets, and Charles Peppe, cousin of the Vinci pack, folded up beside him on the sidewalk. The Scourge was left a bloody heap on another sidewalk on February 15; and Vito Bascone and Acolo Baldeli were gathered to their fathers a day later.

Seven more gangsters were killed in the next seventeen days, the Capone machine gun going into action when a car filled with Sicilians flew past Pearl Hruby's beauty parlor in Cicero and let loose a volley at her boy friend, William (Fur) Sammons. He ducked to the curb, but Pearl's parlor was wrecked.

Wm. O'Donnell

This was on April 23. Four days later came the machine-gunning of Assistant State's Attorney McSwiggin and his friends.

Off with the lid! Next week's issue of LIBERTY will reveal the most shuddering phase of Chicago's underworld life and tell how it thrives under protection.

SW

Lend Wings to your Eyes

CONQUER DISTANCE! Observe people, ships, birds, deer, bear, sports, OFF in the Distance! *Bring them right to your feet* with these POWERFUL Binoculars! Keep a pair in your auto—and enjoy grandeur of glorious vistas. These Binoculars will prove a never-ending lifetime JOY! *Indispensable for camping, hunting, hiking, yachting, races, motoring, shut-ins, observation, bird and nature studies, etc.*

SUPPLY NEARLY EXHAUSTED! DON'T MISS THIS BARGAIN!

THESE are the GENUINE French and German Army Officers' 8-POWER PRISM Binoculars; famous PREMIERE QUALITE; brand new, *PERFECT*. Brilliant illumination, exquisite definition. Wide field of vision—many times area of field glasses. Central focusing with individual eye-strength and width adjustments. Leather case, neck and shoulder straps. Usually sell for $40.00 to $50.00. Advantageous foreign exchange rates make possible Bargain price $23.50

Our Plan is Different! *Send NO Money now! Pay NOTHING on delivery. ENJOY Binoculars for 10 Days' Trial Absolutely FREE!*

If pleased, you may pay on Budget Plan:
$5.00 MONTHLY

or, if you wish to pay cash at end of 10 DAYS, deduct $1.75 and send Check or Money Order for $21.75 in FULL SETTLEMENT. Otherwise return them. Order NOW! Limited Quantity. Send NO Money! Pay NOTHING on Delivery! $21.75

SEAVER - WILLIAMS CO.
Importers, Exporters, National Mail-Order House "3 Generations of Honorable Dealings"
365 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.
Largest Retailers of Binoculars in America

Gentlemen:—Send me the 8-POWER BINOCULARS for 10 days' FREE Trial on the above plan.

Name_____

Address_____

Clip and mail this Ads. NOW. Please tell us something about yourself. We will appreciate and respect the information. THANK YOU. Lib. 7-31-26

$351.00 CLEARED IN ONE DAY

So writes W. H. Adams of Ohio. Letter from V. A. Marini of California reports $11275 sales in three months. Jacob Gordon of New Jersey $4000 profits in two months." Alexander of Pennsylvania "$3000 profits in four months." Ira Shook $365 sales in one day. Bram bought one outfit April 5, and 7 more by August 28. Iwata, bought one outfit and 10 more within a year. Mrs. Lane of Pittsburg says "sold 8000 packages in one day. J. R. Bert says "only thing I ever bought that equaled advertisement." John Culp says:

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS

Furnish secret formulas, raw material, and equipment. Little capital required; no experience needed.

Build a Business of Your Own

No limit to the sale of Crispettes. Everybody likes them. It's a delicious food confection. Write for facts about a business that will make you independent. Start now, in your own town.

Profits $1000 a Month Easily Possible

Send postal for illustrated book of facts. It contains enthusiastic letters from others—shows their places of business, tells how and when to start, and all information needed. Free. Write now!

LONG-EAKINS COMPANY
757 High Street Springfield, Ohio

STOP THAT ITCHING

You won't have to wait—relief follows the first comforting touch of

Resinol

BRAND NEW FEATURES

The WASHINGTON GAS RANGE

CUTS COOKING COSTS

With Oven Door Open—
Bakes Biscuits in 6 minutes
Bakes Second Pan with Gas Off

No cool spots—Uniform oven temperature due to *new three way burner* and eight *over size flues* which retain escaping heat in the oven top at the same temperature as that at bottom.

No wasted heat—A newspaper wrapped about the oven will not scorch. Oven 20″ deep, 2″ over standard. Doors fit flush. Concealed hinges and bolts. Over size cooking top.

Far ahead of the time—In efficiency, economy, and comfort. Compact, beautiful design. Plain, semi-enamel or full enamel finishes.

GRAY & DUDLEY COMPANY
Established 1867
Nashville, Tennessee

FREE BOOKLET ON "REDUCING MY GAS BILL"—USE COUPON. NO OBLIGATION.

Name_____

Address_____

Town_____

Another of the famous

WODEHOUSE

Stories

IN NEXT WEEK'S

Liberty

It's Called

"A Slice of Life"

and it's cut right from the middle of Life's Funny-bone. Don't miss this great treat.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

Vox Pop

Who Can Clear This Up?

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Your article on Custer's Last Stand in your June 26 issue was very good.

I have spent considerable time at Western military posts, and have heard a story going the rounds there that does not heap any glory on Custer's head.

The story runs as follows: It seems that Custer would have a man court-martialed for some infraction of army orders, find him guilty, and give him a sentence of two-thirds pay for one, two, or three months. Then, instead of rebating the fine to the government, he would keep it himself. He was caught at it, and just before the battle of the Little Bighorn he was to be tried under two counts at a general court martial at Kansas City. Fully realizing that he would be cashiered out of the army and disgraced, he went into the battle with but one idea in his head—suicide. That is the current story of the affair as told me several times by members of both the 7th and 8th Cavalry, stationed at Fort Bliss.

If the story is true it should be known to the world. If false it should be spiked.—*T. H. Thyer, Jr., Bloomfield, N. J.*

More About Custer

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Perhaps I can throw a little light on one of the mysteries which puzzle Arthur Chapman in his article on Custer.

Apparently he can find no valid reason for Custer's frantic message to Benteen—for frantic it certainly was—and which was: "Benteen, come on. Big village. Be quick. Bring packs. P. S. Bring packs."

Custer's men carried only one hundred rounds of ammunition each into the battle. Their reserve ammunition, which Chapman supposed was on their horses—which were early stampeded by the Indians—was actually in the packs of the supply train. Reason enough for the call for the packs when Custer sighted the village and determined to attack.

Mr. Chapman is in error when he states that Custer was endeavoring to gain glory in the hope that he would be placed over Terry. Custer was only a lieutenant colonel—his title of general was only by brevet—while Terry was a full brigadier general. He therefore had no chance of superseding Terry. —*J. R. Johnson, Lieutenant Infantry O. R. C.*

Does Anyone Agree?

EDITOR, LIBERTY: There is only one great trouble with your publication—and that is that there are not enough of those charming short stories! Your serials are wonderfully good, and not too long, but I think your many readers feel as I do about not being satisfied. Many women readers, I am sure, would appreciate more articles about women: Rosita Forbes, stage favorites, successful business women, women in politics, and so on. Something away from the dull and drab atmosphere of the average seven-day-a-week housewife's kitchen.—*Mrs. V. B. Lawrence, San Francisco, Calif.*

Hard Words for our Pup Story

EDITOR, LIBERTY: I had always presumed that your magazine was directed to people of at least average intelligence. Why attack that intelligence by such stories as For Sale—Dog? Anyone with half a grain of gray matter knows that he could have left the dog at the shop where he purchased it until the day of the girl's birthday. Heretofore, I have enjoyed many things in LIBERTY, but are you now expecting your readers to check their brains before opening its pages?—*E. Blanckencie, Chicago.*

We Liked It Ourselves

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Please accept my humble praise for one of the best short stories it has ever been my pleasure to read (Mother's Son or Wife's Man? by Cosmo Hamilton) in your July 3 issue. It surpasses anything in short stories you have yet published. Keep up the clean work.—*Mrs. P. S. Keeler, Cleveland, Ohio.*

Tut, Tut!

EDITOR LIBERTY: Oh, *why* do you publish such utter rot as Finley Dunne's Dooley dribble? It is the worst attempt at humor I have ever read.—*F. M. Scott, San Jose, Calif.*

Dooley Finds a Defender

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Please accept our hearty thanks for the article which you printed by Finley Peter Dunne on eugenics. I am sure it will do the eugenics movement a lot of good and it was extremely interesting and humorous. I enjoyed every bit of it.—*Leon F. Whiting, Field Secretary, American Eugenics Society, New Haven, Conn.*

Should Heroines Cuss?

EDITOR, LIBERTY: I have many friends in public life and attend many affairs of a social nature where there are both men and women, and I have never yet heard one of the women say "hell" or "damn." And yet in almost any story printed in LIBERTY you will find the author putting the above word into the mouth of the supposed heroine.

As an interested reader, please tell me why you ruin splendid stories by allowing words to creep into copy that take manliness from a man and knock the props from under the throne of pure American womanhood.—*W. B. French, Jackson, Miss.*

Beware

of imitation cone speakers. Be sure you get what they imitate, but cannot duplicate -- the CROSLEY MUSICONE. For a year production has not yet caught up with selling

$14.75

CROSLEY MUSICONE

Write Dept. 76 for Booklet
THE CROSLEY RADIO CORP.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

Dealers sell Crosley Radios from $9.75 to $75. and the Musicone Loudspeaker at $14.75

STOPS SHOPPING SICKNESS

and the exhaustion, faintness, nausea and dizziness caused by travel motion. Journey by Sea, Train, Car, Auto or Air in perfect comfort with Mothersill's. 32

75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct

The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
New York Paris Montreal London

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

25 Years In Use

Ten Dollars a Day
Commissions Paid Daily

Part time representatives can easily increase their income $30.00 weekly in spare time. Full time people can earn

$250.00 Monthly $500.00

Johnson Earned $90 in a Day

Selling America's most fairly priced and widely known line of "Made-to-Order" Personal and Business Christmas Greeting Cards, in universal demand among Banks, Business, Society and Professional people. For full details and exclusive territory

ADDRESS DEPT. B
The Process Engraving Co., Inc.,
Troy at 21st. St., Chicago

Cuticura Soap
Is Pure and Sweet
Ideal for Children

Sample Soap, Ointment, Talcum free. Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. R, Malden, Mass.

'Own Your Home'
A Series that Tells How, When *and* Why

Ninety cubic yards of solid rock were blasted out before this false structure was built for poured concrete basement walls.

The Spokane house as it will look when completed.

Cutting COSTS
While BUILDING *Goes On*

By CHARLES G. FRASER

Foreword by HUGH FULLERTON
Own Your Home Editor

I HAVE just returned from an inspection of the construction work on the homes that LIBERTY is describing. On the return trip I stopped at Columbus, Ohio, to gather material for an article on basketball. Desiring to find Joe Carr, head of organized basketball in America, I went to the *State Journal* office.

Tuttle, the sporting editor, was holding a meeting with the semi-pro baseball managers of the Columbus district. About twenty young men were present. They gathered around me and, instead of talking baseball as I wanted them to do, they clamored for information about LIBERTY'S home-building campaign. Seven of them were planning at that time to build homes.

"You're a fine bum," one charged. "You lived down country below here, you went to school here, yet you pick houses in Kansas City and Milwaukee to describe, and pass up Columbus! We want some of those houses. We're the best home-building town in this country."

I told them LIBERTY would adopt four (or maybe ten) houses again next year, and promised to try to get Columbus chosen as the site of one. On my return, I talked with the editors and urged that Columbus be considered. They agreed that Columbus stood high as a home-building city, but thought it would be unfair to other cities to choose Columbus arbitrarily, and that there must be a more scientific way of choosing the location of next year's homes.

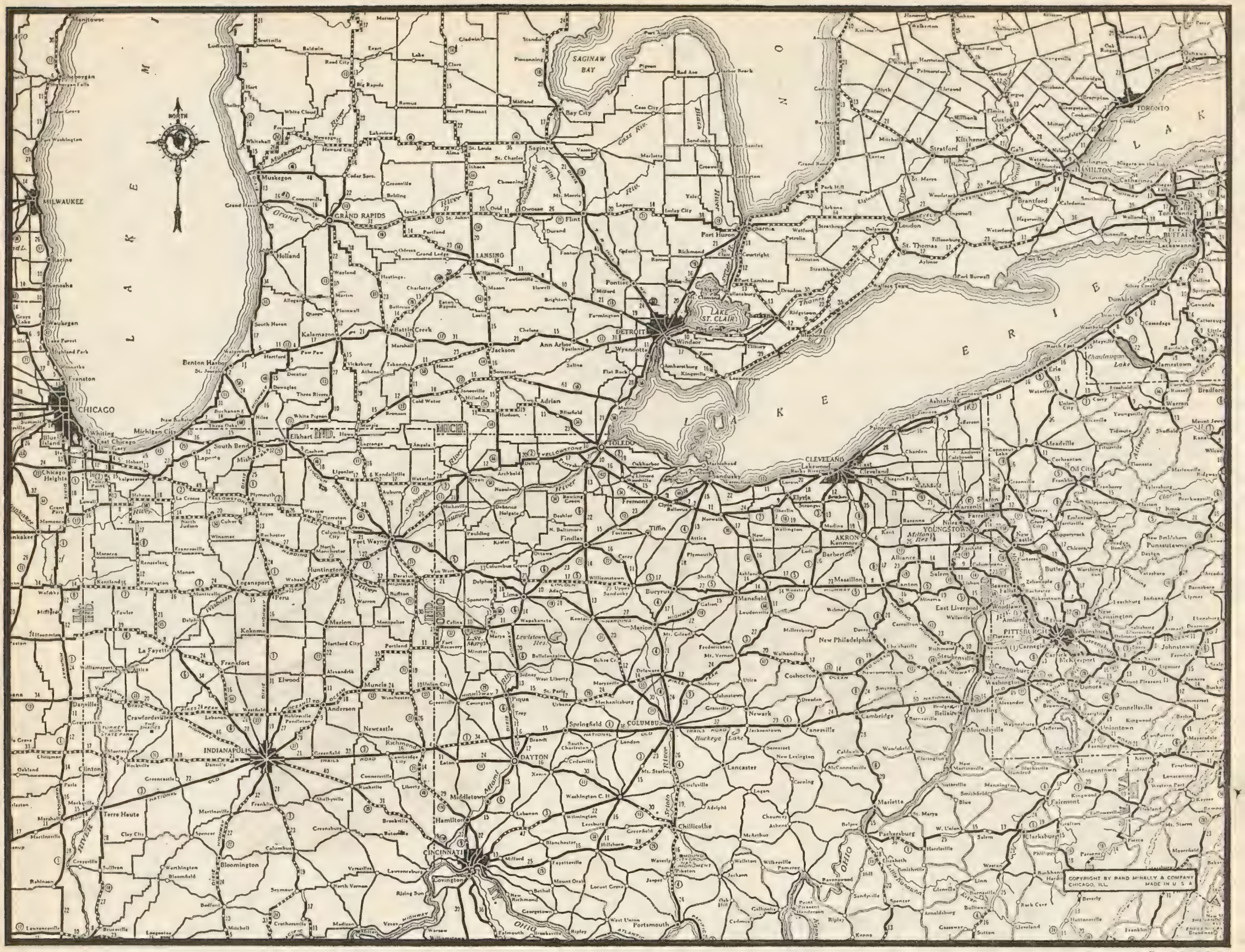
So we are working out a plan by which those cities that desire a LIBERTY home may have a chance to get one. The announcement of the complete plan will be made in a future issue.

SPOKANE HOUSE
(Second Report)

LIBERTY'S Spokane house, delayed a trifle while workmen drilled and blasted the rock on which the home of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Visk and George, Jr., is being built, is making progress.

The Visks, who for twelve years studied house-building, are realizing on the time spent

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-FIVE]


LAKE MICHIGAN
LAKE ERIE
LAKE ONTARIO
SAGINAW BAY
LAKE ST. CLAIR
NORTH
MILWAUKEE
CHICAGO
GRAND RAPIDS
Muskegon
Holland
Benton Harbor
St. Joseph
Kalamazoo
Battle Creek
LANSING
Jackson
Ann Arbor
DETROIT
Windsor
Port Huron
Sarnia
Bay City
Saginaw
Flint
Pontiac
Toledo
Fremont
Sandusky
CLEVELAND
Elkhart
South Bend
Gary
Michigan City
Fort Wayne
Huntington
Marion
Kokomo
Logansport
Peru
La Fayette
Frankfort
Elwood
Muncie
Anderson
Richmond
Newcastle
INDIANAPOLIS
Terre Haute
Clinton
Bloomington
Columbus
Greensburg
Shelbyville
Greenfield
Connersville
Rushville
Brookville
Lawrenceburg
Versailles
North Vernon
Seymour
Rising Sun
Madison
Vevay
Aurora
Lawrenceville
Mitchell
Crothersville
Bedford
Robinson
Marshall
Martinsville
Greencastle
Crawfordsville
Lebanon
Danville
Rockville
Attica
Tiffin
Findlay
Lima
Bucyrus
Mansfield
Marion
Delphos
Van Wert
Celina
Wapakoneta
Kenton
Upper Sandusky
Williamstown
Lewistown Hesr
Fort Recovery
Minster
Bellefontaine
Sidney
West Liberty
Piqua
Troy
Urbana
Springfield
COLUMBUS
DAYTON
Xenia
Middletown
Hamilton
CINCINNATI
Lexington
Portsmouth
Ripley
Georgetown
New Richmond
Bethel
Mount Orab
Lorust Grove
Jasper
Waverly
Wellston
Jackson
Point Pleasant
Gallipolis
Ravenswood
Ironton
Huntington
Ashland
Ashtabula
Conneaut
Painesville
Willoughby
Lorain
Sandusky
Norwalk
Elyria
Fremont
Akron
Kenmore
Barberton
Massillon
Alliance
Canton
Salem
East Liverpool
Wellsville
Steubenville
Wheeling
Cambridge
Zanesville
Coshocton
Newark
Lancaster
Chillicothe
Portsmouth
Marietta
Parkersburg
Clarksburg
Fairmont
Morgantown
Uniontown
Connellsville
Donora
Washington
Canonsburg
Carnegie
Pittsburgh
New Philadelphia
Dover
Uhrichsville
Steubenville
Youngstown
Warren
Jamestown
Erie
Meadville
Oil City
Titusville
Corry
Union City
Girard
Conneaut Lake
Chautauqua Lake
Dunkirk
Buffalo
Lackawanna
Niagara Falls
Hamilton
St. Catharines
Toronto
Guelph
Kitchener
Stratford
Brantford
Woodstock
Ingersoll
London
St. Thomas
Aylmer
Strathroy
Petrolia
Watford
Courtright
Port Lambton
Wallaceburg
Chatham
Dresden
Thamesville
Tilbury
Leamington
Kingsville
Amherstburg
Essex
Belle River
Ridgetown
Blenheim
Tillsonburg
Simcoe
Delhi
Port Dover
Port Burwell
Port Stanley
Aylmer
Tavistock
Stratford
Listowel
Wingham
Harriston
Palmerston
Mount Forest
Arthur
Fergus
Elora
Guelph
Galt
Preston
Hespeler
Waterloo
Berlin
New Hamburg
Baden
Elmira
Wellesley
Milverton
Mitchell
Seaforth
Clinton
Goderich
Exeter
Hensall
Zurich
Grand Bend
Forest
Watford
Alvinston
Strathroy
Delaware
Arkona
Bothwell

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-THREE]

in study. They have made two interesting and vital changes in their plans and, working with the architect, M. Randolph Smith, have improved the arrangements and shown how the co-operation of a skilled and interested expert may bring about savings and better results.

For $10,000 (which includes $1,500 for the lot) they are getting a house that, in many cities, might cost double that amount; and thus far they have saved a considerable sum and cut the costs in spots by clever tricks of building.

The house is of brick-veneer exterior, two floors and basement, containing seven rooms. It is expected to be ready and occupied early in September. It was decided at first to have a window on each side of the living-room fireplace; but Mrs. Visk, discovering that the room already was lighted by wide windows, and that the proposed windows would be small, decided to substitute bookcases, one on each side of the chimney, to extend from floor to ceiling.

SHE agreed, also, that the kitchen was oversized; and that she could save steps by having a narrower one—and at the same time a larger and more imposing reception-hall. Best of all, to the owners' minds, was the fact that the new arrangement afforded a doorway from the smaller hall into the downstairs toilet.

The Visks are saving in many items, providing an object lesson to everyone who builds, and perhaps to many architects who never thought of these ways of economizing. While the outer walls are to be of brick, the item of lumber loomed large.

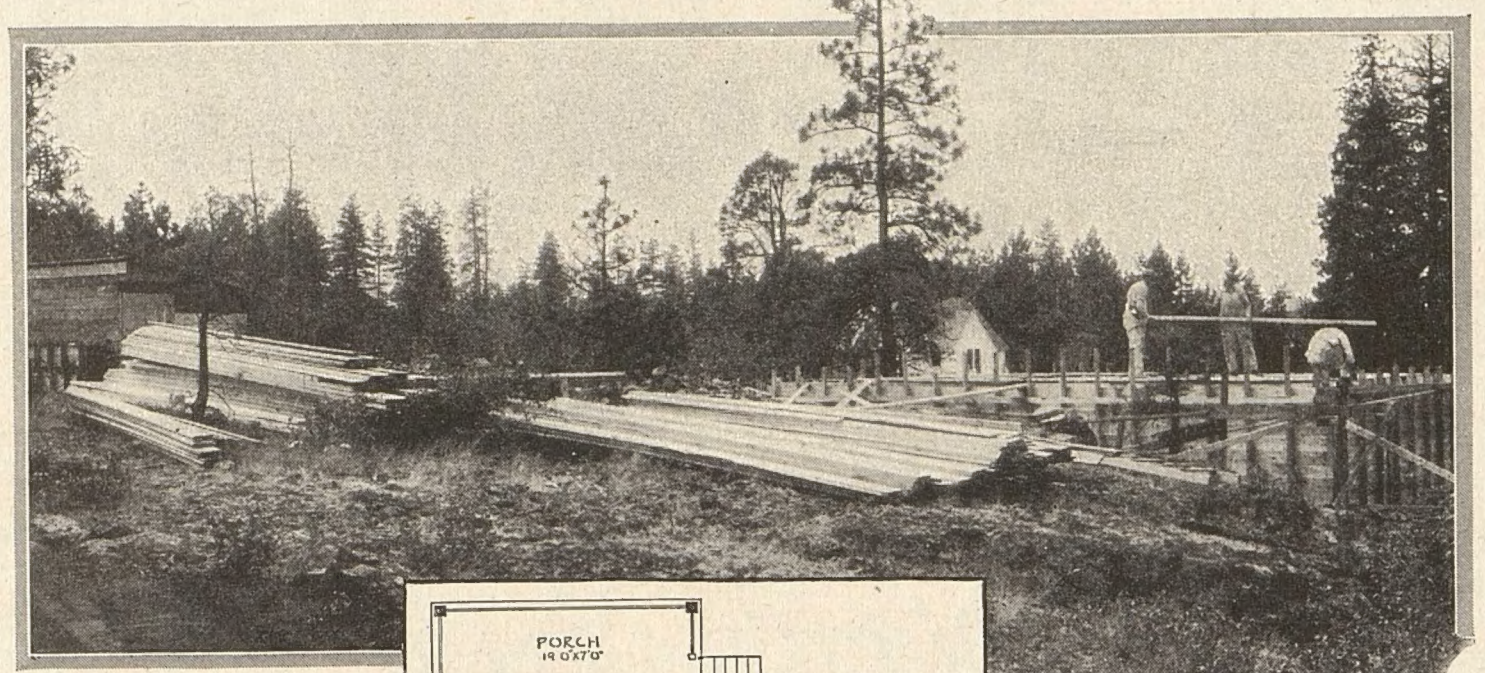
Mr. Visk, declaring he expected to make the one house of his lifetime a good one, set out to buy clear white pine. His experience with fixtures sold by his barber-supply company had taught him that lumber sometimes sold as clear white pine was later discovered to contain blue spots difficult to cover with paint. These spots in pine are somewhat like a bruise, and the color is inclined to work through to the surface, no matter how many coats of paint and varnish are applied. Mr. Visk asked four firms to make a bid on the specifications for the pine.

After the prices had been submitted, one of the firms requested a second bid, on the ground that further study had resulted in the possibility of a better price. Mr. Visk acquiesced, and apprised the other bidders of the situation. One firm declined to make a second offer; thus three were represented in the finals.

The low price on the second round was $200 less than the low on the first round. The outcome was considered so satisfactory that Mr. Visk again followed a double round of bids on the millwork, another considerable item, and the second price was eighty-three dollars below the first low.

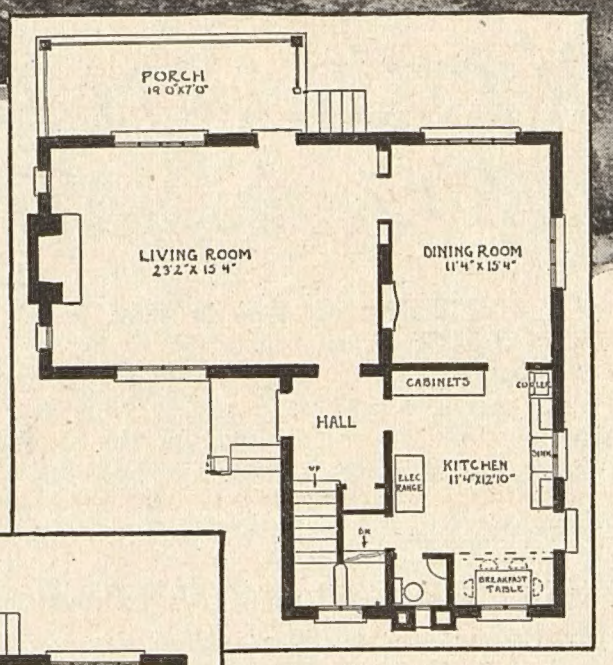
The first low bid for joists was accepted. The specifications call for seasoned fir or tamarack. This means the timber must be at least one year old. The sizes are: for roof, two by six inches; for floors, two by ten inches.

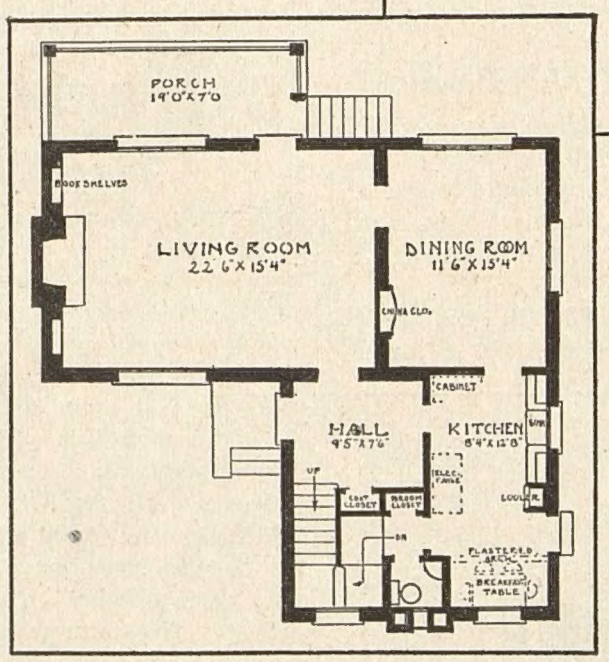
A further advantage in securing the services of a skilled architect was disclosed, Mr. Visk believes, when the item of bricklaying was reached. Mr. Smith's suggestion that the contractor agree to leave in place his scaffolding, for use later by the carpenters in finishing the roof and eaves, saved the owner between fifty and seventy-five dollars. The customary method is for the brick men to put up their scaffolding and to remove it when their work is completed; then the carpenters put up their own—a duplication of labor.



Showing foundation blasted from rock surface.

The Visk home just beginning to rise from the ground.





(Above) First design of the ground floor. (Below) Revised ground plans.

Another practical economy has resulted in added efficiency and a saving of fifty dollars on the basement walls. These walls are of concrete twelve inches wide and along one side reach a height of nine feet.

Concrete must be poured in a mold made of wood. In a wall operation this requires a heavy false structure, to be removed after the concrete has set. The plan followed was to mount the floor joists on the false structure and put down the rough floor, those wide boards that everyone has seen running on the bias beneath the finished floor.

The economy was accomplished in again avoiding the construction of scaffolds and in the efficiency obtained from labor. The workmen were enabled to move their wheelbarrows freely about the floor and to dump the concrete into the wall mold; and the confusion and loss of time usually attending the movement of men and wheelbarrows on a temporary trestle was eliminated. The concrete basement wall stops a few inches short of the joists, and the space is then filled in with brick, on which the joists rest.

The area on which the Visks are building is a natural rocky formation, but just how hard the rock might be was problematical. The three firms asked to bid figured that from eighty to 100 cubic yards of rock must be taken out. There are problems below the surface that cannot be anticipated, and contractors seldom take a chance.

When Mr. Visk opened two of the bids, he was convinced the underpinning of his castle was to cost a pretty penny. While wavering, in despair at the prices quoted, the third contractor called to announce he had so much work on hand he had decided not to bid. Mr. Visk pleaded with him. The contractor handed in a price, remarking that he purposely had made it $100 too high in order to throw the job to some other concern. The figures were $170 below the low bid of the other two concerns!

The contract was signed, and the crews that have been smashing with dynamite, sledge hammer, pick, shovel, and crowbar at Overbluff's rocky brow are a good example of how speedily man may overcome serious obstacles when properly accoutered. Mr. Visk agreed to pay the rock workers each week for 80 per cent of the work done during the week, the balance to be paid when completed.

CHOOSING a heating system is a problem for home-builders. The Visks felt that hot air would be suitable for their home in Spokane's climate and would also fit into their financial plans. The estimates ran from a twenty-two-inch to a twenty-nine-inch furnace, each dealer standing firmly on the merits of his product and considering any other make either a foolish waste or an unwise economy.

The Visks have decided on further investigation. But they have agreed to purchase a fan system at a cost of seventy-five dollars. This installation is to draw the hot air through the pipes and will add materially to the efficiency of the heating system.

"The heating plant I buy," says Mr. Visk, "will be one with a guarantee; and if it does not perform as guaranteed, the firm that sold it will move it out and return my money."

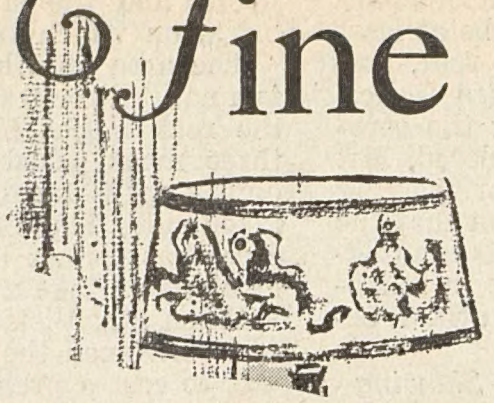
The use of a patent insulating material next to the outer brick wall and for the inner walls was recommended. Investigation of houses in which it has been utilized proved satisfactory. It is a sound-deadener and weather insulator.

Mr. Visk's agreement with the architect provides against running from 10 to 20 per cent over the estimates, the burden so frequently thrown upon the home-builder. By it the architect agrees to complete the plans to the satisfaction of the owner, and the owner agrees to pay the architect a fee for this service of 10 per cent of the total cost.

Next week LIBERTY will print the third report on the home of Henry G. Jefferson in Bronxville, N. Y., now approaching completion. The following week we will report progress on the Ward home in Kansas City; a week later on the Davis home in Milwaukee, and four weeks from today another report from the Visk home, described in this article.

[SEE NEXT PAGE]

One Fine House Built on a SHOESTRING



LIBERTY Readers Tell of Economies, Struggles, and Triumphs

LIBERTY wants its readers to aid each other in home-building. The story of your experience may help others who want to build homes. To encourage this, LIBERTY invites you to tell the story of your home and how it was planned and built. For each story and helpful inquiry printed LIBERTY will pay $25. Answers to questions will be made by the Home Builders' Service Institute, Inc. Address, Liberty Home Owners' Bureau, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

How a Teacher Built His Home

EDITOR, Home Page: We were married twelve years before we were able to build a home. This was two years ago. I am a teacher: salary $2,500; but it has been only about five years since it passed the $1,800 mark. We were living in a six-room house and were paying a monthly rental of thirty dollars. This property and an adjoining lot were owned by the same man, and he had an offer of $6,500 for the whole. He wanted us to buy at that price. We had only $600.

It looked crazy for us to try to buy a $6,500 property with a capital of only $600. But we "got away with it." I borrowed $400 from a sister. This, added to our $600, made a first payment of $1,000. I gave the owner our note bearing 6 per cent interest for one year for $1,500 for the lot. I then went to a building and loan association and made application for a loan of $4,000. They promised me the loan, but when it was O.K'd it was for only $3,500. We thought we were downed, sure, since it was impossible for us to borrow $500. But we were dealing with a real man, and he offered to accept five $100 notes, due in one, two, three, four, and five years. This settled the matter and left us with a monthly payment of $44, besides the $400 I had borrowed from my sister.

We had faith, however, in the property we were buying, for we felt it was a bargain. It proved to be so. Two years after buying we sold our house for $7,000. We had reduced our total indebtedness to $5,000. This included the $1,500 we still owed on the lot. As things stood, we had a fine lot and $2,000 in cash. A semi-boom had struck our town, and our lot had almost doubled in value. We were tempted to sell, but found we could not better ourselves, so we built our present home on it.

My father is a carpenter and I've had quite a bit of experience along that line myself, and we were lucky enough to sell out just at the close of my school. This gave me three months in which to help with the building.

The total cost of our house was $3,562.15. I kept a strict account of all expenditures. Our cash on hand, $2,000, reduced the total cost to $1,562.15, and this amount we've further reduced to about $1,400. This is our total indebtedness to date.

Our house is of frame construction, contains six rooms, with a basement under all of it, has built-in features of all kinds, and is modern in every respect. We refused $8,500 for it recently.

R. W. CARR, Parkersburg, W. Va.

Welding Saves Money

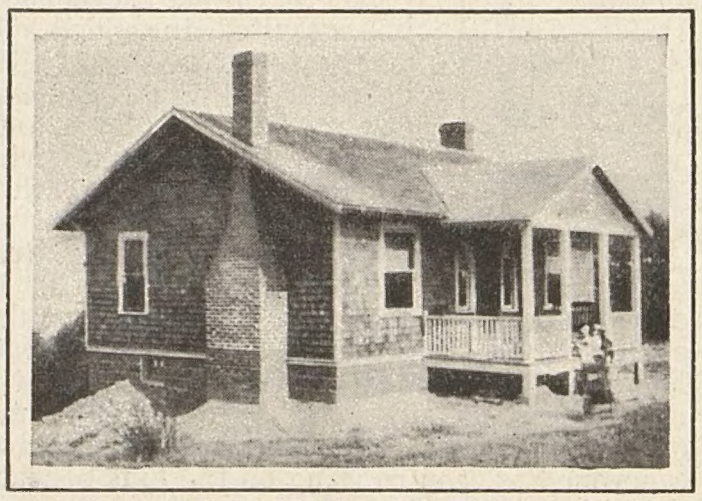
EDITOR, Home Page: Being a welder and knowing what big savings may be made by house-builders by welding all the steam, water, and other pipes instead of using costly fittings, I suggest that home-builders consult their plumbers and see how this may be done in their jobs. I have found that welding instead of using screw joints will save from twenty-five dollars up on labor alone on a six-room house. Some claim it is cheaper to use screw joints on the smaller pipes, but I find welding cheaper and better, even then.

WILLIAM F. BARRON, San Francisco, Calif.

We Don't Recommend This Plan

EDITOR, Home Page: We rented for eleven years and paid about $1,500 rent before we decided to build. We had no money, but found a man who said, "If you have the nerve to ask me to build a house without a down payment, I have the nerve to do it."

He built us a house costing $2,420, including the lot, we paying $17 a month. We figured



Home of W. H. Conrad, Pittsburgh.

that, at the rate we were paying, it would require forty years for us to own the home clear. But I lost my left arm in a railroad accident, and the company settled with me for enough to pay off the indebtedness. I don't recommend the method, but it is about the only way some of us can own homes.

WILLIAM J. KELKER, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The House that Bill Built

EDITOR, Home Page: We first rented a five-acre suburban farm and, after two years, decided to build. We had only a few hundred dollars, but finally located a five-acre plot near Bridgeville, Pennsylvania, for which we paid sixty dollars an acre. We determined to have only a first-mortgage burden. My father was a carpenter and helped us to select our house.

We arranged with a friend to go on our note, so we could start the foundation at once and not wait three months until the building and loan association would lend us money. With the help of father and a few of the neighbors, we had the house under roof in two and a half months.

The building and loan association investigated, and inside of two weeks we had money to meet our notes. Two months later the house was completed, the balance of the loan advanced to us, and the incidental bills paid. This included piping for gas and extensions. Water could be had only by drilling a well. The bill was $240, which the building association advanced, as the assessed value of the property was now only 50 per cent of its improved value.

I have since sold the property at a good profit, but am very proud, even now, of the House that Bill Built, as my friends called it.

W. H. CONRAD, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Putting in Foundations

EDITOR, Home Page: We first laid boards along each side of where our foundation walls were to be, and then dug out the eight-inch strip of dirt between them as deep as the basement walls were to go.

The inner side of the trench was made as smooth and true as we wished the wall to be, the bottom being widened twelve inches to make a good footing.

Forms from one to two feet high and the same width as the trench were built from the trench up to the new grade line and the whole thing was then filled with poured concrete.

After the cement hardened, the forms were removed and the cellar dirt thrown just outside the walls.

This way of doing the job had several advantages over excavating the cellar before building the walls.

There was hardly any loose dirt to bother us while working on the walls. There being no cellar dug, there was plenty of room to pile the stones that were to be dropped into the concrete as it was being poured, and yet leave all the room we needed to work in.

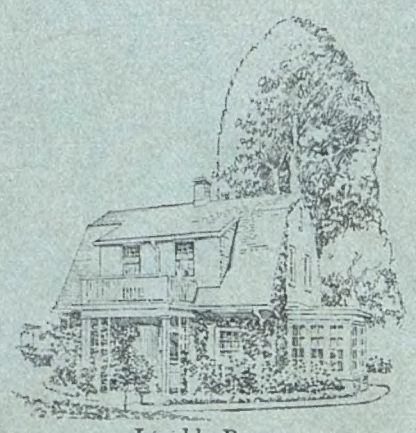
Our soil contains little stone, but even if it did, I believe the walls of the trench could be made smooth by coating with plaster before the concrete is poured, so the plaster could be peeled off, leaving the wall smooth and true.

H. T. POTTER, Leonardsville, Ohio.

"You bet I will"

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



Livable Beauty
Kohler Village, home of Kohler plumbing fixtures and private electric plants, is realizing through wise community planning an ideal of livable beauty

AS LONG as youthful human nature remains the same, a *few* individuals will always be immune to the pleasant fascination of the bathroom with Kohler Plumbing Fixtures. But not their parents: not their big sisters and brothers . . . Certainly when *you* decide to build or remodel you will want to ask your plumber about the admirable ware which bears the name "Kohler" fused in immaculately white enamel. Remember, Kohler Ware costs no more than any other of acceptable quality. Let us send you Booklet E.

KOHLER CO., *Founded* 1873, KOHLER, WIS.
Shipping Point, Sheboygan, Wis. · *Branches in Principal Cities*

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Plumbing Fixtures